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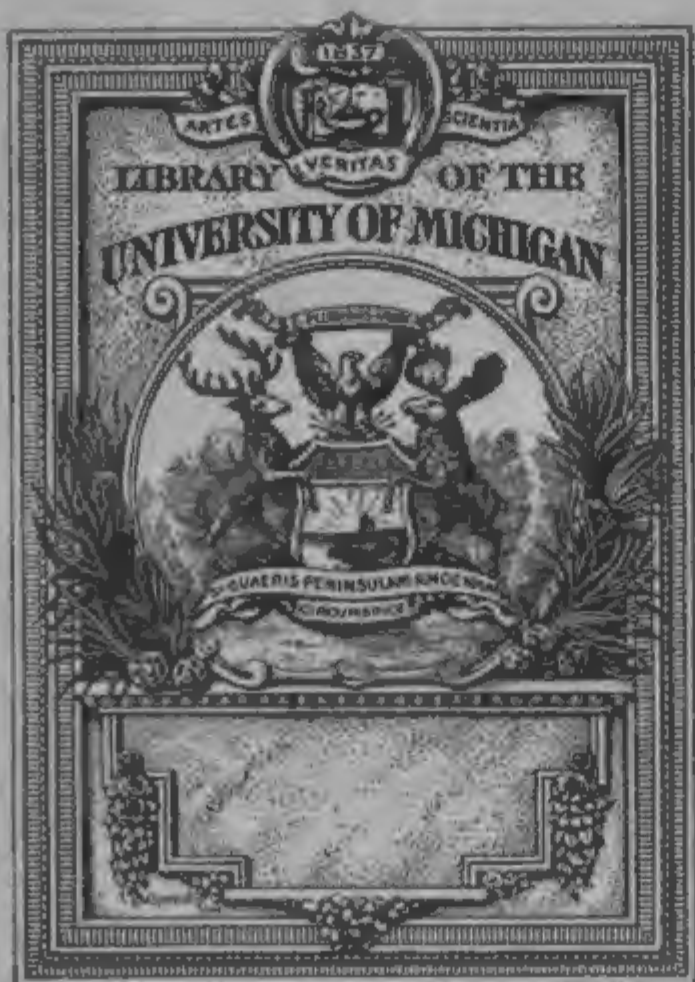
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Knickerbocker,

OR



NEW-YORK MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

VOLUME XX.

NEW-YORK:

PUBLISHED BY JOHN ALLEN, NASSAU-STREET.

1842.

Entered according to the Act of Congress, in the year eighteen hundred and forty-two,
BY JOHN ALLEN,

In the Clerk's office of the District Court of the Southern District of New-York.

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THE KNICKERBOCKER.

VOL. XX.

JULY, 1842.

No. 1.

LETTERS FROM THE INDIAN COUNTRY.

WE have been shown a series of familiar letters written from the Indian Country during the years 1836-7, by a gentleman who had peculiar facilities for observing the manners and customs of the aborigines. We have been permitted to copy one of them; and if it shall prove sufficiently interesting to our readers, we are persuaded that we may be able to give the whole series to the public.

ED. KNICKERBOCKER.

Mackinac, October 6, 1836.

MY DEAR S —: Since my arrival here, I have received a number of letters from you, the latest on Tuesday last, and have written you once.

My last letter describes the state of things as they then existed, but it did not convey an adequate idea of the savage character of the population — Indian, half-breed, and white — by which I have been surrounded for several weeks. Ferocious however as were some of these people, there was no danger so long as there was no fear. Such persons are generally as cowardly as they are blood-thirsty.

It is unusual for 'Indian treaties' to pass off with so little disturbance. At the treaty of Chicago in 1833 there were seven or eight murders committed; and the Indian agent is not unfrequently the first victim. On this occasion however order has been preserved by the strict police maintained by the military force, and the prohibition of the use of ardent spirits. But after all, our situation might have been made uncomfortable. There have been at least one thousand warriors on the island, and several hundred half-breeds, not a whit less savage or treacherous. We had a force of only a hundred and fifty men, and were at least one hundred miles from any other white settlement. The odds in case of difficulty would have been rather against us. But there has *been* no difficulty; and the angry passions always engendered on such occasions have been attended with no serious consequences as yet.

There may however still be some murders among them. One man, who was not in fact a chief, got himself put into the treaty as one of the first class, and the actual head chief was placed in the second class. The former received five hundred dollars and the

latter two hundred dollars. The chief who was thus postponed became very angry, and publicly threatened to kill the other, who to save himself offered to give up all he had received. The offer was refused, and he was told to keep out of the way of his offended rival. The consequence was, he dared not to venture out of his lodge after dark, nor in the day-time unless accompanied by one or two of his sons fully armed. With these precautions he may be able to return home with safety, but he will be in constant danger, from which it will be difficult for him to protect himself. For if he should first kill his antagonist, he would be hunted down by the relatives of the deceased until the duty of revenge, as they deem it, shall be performed. He has but one hope, and that is of buying his peace.

The universal rule among them is to revenge injuries. Sometimes however they will allow themselves to be conciliated by presents. I will give you an instance.

One day one of the Ottawa chiefs came to the Commissioner and told him that one of his young men had killed a Chippewa, and he wanted that officer to give him a present with which he could attempt to buy forgiveness. Of course he was well supplied, and the ceremony was performed just on the banks of the Straits. The two bands met, each surrounding their chief. Between them, on the ground, the present was placed. The criminal was seated near his present, but on the Chippewa side. He sat with his head hanging down, in an attitude of calmness and resignation becoming a martyr. The Ottawa chief stepped forth from the ranks of his people and addressed the Chippewas. He said one of his young men had killed their friend, but it had been by accident. They had brought him forward to atone for the deed; but as they were now all brothers of the same family he hoped the Chippewas would spare his life.

The Chippewas consulted among themselves. There were a few moments of anxious suspense; for if the Chippewas had refused to accept the present, any relative of the murdered man would have had a right, according to their customs, to step immediately from the ranks, and with his tomahawk slay him on the spot. The Indians alone were unmoved, the criminal not manifesting the least concern. Any appearance of anxiety on his part would have caused his certain death, or have branded him with the stain of cowardice for life, to which death would have been far preferable. The Commissioner was not without anxiety. The Chippewa chief, in answer to his inquiries, had previously expressed his belief that the young man would be spared, but that would depend upon the voice of his band. He would use his influence in favor of mercy. You can judge how closely the Commissioner watched every movement, for he was determined that no such deed of blood should be acted in his presence, and to save the young man at all hazards. They suspected as much probably from his manner; and his presence I thought helped to produce a favorable result.

Be this as it may, after a short consultation the Chippewa chief

spoke to the assembled multitude. His words were few and spoken with great dignity.

‘Brothers! you have struck us. One of our wigwams is desolate. One of our old women mourns for her son. One of our young women has no longer any one to hunt for her. Our band has lost a brave warrior, and our faces are black with sorrow. A dark cloud rests upon us, but the Great Spirit can drive it away. It will do us no good to make you sorrow also. We forgive you. Take your young man home, and let our pity teach him to avoid the fire-water.’

This was admirably said and done. The language was beautiful, the manner calm and impressive; and I could not but think how infinitely superior this judgment and its manner were to the horrible solemnity of the white man’s condemnation of a murderer to the degrading death of the gibbet.

The young man arose from his seat and walked across to and mingled with his own tribe, and one of the near relatives of the deceased stepped forth and bore the bundle of presents to his band. There was silence for a few moments, when the Ottawa chief expressed the thanks of his tribe, and a general dispersion followed. The gravity and silence of the whole assembly added very much to the impressive character of the ceremony. There were at least a thousand Indians present, all males. It was near the beach; a slight surf was rolling in, and its hollow murmuring was the only sound heard, save the speeches of the chiefs. To all except the Commissioner, it was probably a matter of doubt whether life would be spared or taken, and he was not without anxiety as to the probable consequences of his contemplated interference with one of their most sacred customs.

Every thing however passed off very well. The day was delightfully pleasant, and in a half-hour’s time we were witnessing a game of ball, played with all the shouting noise and activity of an Indian frolic, and by the very individuals who a few moments previous had been passing upon a matter of life and death. The accused and the avengers joined heartily in the sport.

You may not understand the expression of the chief: ‘Our faces are black with sorrow.’ It alludes to their badge of mourning. When they lose a friend they paint their faces black and continue to wear this sign of sorrow for such time as caprice or feeling may dictate. If they intend to avenge the death they mourn, they paint one half the face red and the other half black. The ‘fire-water,’ it is more generally known, is their name for whiskey, and was here mentioned because the murder was committed in a drunken frolic.

This Indian treaty-making is a strange business. A treaty is drawn out with all due formality, and reads very well. But there is not here one savage of the whole number who understands what they have been doing. They know to be sure that they have sold their land and must leave it, but what they are to get for it they do not know or comprehend. When paid their five hundred dollars or one hundred dollars apiece, they could not count it; all they knew was that one man’s pile of silver was larger than another’s.

The Indians assembled here have been paid fifty thousand dollars in silver in four days; and before the evening of the fourth day, more than thirty thousand dollars were in the hands of the traders, expended for all sorts of trinkets, finery, etc. I have frequently met Indians, male or female, no matter which, covered all over, from the neck to the legs, with silver ornaments; with silver bands around the arms and the hat, when such an article was worn, covering the whole arm but the elbow, and all the hat except the brim and the crown; the ears borne down with silver rings and drops, and the nose so full as to be not a little uncomfortable. The profusion in the ears was so great as sometimes to tear off its rim, presenting a very jagged appearance indeed. They have shown a marvellous fondness for raisins. One trader informed me that he had, for seven days in succession, made a clear profit of eight dollars a day in retailing raisins! This would astonish our merchants at home; but they would be equally astonished at taking in daily from one thousand dollars to fifteen hundred dollars in silver, simply in retailing goods. This nevertheless has happened at Mackinac; and I have seen the half-dollar pieces lying in heaps on the trader's floor, as we pile potatoes in our country. These halcyon days could not last long however; and the worst of it is, the Indian will return to his lodge and suffer all winter from hunger and cold, when a little prudence would have made him comfortable. But there was no preventing this improvidence. Their habit is to starve to-day and feed to repletion to-morrow. Money seems to be thrown away upon them; but they are as generous as they are improvident, and just and honest in their dealings, except when contaminated by too much intercourse with the whites; and then they learn from us to be selfish, to lie and to cheat.

The Chippewas from the borders of Lake Superior are the wildest of those here assembled, and give us the best idea of them in their savage state. The chief of that band is a noble specimen of his race. Tall, strong and fearless, he bore himself in the presence of the Commissioner like the head of an independent people. At the last council with the chiefs, the Commissioner told them they must go home; that their young men and young women were getting drunk, and the traders would have all their money.

'Yes,' said this chief; 'our Father said he wanted our land and we must give it to him. We did so, and you have given us money and presents for it. But your traders are taking them away from us, and we shall go home poorer than we came. Tell your children not to come to my people with their fire-water. They will never come back to tell you what became of it.'

I wish you could have seen him. With his blanket thrown around his waist, all above naked, with the scalping-tuft on his head, and his face blackened for the loss of four relatives who had died on the island, he stood before us a savage with all his wild dignity, and absolutely looked down upon us.

'What good,' he continued, 'has it done us to come here? We did not want your money or your presents. Our forests gave us

game and our waters fish. Leave us alone in our woods, and we will not molest you. But you said we must come, and we have come. Some of my warriors will never go back. My children have become mad with your presents. My young men and young women have drunk of your waters and become beasts. We want to go away from you. When next you want us, you must come to our country, but leave your fire-water behind you, or it may make us forget that you are our brothers.'

The reproof was, alas! too just; and the indignant sorrow of the old man presented a strong contrast to the heartless cupidity of the white men.

But I must draw my long letter to a close. I shall be absent from this port for a few days, and on my return will write again. In the mean time I shall be,

As ever, Yours Truly,

E. W. J.

THE INFANT'S MINIATURE.

BY MRS. E. CLEMENTINE KINNEY.

YES! thou art here, my sainted babe! Thy lustrous eyes of blue,
The long dark fringe which o'er them Sleep as silken curtains drew;
The full red lip, the dimpled cheek, the polished lofty brow,
The matchless smile that lighted all — they're here before me now!

Yet years, long years have passed away since I, a mother blest,
And thou, a babe too fair for earth, didst nestle to this breast;
Thy rosy dreams were not more sweet than were my moments then,
But all their joys are numbered now with pleasures that *have been*.

The most that I retain of thee is one small sunny curl,
A treasure I would not exchange for ocean's rarest pearl;
Though this bright picture, true to life, recalls thy infant charms
So vividly, I seem again to clasp thee in my arms.

'Tis beautiful to look upon, but only doth portray
The casket, which a jewel held, that God hath borne away;
For shining in his dazzling crown is many an infant gem,
And He required this precious one to deck that diadem.

And O! to paint a cherub soul, in vain the artist tries!
For *this* his pencil must be dipped in azure of the skies;
Borrow the rainbow's hues and make the glittering stars its own,
For angel-beauty never yet in earthly colors shone.

So let me think of thee, my babe! as when thou wert of earth,
And like this picture, radiant with the smiles of infant mirth;
Forget the dismal hour when God recalled what He had given,
And hope to see thee as thou art, and claim thee still in heaven!

SNARLY-HEAD, THE AMATEUR POLITICIAN.

A SKETCH FROM REAL LIFE IN GOTHAM.

SOME years ago I used daily to drop into an eating-house known as 'The Pork Chops,' to get my dinner. The head-waiter of the establishment, or 'Caller,' as he was designated, happened to be one of the most disagreeable beings in person and manners I ever encountered. How he in the first place obtained and afterward managed to keep for a long time a situation so responsible, was a mystery I could never solve satisfactorily to myself; although I finally concluded that as the proprietor knew his own business best, it was very possible that there was something in this man not apparent to others, that made him useful in his station. Perhaps a cat-like vigilance didn't come amiss in a place where straggling vagabonds are apt to slip in and out again without 'walking up to the capting's office.' I shall take some pains to describe this fellow because hereby hangs my tale. And first as regards his personal appearance. This was peculiarly disagreeable. His head, which was large and ill-shapen, and covered with a profusion of snarly red hair, seemed to set, without the intervention of a neck, on a hollow-backed, pot-bellied body, which in turn rested on a pair of legs of calliper shape, and of the very shortest dimensions compatible with gravity and locomotion. Large eyes of the gooseberry pattern rolled deep in his head; and a wide cavernous mouth, which opened across his face nearly from ear to ear, was garnished with a hair-lip that seemed to have been hitched up on purpose to display to greater advantage a large yellow tusk that projected from his upper jaw; just as you'll sometimes see the skirts of a lady's dress caught up by the thumb and finger in the slightest manner possible consistent with the exposure of a pair of the prettiest ankles in the world. In the centre of these attractions—I am speaking of the face now and not of the simile—was placed a short, thick, red nose that raked backward from the upper lip like the mainmast of a clipper, but which certainly looked the smartest and most knowing feature in the whole collection. A wag who often visited the place used to account for its shape by saying that in its travel down the face it suddenly got sight of the yellow tusk, and falling back on itself in terror, grew so. This might have been the case; but to me it seems like an anachronism; for according to the usual course, his nose must have received its peculiar shape many years before the teeth were in existence. However, the question is of little consequence and not worth discussing. In addition to the tusk, his jaws contained some dozen other teeth, all yellow and sharp-pointed, and placed so far apart, that it is doubtful whether he ever brought two of them to bear

at the same moment on any thing smaller than a crab-apple. I have been thus minute in describing his personal appearance in order to account for the various nick-names bestowed upon the head-waiter by the customers of the establishment: such as 'Snarly-head,' 'Bandy-legs,' 'Sorrel-top,' 'Snaggle-teeth,' etc. But let me not find fault with his bodily defects; Snarly-head was as God made him, and he could n't help it, even if he had been aware that he was not an Adonis. A suspicion of this kind however never for a moment disturbed his self-complacency; and when 'on duty' in the middle of the dining-room where he fixed his head-quarters at meal-times; his little body bending now toward one customer and anon to another in the opposite direction; his face all the while grinning a 'ghastly gash'—he could n't smile—he evidently felt himself the observed of all observers, and a very model of a 'Caller.'

If I should say that Snarly-head was a great politician, the reader might smile, and wonder perhaps how one of his personal delinquences should have fallen into politics at all. This used to be a great mystery to me. But in he was, over head and ears; and so far as my observation went, he seemed to glory in his fall. It was on this very point that he had made himself particularly disagreeable to the customers of 'The Pork-Chops.' It is true, he was a consummate, irredeemable ass; but he had lived several years in Washington as lacquey to a great public character, in which situation he had managed to store his memory with a large stock of high-sounding diplomatic words; and by mixing with members of Congress of the lower order, he had added to these not a few political phrases of great potency. And thus armed, and without a single idea in his noddle, he had set himself up as a politician—like many another donkey. He soon shone as a spouter at the head-quarters of his party, at the corners of the streets, and particularly in the restaurateur where he was located. The words he had learned, though he was entirely innocent of any meaning attached to them, gave great glibness to his tongue; his lungs were never at fault. But though he did not knowingly use language in its right signification, and when he did happen to do so by accident invariably corrected himself wrong, he was considered a 'smart fellow' by his brother politicians, and soon became a drill-corporal in the party. After this promotion, he managed to make himself ten-fold more disagreeable than ever to the customers at 'The Chops'; chiefly by his impertinent intermeddling with any little topic of conversation that chanced to be broached among them, especially if it happened to be of a political nature. And he all the while imagining himself the most agreeable little fellow in existence! Indeed, his bump of self-esteem was so strongly developed, that it seemed almost impossible to put him down by any of those little manœuvres which are so potent against men of less pretension but more sense. And when he was fairly mounted on his hobby of the 'rights of man to the abstracts,' as he expressed it, to break him down became a hopeless task: to use the words of

a testy old customer, you might as well try to draw 'milk for babes' from the cotton breast-works of a modern belle — a performance which the said testy gentleman held to be the greatest of all impossibilities. On such occasions the customers had but one alternative, and that was to resign their own rights at once and remain silent, or to leave the room with their dinners undigested.

Snarly-head was not a politician solely; he was a great critic also. He eagerly devoured all the light literature of the day, a task for which his capacious jaws gave him great advantage. Of this he preferred the duller and heavier sort, on which he would criticise with great ignorance and pomposity, all gratis and for the benefit of the customers of the 'Pork-Chops.' He used to boast that he could tell how a romance would end by reading the title page only. (This is a great gift in any critic — a sort of intellectual second-sight seldom vouchsafed to more than one man in a century. With such a talent the possessor can review a book before it goes to press; indeed before it is written, if he but know what the title is to be.) 'Jack Sheppard' was at this time Snarly-head's favorite work; but if he be living now, and such men 'never die,' I'll warrant that he is at this moment gloating over the resurrection of 'Old St. Paul's,' and that he considers Blaise and Pillichoddy the two greatest 'cha'cters in modern friction,' as he used to express himself in conversational criticism. But here I have been gossiping a whole 'character,' when I meant to present a short incident only.

It is not to be supposed that a stickler so strenuous for the 'rights of all men to the abstracts' would neglect the guarding of his own personal immunities. On this point Snarly-head was as vigilant as a cat; and it was in a chivalrous and characteristic attempt to defend one of these that his ruin was compassed. It occurred in this manner. It frequently happened that his prerogative as the 'Caller' of the 'Pork-Chops' was invaded by the other waiters. Strange customers coming in would naturally give their orders to the servants who happened to be handiest, and they in turn would sometimes carry these directly to the cook without passing them through Snarly-head's throat. These little encroachments, hardly avoidable in the nature of the case, gave mortal offence to the fiery soul of the little 'Caller,' and he threatened dire vengeance on the delinquents.

It happened that among these was a simple-hearted, good-natured Irishman, who sinned oftener than all the others put together. Snarly-head had many times threatened him with the extremity of his wrath if he didn't desist; but Patrick always forgot the threats at the very times he should have remembered them, and thus went on increasing his responsibility every day. Our hero had another cause for enmity against the Irishman. He was the only man among the servants who didn't take to his politics. So far from it, he was often heard to say, that 'so long as he was fat, and could manage to keep his hurdies warm and well-covered, he didn't care a d—n about politics. Pape might jist shute thimselves, and make St. Pathrick Prisident and the Divil himself

governor, if they liked.' To Snarly-head's comprehension, this was an offence but little short of treason; and he once seriously entertained the project of lodging information against him as a dangerous character. But something happened to prevent it. However, Patrick's sins against the dignity of his office became at last so flagrant, that the 'Caller' could bear it no longer; and he accordingly determined to make a 'severe public example' of him, as he said, in the presence of all the customers, on the commission of the very next offence. 'This as a matter of course happened on the following day at meal-time.

It was along about in the middle of the dinner-hour. Snarly-head, posted as usual in the centre, was all grin and complacency, and every thing seemed going on clatteringly, when the soft-toned voice of the Irishman was heard at the other end of the room, calling for 'two rost bafes and a chucken-pie!' Our 'Caller's' ears were as sharp as his teeth. Amid the din and clatter around him he recognized the voice, and pounced at once upon the unlucky Irishman, to annihilate him with his long-hoarded vengeance. 'Patrick McManners!' he exclaimed, in a tone that startled every one in the room; and immediately a death-like silence ensued, for there had been some whispering between the customers and other waiters, and a 'scene' was expected. 'Patrick McManners!' he shouted again, in a voice louder if possible than before.

'Sir! Your honor!' retorted Pat, in the same loud key, stiffening up, and bringing his open hand to a level with his face: for he had been in 'the service.'

'*Mister McManners*,' continued Snarly-head, wisely waiving this new piece of insolence; 'there's two indiwidooals in this 'ere 'stablishment whose paths justle, and they must become dewergent. Therefore I wishes you as well others to understand distinctly, that when customers comes here for vittles, *I* takes their orders and passes 'em to the cook, for them's my officious duties and high prerogative; and *you*, Mister McManners, if you please, will attend to the clearing off the dirty knives and forks and spoons, and the plates and cups and sarsers; them's *your* officious duties, and jist suited to your rapacity!'

And then, with head erect and folded arms, and bending his supple body backward till it formed with his legs a very lively and graceful *tableau* of three Cupid's bows, the little man stood waiting to see his 'victim' fall. But Paddy would not 'say die.' His Connaught blood was up; and receiving divers hints of encouragement and not a few 'orders' from the customers around him, he poured defiance into the very teeth of his antagonist.

'Two rost bafes, one mooton, one Snarly-head,' he exclaimed, with a volubility that completely dumb-founded the legitimate 'Caller;' 'one rost larmb, two green pays, one carffee, and one Bandy-legs; two rice poodins, two baked banes, one ox-tail soup, one fish-balls, and a Sorrel-top; two sarsinges, two bafe-steeks, one Car'liner petatie, and one Snaggle-teeth!'

Snarly-head stood aghast. He could scarcely breathe through the

intensity of his passion. He had in his folly anticipated an easy victory: a single gun to windward perhaps, in token of submission; but had received instead, and of his own ammunition too, a broadside that threw him completely out of water. His personal dignity and that of his office had been trampled on, his self-esteem crumpled, his vanity mortified in the tenderest point. He grasped a fork that lay near him; but on looking around the room, and discovering evident marks of triumph on the countenances of the customers and his fellow-servants, and of sympathy for the Irishman, mortification overcame all other feeling. He dropped the fork again; and divesting himself of his badge of office, a white apron, he trundled — when walking fast his legs had the appearance of a hoop twirling side-wise — he trundled to head-quarters, and gave in his resignation. ‘To take respect,’ said he, the old spirit creeping over him for the moment; ‘to take respect from this day noon.’

He was never seen again at the ‘Pork-Chops,’ and Patrick McManners became cock of the walk. It is supposed that Snarly-head left the city immediately after his ‘resignation,’ as at the ensuing fall election his party was unexpectedly defeated by an overwhelming majority.

L I N E S O N A L O O K I N G - G L A S S .

 A D D R E S S E D T O M I S S J . A .

WHAT is so *honest* as a looking-glass?
 Reflecting all the images that pass,
 Those of deformity as well as beauty;
 Fury's dark frown, or Fancy's witching smile,
 Powerless alike to threaten or beguile,
 It smoothly, calmly still performs its duty.

Thus on the surface of some crystal lake,
 Embosomed deep in tangled copse and brake,
 Ere the last lingering sun-beam's light is shed,
 The lightning-riven rock, the gnarled tree,
 The painted flower, heaven's glorious canopy,
 Alike are on the liquid palette spread.

What is so *beauteous* as a looking-glass?
 As Nature's charms the labored works surpass
 Of GREENOUGH's or of LESLIE's magic art,
 So each bright tint, each animated form,
 As from its Maker's hand, radiant and warm,
 Here stamps its living, glowing counterpart.

Thus in the balmy hour of life's bright morn,
 When hope and joy the blissful scene adorn,
 Shadows like these pass o'er the youthful mind;
 But soon Experience tells the saddened heart
 The lovely pageant came but to depart,
 And Care's dark visage in the glass we find.

What is so *fragile* as a looking-glass ?
 Its polished front and faultless form, alas !
 Its silver robe and golden garniture,
 In sudden, hopeless ruin may be found ;
 My lady's thimble can inflict a wound
 The utmost stretch of art will fail to cure.

Thus Envy's shaft, shunning the light of day,
 Despised, unheeded wings its fatal way,
 And to the bosom of its victim flies ;
 While the fair fabric of a well-earned fame,
 The spotless crystal of an honored name,
 In an unguarded moment shivered lies.

Now turn we, Lady, to *thy* looking-glass,
 And when, as o'er its face thy features pass,
 May happiness and peace reflected be ;
 Contentment too, and health, earth's richest prize,
 Still warm thy cheek, and sparkle in thine eyes —
 And do n't forget one fav'ring smile for me.

H.

New-York, June, 1842.

LETTERS FROM ROME.

BY GEORGE WASHINGTON GREENE.

LETTER SIXTH.

EXTENT OF THE WALLS OF SERVIUS TULLIUS.

I HAVE already remarked that the walls of Servius continued until the third century of the Christian era to form the only fortifications of Rome. To those for whom the subject of the local antiquities of the eternal city have any charm, few questions can be more deeply interesting than an inquiry into the actual extent and limits of the walls against which Hannibal hurled his javelin in hopeless bravado, and whose name was a holy word to so many of those whose works form the guide of our youth and the solace of our maturer years. To such as these, and to those too who know how long and how acrimoniously this question has been agitated, I need make no apology for the following dissertation. I will take however this opportunity of observing that for the convenience of my readers, I shall endeavor to adhere in the body of my description to the simple and more connected style of narrative, and reserve the discussion of all the more difficult questions for separate articles and such as may see fit to read them.

Dyonissius in two distinct passages compares the extent of the walls of Servius to that of the *Ἄστυ* or city proper of Athens. In the first L. IV ch. xiii., his words are : *εἰ δὲ τῷ τείχει — βουλευθείη μετρεῖν αὐτὴν κατὰ τὸν Ἀθηναίων κύκλον τὸν περιέχοντα ἄστυ οὐ πολλῶ τιρὶ μεῖζων ὁ τῆς βώμης ἂν αὐτῷ φανείη κύκλος.*

In the second, L. IX. ch. lxviii. τοῦ περιβόλου τῆς πόλεως ὄντος ἐν τῷ τότε χρόνῳ ὅσος Ἀθηναίων τοῦ ἄστεος ὁ κύκλος.

It is evident from both of these passages that the comparison intended is merely approximative. From the first moreover it appears that the extent of the walls of Rome was somewhat greater than that of the walls of Athens. If then we can ascertain with any degree of certainty the measure of these last, we have a standard for an approximative estimate of the former. Now this standard is found in a passage of the 13th ch. of the 2d book of Thucydides. His words are: καὶ αὐτοῦ τοῦ κύκλου (he has just before used the same term with Dyonissius, τοῦ ἄστεως) τὸ φυλασσόμενον τρεῖς καὶ τεσσαράκοντα· ἔστι δὲ αὐτοῦ ὃ καὶ ἀφύλακτον ἦν τὸ μεταξὺ τοῦ τε μακροῦ καὶ τοῦ φαληρικοῦ.

We have here, from a writer whose authority would be admitted even by the most skeptical, forty-three stadia for the defended portion of the walls of Athens. The residue of the circumference, or the undefended portion, is given by his scholiast in the comment upon the words ὃ καὶ ἀφύλακτον. He adds, Μέρος δηλόνδε τοῦτ' ἔστι στάδιοι δεκαεπτά· ὁ γὰρ ὅλος κύκλος σταδιῶν ἦν ἐξήκοντα.

If this comment be accepted, the question concerning the extent of the walls of Athens is settled. But the authority of the scholiast has been called in question; not I believe upon general grounds, but in reference to this particular passage. Burton taxes him with having misunderstood his author. The accusation seems to me unfounded. The statement of Thucydides is explicit: the observation of the scholiast bears directly upon the words of the text, and the language in which his own addition is couched is clear beyond all dispute. Thucydides writes for men to whom the subject is familiar: he confines himself to the military estimate: τὸ φυλασσόμενον. The remaining space, not requiring defence, did not enter into his calculations. This is supplied by the commentator; and in the language of one who writes from a positive knowledge of the subject, he subjoins the τοῦτ' ἔστι στάδιοι δεκαεπτά, and immediately afterward, as if in justification of his own statement, he adds, ὁ γὰρ ὅλος κύκλος σταδιῶν ἦν ἐξήκοντα. There certainly is nothing here which can be wrested into a misapprehension of his author's meaning.

The objection of Barthèlemy is better founded. If you allow seventeen stadia for the undefended space between the walls of the Piræus and that of Phalorus, the point of union of this last with the walls of the city proper would be near the Lyceum, a protraction altogether disproportioned to the object for which they were built. I am free to confess that to meet this criterion requires a local knowledge of Athens which I do not possess. But at the same time the explicit assertion of the scholiast seems to be borne out by the researches of modern archæologists; and even allowing the calculation of Barbière, author of the maps to Anarcharsis, to be correct, five or seven stadia must still be added to the forty-three of Thucydides, and we should thus have a circumference of more than six miles. I must add that I am disposed to take the state-

ment of the scholiast at its full extent. The authority of Aristides, Chrysostom and others, whose estimates of Athens have been supposed to throw doubts upon the subject, cannot for an instant be compared with that of a Thucydides, deservedly classed among the most scrupulous and exact of historians. Nor can their rhetorical allusions weigh against the explicit testimony of a native historian, who relates facts upon his personal knowledge. The comparison made by Plutarch between Athens and Syracuse is equally vague, if we consider the precision of terms; yet there can be no doubt but what he refers to the utmost circumference of the walls, which according to the preceding statement of Thucydides comprised one hundred and seventy-eight stadia, or about twenty-two miles.

Supposing therefore, as I do, that the measure given by Thucydides and his scholiast is correct, it now remains to be seen in what manner this data can be applied to the walls of Servius.

It has already been remarked that the comparison suggested by Dyonissius is merely approximative. He expressly states in the chapter first cited, that the numerous edifices with which the walls were surrounded made it difficult to follow their real course with accuracy. I give the passage at length, for it is deserving of careful consideration: *εἰ δὲ τῷ τείχει, τῷ δυσευρέτῳ μὲν οὐτι διὰ τὰς περιλαμβανούσας αὐτὸ πολλοθὲν οἰκήσεις, ἔχνη δὲ τινα φυλάττοντι κατὰ πολλοὺς τόπους τῆς ἀρχαίας κατασκευῆς, βουλευθεὶς μετρεῖν αὐτὴν κατὰ τὸν Ἀθηναίων κύκλον τὸν περιέχοντα ἄστυ, οὐ πολλῶ τι μείζων ὁ τῆς βώμης ἂν αὐτῷ φανείη κύκλος.*

This is the language in which any writer would make a general comparison between two great cities, and leaves room for a variation of half or two thirds of a mile. The sixty stadia of Athens are equivalent to seven Roman miles and a half, or thirty-seven thousand five hundred feet. Now taking the banks of the Tiber between S. Nicola in Carcore and Ponte Rotto as a starting point, and following the outline so distinctly sketched by Dyonissius, we shall find the solution of our question. The first line leads us direct from the river to the Capitol, and we must in compliance with our guide trace the walls around the crest of the hill. The tomb of Bibulus marks the point beyond which in conformity with the laws of the twelve tables they could not go. The outline of the Quirinal is equally distinct. The rampart of Tullius still remains in its full length, and brings us to the Porta Esquilina. The question that arises at this point concerning the details of their course from hence to the Cœlian makes no material difference in the solution of the more general question of which it forms a part: and their course along the Cœlian and Aventine has been decided without any important variation of opinion, and by an attentive study of the ground. Adding to this the curtains by which the janicular fortress was brought within the defences of the city, we have seven thousand eight hundred and forty-five geometrical paces, or a little less than eight miles. This is the result of the accurate calculation of Nibby, who measured the circumference of the left bank on foot. The map of Nolli supplied the estimate for the wall of the fortress.

I have reserved for the last place the consideration of the passage of Pliny which has given rise to so much doubt and dissension: *Mœnia ejus collegere ambitu imperatoribus censoribusque Vespasianis anno conditæ DCCCXXVI pass. XIII. MCC.**

Among the numerous errors into which the transcribers of ancient authors have fallen, one of the most frequent in the copyists of the *Stineraries* is the change of the *v* for *x* and of the *x* for *v*. Various important and indisputable instances of this error may be found in Nibby's learned dissertation upon the roads of the ancients, printed in the last volume of Nardini. One strikingly to the point may be found at the one hundred and thirtieth page, in which *xii* is written for *vii*. Da questo punto poi a S. Severa appena *vii* miglia *vi* sono cosicchè il *xii* dell' *Stinerario* va in *vii* corretto: and as the question here alluded to is one of distance, and consequently susceptible of rigid verification, this correction must be accepted.

If now we apply this principle to Pliny, we shall have *viii m. cc* instead of *xiii*, amounting in all to a difference of only three hundred and fifty-five paces from the measure given by Nibby. If moreover we suppose that the former comprised in his measurement all the projections and recessions of the angles, a variation which could not be calculated except when the walls were standing, the difference between these two estimates will be satisfactorily accounted for. It is of this passage that Gibbon observes, with his usual epigrammatic concision: 'Pliny's old measure of *xiii* must be reduced to *viii* miles. It is easier to alter a text than to remove hills or buildings.'

D A N Z A T R I C E .

AN ENGRAVING OF THE 'GREEK DANCING GIRL,' A STATUE BY CANOVA.

MARMOREAL vision of the elder time!
 Fair sculptured attitude of dance and song!
 Bright Attic dreams of vanished glory throng
 Around the mem'ry of thy matchless clime,
 'Woke with the sense of thy calm loveliness.
 I hear the loud Orthian hymn; the clang
 Of rattling helms and iron surks, that rang —
 Jarred in Pyrrhic dance's mailed stress —
 When Arethusa roused the wrath of old.
 Far rings the choral song of love and pleasure!
 To the soft breathings of some Lydian measure;
 Beauty glides there in shapes like dreams — behold!
 Like showers of golden light, their gushing hair
 And grace, like thine incarnate, imaged there.

Cambridge.

H. B.

* V. PLINII; Nat. Hist. Lib. III. ch. ix; ed. Tawinensis. I mention the edition, as the division of chapters differs from that of many earlier editions.

The Rime of Sir Thopas.

BY J. REEYM PIRBON.

CANTO II.

A R G U M E N T .

THE dress of both the Knight and Squire
 Now in the reader's reach is,
 From bold Sir Thopas' head-piece down
 To Squire John's leather breeches;
 And next is settled, ere the Knight
 Courts danger in the wars,
 The pedigree of his gray mare,
 Who proves to be a horse.

ONE morn Sir Thopas rose from rest
 With anxious care upon his breast;
 For overnight, in dreams he saw
 A sight that thrilled his soul with awe.
 A figure 't was, beaming with grace;
 Dark curls o'erclustered half her face,
 A loose robe told, in outline dim,
 The whereabouts of every limb,
 Which could not borrow from the zone
 Of Venus beauties not their own.
 Side-long she glanced, and half aloof,
 Smiled on the Knight a mild reproof;
 Then gently oped her lips of coral,
 Uttering these verses, brief and moral:
 'To fight with man and animal,
 Then overheard in love to fall,
 According to chivalric canons,
 For a Knight are counted *sine qua nons*;
 Yet, though thou young, and brave, and fleet art,
 Thou 'st caught no dragon, nor no sweet-heart!
 Here, having come to a full stop,
 She disappeared and he woke up.

Under his woollen night-cap, round
 His brains revolved in thought profound.
 Deep questions vexed his laboring soul:
 In silence pondered he the whole
 Philosophy of apparitions,
 To interpret his nocturnal visions:
 Till sense and science both combined
 To bring conviction to his mind,
 That that fair form was the image of
 His future peerless Ladye-love,
 And her address a valid warrant
 Entitling him to act Knight-errant.

Being thus resolved, he next proceeded
 To rouse his Squire, whose aid he needed,

But, sound asleep in 's trundle-bed
He heard no word his Master said.
We must somewhat dilate upon
This squire, whose Christian name was John,
But would as ready answer make
When called or Jock, or Jack, or Jake.
A list of aliases made
To accommodate the rhyming trade,
And for which variety of answers
We thank most gratefully his sponsors.

Now John, although he somewhat stammered,
Had once been fatally enamored :
But when his Daphne found his prate
In praise of beauty hesitate,
She proudly tossed her head away,
And 'gave him the sack' without delay.
On this reverse his spirits fell,
His sad heart sank ; and, strange to tell,
Ne'er ceased its sinking till it found
Itself in 's stomach run aground,
Where 't snugly took up its abode ;
From which it naturally flowed
That here, all wondering passions meeting,
Concentred in the love of eating ;
And he ne'er sighed for any wench, or
'T was but the one who filled his trencher.

Now, while we tell the change surprising
From love of girls to gormandizing,
Doubtless Sir Knight begins to tire
Of bawling at his drowsy Squire.
But, while informing him, at last,
'T was almost time to break his fast,
He started up at once — the hint
Had such awakening influence in 't.
Soon they were shirted, breeched and trussed,
Armor laced on, breakfast discussed,
Steeds saddled ; and, without delay,
Behold our hero on his way.

'But how did he look ? How tall was he ?
What kind of a figure might he be ?'
Methinks I hear some Fair exclaim :
And surely I should be to blame,
If I should let my lazy lip shun
The poet's favorite task — description :
He was a likely-looking fellow.
His hair was of a lively yellow ;
Like some brass knocker or bell-handle,
Or the flame of a soft tallow-candle,
Or as the sun, or liker still,
The color of an orange peel,
Or like the skin is, when a man dies
From an attack of yellow jaundice.
His eyes were as blue as finger-nails
On a frosty morn, or as the pails
Of watered milk in city cars,
Or as the welkin hung with stars,
Or as old toppers, when new rum acts
The d — l in their heads and stomachs.

His nose could boast a convex curve,
 Like long-bow drawn by tongue of nerve,
 Or like the figure called ellipsis —
 The small end nearest to the lips is :
 Or like the 'bustles' now in fashion,
 Or like a cat's back in a passion.
 His cheeks were red as school-boy's ear
 When cuffing starts the sullen tear;
 His brow, like coronet to his head,
 Was white as lightest baker's bread,
 Or album-page, ere fools' no-thoughts
 Have sullied it with witless blots.

Now if my reader kind supposes
 Cheeks should have been compared to roses,
 And wonders why I mention ears;
 One single circumstance appears
 Enough to solve the dark conundrum :
 Roses have always prickles under 'em.
 But prickles did not yet begin
 To arm his inoffensive chin ;
 So roses could have no connection
 With the ruddy hue of his complexion.
 Or if the critic thinks it silly
 To have left out the standard lily,
 When seeking some fair thing to suit
 The whiteness of his forehead to 't,
 I answer : lilies never grow
 Upon the mountain's lofty brow,
 But in the fertile valleys fair ;
 Beside, the brow being near the hair,
 The ladies might not think it nice
 To talk about these *fleurs de lis*.
 As to his height, he measured, when
 In 's stocking feet, just five feet ten.
 He wore an undersuit of buff
 That fitted well, and thick enough
 To shield his skin from any harm or
 Bruise from the chafing of his armor.
 His head-piece was of steel well burnished,
 With a white crest of horse-hair furnished.
 A shirt of mail, wrought curiously,
 Reached from his shoulder to his thigh ;
 And of like stuff a pair of hose
 Stretched from his middle to his toes.
 A quaint embroidered belt was braced,
 Outside the shirt, around his waist ;
 From it a dagger hung suspended,
 Which hitherto no life had ended,
 But which would quick leap from its sheath
 To let out blood or stop up breath :
 And a huge two-handed battle-axe,
 As yet unhacked by mortal cracks,
 But which can, when Sir Thopas pleases,
 Chop through brain-pans as quick as cheeses.
 But chief of all, his sword there hung,
 The like of which was never sung :
 Sir Bevis' Fusbert might not dare
 With this dread falchion to compare ;
 Nor that which, while it yet was new,
 At one stroke cut a wool-sack through ;
 Not Arthur's keen Escalibore
 Unsluiced such seas of Paynim gore ;

Nor ever Charlemagne's Joyeaux
 Did such dire deeds of derring-do;
 For this a wizard hammered well,
 And tempered with a magic spell,
 Old Nick annealed it, as they tell us,
 And three young Satans blew the bellows.
 Had no dark charm been in the hilt,
 'T would ne'er so much life-blood have spilt!
 Had no weird words been on the blade,
 'T would ne'er have such dire havoc made!
 His hands his gauntlets stout he drew on,
 Whose backs strong bars of iron grew on,
 Through which no sword-stroke he could feel;
 Nor need he fear that hostile steel,
 While this his knuckle bones defends,
 Can amputate his finger-ends.

Hung round his neck, his shield did dangle,
 The form whereof was a triangle.
 Upon a *sable field* it bore
 Three roses on a chevron *or*,
 'T wixt daggers three, on whose blades stood
Gutty de sang of clotted blood;
 And overtopping all, a tower
Argent, in flames; a crest of power,
 Proclaiming the transcendant might
 Of his great ancestors in fight.
 The motto intimated that he
 Did all, '*aut vi aut suavitate*,'*
 Which signifies, the ancient Greek in,
 'When kisses fail, I takes to kicking.'
 His right hand held, with grasp of strength,
 A lance full twenty feet in length;
 But from its slim top no new-fangled
 Riband or Lady's favor dangled,
 Because, as we have said already, Love
 Had not provided him a ladye-love.
 And finally, his trusty heel is
 Not left unarmed, as was Achilles',
 But golden spurs, with long-spiked rowels,
 Threatened his coursers bare-ribbed bowels.
 So from crest to spurs, from top to toes,
 Each inch of him was bellicose.

The Knight being armed, now let Squire John
 His various equipments don.
 A suit of buff invested Jock,
 Completely snug, from neck to nock;
 A pair of leather breeches Jack
 Fitted to 's lusty paunch and back,
 And down to 's knees, from which place Jake
 Wore woollens of domestic make.
 A belt of chamois leather light
 Around his loins is girded tight;
 To it his dull small sword is, just
 To the left of his bread-basket, trussed,
 Which is so prominent, his whinger's
 Clean out of reach of his fat fingers.
 On t' other side his dagger hung;
 Which, to tell truth, when Jock was young,

* Wx violate English syntax a little in our translation, but it is for the purpose of adhering with the most scrupulous fidelity to the idiom of the original.

Had got more scouring, when pressed hard in
Base service in the turnip garden,
Than ever it was like to find
Between the ribs of human-kind.

Now let us rein our onward speed
To sing Sir Thopas' warlike steed.
His frame was huge and full of might
To carry such a stalwart Knight ;
His owner often was at pains
To boast the blood that coursed his veins ;
And if the stock, once well replenished,
Just now seemed wofully diminished,
There was this cogent reason for 't :
His commons had been rather short.
Behold his undulating side,
With hill and vale diversified ;
How up and down the ridges swell,
With hollows long and parallel,
The water from his back to drain,
Whenever it may chance to rain.
Of eyes, the Knight was known to swear
His steed had once a splendid pair ;
But one long since had ta'en the wall,
And t' other scarce could see at all,
Except to make him shy and leap
At gander gray or cow asleep ;
But when real danger came behind it,
'T was most heroically blind to 't.

His ears, pricked up in gay erection,
Existed once in full perfection ;
But their fine symmetry was stopped
When one of them was closely cropped.
The other, Reader, to abate your
Dislike, was left in a state of nature.
His neck was not in thunder clad,
Nor lightning from his nostrils played ;
But from the one a mane hung down
Of ragged, tangled, dirty brown ;
While dribbling rheum the other doled,
For over night he 'd caught a cold.
Curving in one unbroken line,
His nose was perfect aquiline ;
Save where some scamp with stroke of club
Had given it a partial snub.
His lower lip, when quite at rest,
Hung graceful down, whence he possessed,
While viewed in profile or advance,
● A pensive cast of countenance ;
As if — with reverence be it spoken —
His spirit, like his wind, was broken.

His full and flowing tail, that round
He used to whisk and brush the ground,
Had snowy hair of dazzling white ;
With which in summer, with delight,
As to either side he chose to bear it, he
Chased off the flies with vast dexterity.
His tail, by such sweet ties endeared,
Had altogether disappeared !
And now round his defenceless rump
In vain he wagged the bald old stump.

How could such cruel fate o'erwhelm it?
 'T was bobbed to crest his master's helmet!
 Who shameless rode o'er hill and dale
 With his head — under his horse's tail!
 I had been told and thought of yore
 Rozinante was his ancestor;
 I mean the horse's, Reader, not
 The Knight's; but by the data got
 In chronological researches,
 This pedigree left in the lurch is.
 For centuries did intervene,
 As I have ascertained, between
 The time Sir Thopas saw the light
 And the birth of great La Mancha's Knight:
 And as all history agrees
 In the date of 'Thopas' victories,
 I can't see, no how I can fix it,
 But he must have lived before Don Quixotte.
 There's contradiction on its face,
 Yet this is *not* a hopeless case;
 It only needs one turn, you see,
 To authenticate our pedigree.
 For if this horse, as once we sung,
 Was not from Rozinante sprung,
 It follows, close as new-set scissors,
 That Rozinante sprung from this horse.

But porsy Squire John never bore
 His paunch on 's own legs far. Therefore
 We'll place, 'neath his broad-butted back,
 A rusty, old, mouse-colored jack,
 Whose chief characteristics were
 Hoarseness of throat, and length of ear.
 In leanness this abstemious ass
 His master's courser did surpass;
 From morn till noon, from noon till night,
 He often went without a bite,
 But 't was from lack of asses' victual,
 And not from choice, he ate so little;
 To prove which, when he did get feed, he
 Gorged in a manner fairly greedy.
 From earliest infancy inured,
 He kicks, thumps, thwacks, bangs, blows endured,
 Until his hide was cudgel-proof;
 And clad in shag-hair long and rough,
 Save where erewhile the pannier-leathers
 Had worn bald places on his withers;
 The boys have twitched his tail, till there's
 Scarce left a half-a-dozen hairs,
 Whose quick, incessant switching tries
 In vain to scare the fearless flies.
 One trait of his I can commend:
 When danger pressed, our long-eared friend
 Was quite as fond of quick retreating,
 As was his rider of good-eating;
 Almost the only points indeed
 In which this couple both agreed.

Now Knight and Squire are well equipped,
 The Knight's steed spurred, the Squire's jack whipped,
 And all four on the road to glory,
 Here for the present halts our story.

Some four weeks hence, in my third Canto,
I hope to tell you where they went to.

CONCLUSION À LA CHRISTABEL.

Oh never may the Fates bedevil us
With such a beast as that Bucephalus!
Sooner than pay, without remorse
So many talents for a horse —
As never any regal ass had done
Before that mad-cap king of Macedon —
Then break my neck, with greater speed
Than I could break my costly steed;
Or straddle one whose instinct, quickest
Drove him to where hard knocks flew thickest;
Sooner than try *such* desperate ways
To shorten my poetic days,
My guardian genius hints I'd best try an
Order of glory *not* equestrian.

Savannah, May 5, 1842.

A NOCTURNAL ADVENTURE.

BY A NEW CONTRIBUTOR.

It was during the reign of Louis the Fourteenth — when the famous CARTOUCHE levied his nightly contributions on the good folks of Paris, and made countesses and chambermaids, dukes and dust-men, alike tremble in their shoes with the terror of his redoubtable name, in utter defiance of all law, civil and military — that the following circumstance occurred.

Two o'clock had just sounded from the deep bell of Notre Dame, as Madame de Bauffremont, a young and noble lady of Paris, entered her apartments on her return from an evening party, and after being assisted to undress by her women, and comfortably arrayed in a loose dressing-gown, dismissed them for the night, and seated herself in a musing attitude at the corner of the fire, that she might write and meditate at her ease.

She was engaged upon a journal, which to the great misfortune of the literary world was not afterward found among her papers; for she is said to have been a person of wonderful intelligence, and so acute an observer, that nothing, however trifling or however studiously concealed, escaped her attention or deceived her judgment. After about an hour of profound silence and uninterrupted occupation, she was preparing to lay aside her writing materials previous to retiring; when a smothered noise in the chimney attracted her attention; and presently, preceded by a cloud of soot, a number of swallows'-nests, and a quantity of mortar, a man armed to the teeth rolled into the middle of the chamber. As in his precipitate descent he had scattered the fire-brands about the room, his

first action on gathering himself up was to replace them one by one methodically with the tongs. He then carefully pushed back with his foot several pieces of burning coal without crushing them on the carpet, and finally turning toward Madame La Marquise, who stood regarding his proceedings with astonishment not unmingled with fear, he made her a profound reverence, and said :

‘Madame, dare I ask to whom I have the honor of speaking?’

‘Sir,’ replied she, with wonderful coolness, ‘I am Madame de Bauffremont; but as I do not know you at all, as you have not the appearance of a robber, and as you have been so very careful of my furniture, I am at a loss to divine why you appear in my chamber in the middle of the night and by the chimney.’

‘Believe me, Madame,’ returned her nocturnal visiter, ‘I had not the slightest intention of entering thus unceremoniously into your apartment. But time presses. Will you have the goodness to accompany me just to the door of your hotel? I pledge my word, no harm shall come near you if you comply,’ added he significantly, drawing a pistol from his belt, and taking one of the candles.

‘But Sir——’

‘Madame, will you be so kind as to hurry yourself?’ continued he, examining the lock of his pistol. ‘We will descend together, and you will order the porter to unbar the door!’

‘Speak lower, Sir, speak lower! — the Marquis is not far off,’ replied the lady, now beginning for the first time to tremble.

‘Allow me to place your mantle over your shoulders, Madame; your night-dress is light, and it is excessively cold.’ So saying, with great care he enveloped the lady (who now followed his directions implicitly) in the folds of her cloak, and once more taking the light, motioned her to advance, and followed her trembling footsteps down the private stairs leading to the porter’s lodge. By the sheer force of impudence and assurance, every thing shaped itself according to his wish; and while Madame de Bauffremont was obliged to sit down in the lodge to recover some little strength and self-possession, this devil of a man made good his escape.

She was just beginning to breathe once more with the consciousness of security, when the same voice sounded again, loud and distinct, from without the little window of the porter’s lodge. ‘Hark ye, Monsieur Le Suisse,’ it said, ‘I have travelled to-night a weary way upon the roofs of the houses, being chased by spies. Do not go and tell your master that this is an affair of gallantry, nor that I am the lover of Madame de Bauffremont, or you will have to do with CARTOUCHE!’ At this dreaded name the porter drew into the innermost corner of his shell, and Madame de Bauffremont started with affright.

‘They will hear of me again day after to-morrow by the petit poste,’ said the undaunted robber; and then they heard his retreating footsteps as he strode rapidly away.

Madame de Bauffremont reäscended the stairs and awakened her husband, to whom she recounted this singular adventure; but between sleeping and waking he was inclined to treat it lightly, and told her that she had been dreaming a bad dream.

‘Dream or no dream,’ replied she, ‘I am certain we shall yet hear more of it.’ And indeed the gallant ruffian was true to his word, for on the day intimated she received a letter of excuses and thanks, perfectly respectful and remarkably well written, signed CARTOUCHE, and enclosing a safe-conduct for Madame de Bauffremont and her family, should they chance to encounter any of his band. Accompanying the letter was a small box which contained a beautiful diamond, without setting, valued at two thousand crowns, and which the Marquis placed in the hands of the treasurer of Notre Dame for the benefit of the invalids of the Hotel Dieu.

T H E H U N T E R T I M E .

THERE were hunters bold in the days of old,
 Say legend, lay and rhyme,
 But no hunter there can ever compare
 With that stern old hunter, TIME.
 He rouses his game both early and late,
 In darkness as well as in light,
 And stealthily, silently, follows he —
 He follows by day and by night.

Death and Decay are his hounds alway,
 The hounds of old hunter Time,
 And he follows them fast as the rushing blast,
 In every age and clime.
 'T is in vain to fly, 't is in vain to hide,
 His hounds are fleet and their scent is true,
 And earth has no place in all its bounds
 That may hide his prey from view.

No bugle-blast goes sounding past
 As the Hunter hurries by,
 No trampling steed with furious speed,
 No shouts that rend the sky.
 No deep-mouthed bay from his hounds is heard,
 As with silent feet they spring;
 The Hunter utters no view-halloo,
 As he stretches his tireless wing.

The whole earth's bound is his hunting-ground,
 And all things are his prey;
 And the mighty and vast must fall at last
 'Neath the fangs of stern Decay.
 And Death shall seize on the fairest form
 That ever on earth has shone;
 And they vie in the speed of the fearful chase,
 As the Hunter urges them on!

But the day will be, when the Hunter shall flee
 Before a mightier power,
 And Death and Decay shall vanish away
 In that solemn and dreadful hour;
 When the angel shall stand with one foot on the sea,
 And one on the trembling shore,
 And utter the awful and dread command
 That 'Time shall be no more!'

THE HERMIT OF CETARA.

BY MRS. J. WEBB.

FROM my childhood it has been my delight to climb the beetling rock, bound from crag to crag, and ascend steeps where the light deer could scarcely find a footing. The gray mist of morning found me, while yet a boy, in places of peril, looking with a feeling not unlike contempt on the busy haunts of men. Wonder not then, reader, that when I became a man, my first wish was to travel; to climb other mountains, to descend other ravines, and compare them with the haunts of my youth. In the summer of 18— I took leave of my friends, and started with a mind prepared to view with an unjaundiced eye the wonders of creation. We had not then the advantage of steam-navigation to bear us to our destined port. A heavy craft and poor accommodations were all the traveller could expect; and even these fell sometimes far short of his expectations. But I was about to travel! to see the world! There was magic in the very word *travel*; and stretched on the deck, wrapped in my roquelaure, the night-damp fell unheeded, and the spray dashed over me unfelt. Imagination was an *avant-courier*: and while wet and listless I lay on the deck of the lazy vessel, she had already ascended the highest peak of the Alps, and at the moment our craft touched the shore, was perched on the very crater of Vesuvius.

If you have been a traveller, reader, I need not tell you of the self-importance the first step on a foreign shore gives the tourist: the suppressed breath while landing, that whispers through the closed teeth: 'I am here, in la belle France!' is felt, though it may not be heard; and the feeling of that first step on the grand tour of life is never forgotten.

I have already said that my taste was more for the sublime than the beautiful: wonder not then that I passed quickly over the sunny vales of laughing France, and sought scenery more like that among which my young feelings were nursed. Where peered the mountain or roared the cataract, there I best loved to linger. Where danger barred approach, there I was sure to venture. It was such a feeling as this that led me to the little-known and secluded village of Cetara, more distinguished for its singular site, and the picturesque and magnificent view it affords from the sea, than for its historical character. A narrow path following the irregular projections of the mountain, the base of which is washed by the sea, runs from Vietri up among the cliffs, on the edge of which is seen the little hamlet, enclosed as it were in a natural bay, with the majestic mountains towering above. Though less stupendous than the Alps, they are more pleasing to the eye, from being richly cultivated by the inhabitants whom they shelter and almost shut out from the world.

Cetara would have few charms for the antiquarian or historian ; but to those who love to view Nature in her wildest form, it is unsurpassed. The atheist here could not but tremblingly acknowledge the existence of a God. Day after day I wandered among the mountains, and each evening returned better pleased than the last. One day I had wandered farther than I was wont : I had gone far beyond the precincts of cultivation ; and the dense vapors that often surround those cloud-kissing mountains rendered me unable to see my way. I had no alternative but to remain where I was till the atmosphere cleared. Making a virtue therefore of necessity, I seated myself under a large gray stone that projected from the mountain.. A pure stream of water gushed from a rock near me and fell into a natural basin almost at my feet. I was musing on my strange adventure, when I heard the sound of light footsteps. I listened ; it was not like the footsteps of man. I was still wondering at the circumstance, when I saw a dog descend by a narrow path which had till now escaped my observation. He was a fine animal of the St. Bernard breed : from his neck was suspended a bottle, fastened by a small cord to a broad collar. He approached the basin, let the bottle fall in till it was full, then turned to reäscend, evidently unaware of my presence. I whistled to call his attention : he sprang to my side, looked earnestly at me, then seemed by his gestures to invite me to follow him. Thinking some dwelling must be near, I unhesitatingly followed my silent guide up the narrow and irregular path. We had ascended some three or four hundred yards, when, turning a sudden jutting of the mountain, our path was stopped by a wicker-fence. Light branches of trees had been fancifully woven to enclose a small piece of ground in which were cultivated herbs and vegetables of various kinds, with some fruit-trees : but flowers there were none, except one rose-bush which grew on a mound evidently made for the purpose, and round it was a light and beautiful trellis. At this moment I heard a deep groan, and following the sound I perceived on the other side of the garden a door almost hid in the side of the mountain. On hearing the groan the dog sprang to the door and seemed impatient for me to enter. I did so, and found myself in a room or cave some twenty feet square ; in the centre was a rude table on which stood a lamp of curious workmanship. Another groan as of one in the last mortal agony drew my attention to a bed or couch, on which lay a man who appeared to have seen not less than eighty winters, if I might judge by the blossoms of the grave that were thinly scattered on his temples. The dog went directly to the couch, and the dying man, for such I perceived he was, attempted to take the bottle, but his hand fell powerless, and he faintly murmured, ‘ Lord, thy will be done ! ’ It was my custom in my wanderings to carry a small flask of wine. I approached the couch, raised the head of the dying man, and poured a few drops into his mouth. In a short time he revived. He fixed his eyes on me ; it was but a look ; yet it was such a look as I shall never forget ; the ghastly pallor of his countenance, the straggling locks bleached

by the frost of age, the keen dark eyes that seemed to borrow lustre from their near approach to eternity, and the faint low tone in which I heard him whisper, 'My God, I thank Thee; thou hast heard my prayer!' are yet fresh on my memory. I again applied the flask to his mouth; but I found it was with difficulty he could swallow. I saw the hand of Death was on him; the cold dew was already gathering on his brow. He seemed aware of it, and made a desperate but ineffectual effort to raise himself; then turning on me a look which told me even in that hour of awe and death, that a bold spirit was about to take its flight to worlds unknown, he said: 'It is many years since I have beheld a human face, save in my dreams.' He spoke in gasps, for life was ebbing fast. 'God has granted a repentant sinner's prayer, and sent thee to receive my last sigh. When I am no more, do for me what some kind hand must do for thee.' He was unable to proceed. I promised to comply with his request. He feebly pressed my hand, and pointing to a small cabinet which I had not before perceived: 'When I am no more,' said he; but his voice failed: his lips continued to move, but no sound issued. At length, by a convulsive effort, he said: 'In that cabinet you will find a manuscript. It is an unvarnished tale of sin, of sorrow, and of suffering.' His voice again grew faint. 'Bury me beneath the lone rose-bush in the garden; and if thou hast a heart, be kind to my dog.' The animal seemed to know what the dying man said; he licked his hand; and I thought, reader, I saw a tear in the eye of the poor brute. When I again turned to the bed no living object met my view. His spirit had fled. His last effort had been like the flash of an expiring taper; and I was there alone with the dead. All appeared a dream. In such quick succession had every thing passed, I had not had time even to think, before I had made the promise that mixed my fate, for aught I knew, with that of the unknown. It was given: and it was mine to fulfil it. After composing the limbs of the dead, I prepared to dig a grave where he desired me, beneath the rose-bush. I called to the dog, but vain were my attempts to move him; he clung to the dead body of his master with a fondness that would put to shame the prouder animal, man, and well-nigh made me a believer in the transmigration of souls. To my solemn work then I went alone. I knew not why, but I felt that I should be committing sacrilege, to break one rose from the lone tree whereon it blossomed in pure beauty; and the first sod I lifted from the hillock gave me a strange feeling of fear mingled with awe. I had dug perhaps the depth of three feet, when my spade struck against something hard. Though I had all the curiosity naturally attending youth, I would gladly have dropped the spade and descended the mountain but for my promise to the dying man. That promise had been given; and deeper the grave must be made. With desperate resolution I resumed my task, expecting, as I lifted each spadeful of earth, to see the skeleton of some human being; for I could not but think that the mound covered the remains of the dead. I was deceived; I found the hard substance to be a box or casket about a foot and a half square;

it was of copper, and secured by a padlock, the key of which was fastened to it by a small chain. As nothing had been said by the deceased of such a box, it might not be at all connected with him or his history. I therefore resolved to open it. I applied the key, but vain were my efforts to turn it; for it was covered with a thick crust. After rubbing it some time my labor was crowned with success: the key was turned, the box was opened; but judge my surprise, my horror, reader, on beholding a human head in a state of perfect preservation. It was that of a female, and had evidently been embalmed: the long flaxen hair lay in wavy curls, bright as the locks of living beauty; the lips were a little parted and showed pearly teeth. It was in short such a face as imagination gives to angels; but how could it have been so preserved? I had understood the ancient Egyptian mode of embalming had been lost; yet here was a certain proof that some art existed by which the dead could be preserved. Conjecture could afford no ray to enlighten me on the subject. I closed the box and again turned the key, convinced that it was in some way connected with the wish of the dead man to be buried beneath the mound. I felt an earnest desire to see the manuscript; and after making the grave sufficiently deep, I deposited at one end the box, and reentered the cave in which lay the corpse. The dog was still by the side of the bed. I prepared to perform my promise, to consign the body to its kindred dust. The moment I touched it the animal sprang on the bed and laid his paw on its breast, as if to save something from violation. Thou mayest smile, reader, but in that moment of awe I spoke to the dog as I would to mortal being; and I thought, nay felt sure he understood me. 'All shall be sacred,' I said; and immediately I was free to do with the corpse as I pleased. As well as I could I wrapped the coarse covering of the bed around it: in doing so I discovered what the animal guarded with such care—the miniature of a lady. It was the same face, the same flaxen hair I had seen in the box, save that the picture wore the smiling look of happiness. To be brief, I consigned the body to the grave, laid the mould lightly on the once warm heart, replaced the turf, and all that met the eye was the grassy mound and the pure white rose-tree. I again entered the cave. The busy events of the day had left me till now unmindful of the return of night, which was fast approaching. It but remained for me to make use of the little day-light yet left to open the cabinet and secure the manuscript. I met with no obstacle, for it was not fastened by lock or spring; and all that it contained was the manuscript, a miniature of a man in the bloom of life, two or three rolls of wax tapers, and a leathern bag filled with gold coins. I looked upon the tapers as a treasure. I made a fire, lighted one of them, and prepared to spend the night with more comfort than I had anticipated. I drew the only chair, or rather stool, the place afforded, to the equally rude table, and sat down to peruse the manuscript. It was tied round with a silken string; on the envelope was written:

‘Whoever thou art, into whose hands this manuscript may fall,

pause e'er thou breakest the seal; for no bright tale of love and happiness will meet thine eye. If thou art heartless, and canst not sympathize with the suffering, pass on, and leave these pages to be read by those who have a heart to feel the woes of others. Let such drop a tear over the miseries of the Hermit of Cetara.'

I opened and read as follows :

'I WAS the youngest son of a noble family. My ancestors prided themselves on quartering arms with royalty; their escutcheon was without bar or stain. My father joyed in the youthful promise of his son. My mother, my dear, noble-minded mother, doated on me with a fondness which only minds like hers can feel for their offspring. The indulgence I met with from my parents, the adulation paid me by the world, ill prepared me for the rude storms of fate which even the best-balanced bark of frail mortality must necessarily encounter on the rough sea of life. Oh, halcyon days of joyous boyhood, bright and brief! what in man's after years of humbled pride, disappointed hope, and blighted affections, can equal one short hour of thy heaven-felt happiness; when, light as the down of the thistle borne on the breeze, fancy wanders where it lists, and finds all places alike sunny and bright? Wonder not, kind reader, that I linger on scenes of youthful pleasures. Alas! they fled too soon. Manhood brought follies, frailties, and crime.

My tutor was chaplain to the family, and resided on the borders of the estate. He loved me with the fondness of a father, and I felt for him the affection of a son. He was a man well calculated to instruct and train the mind to virtue's loftiest height; for his birth was noble and his fortunes had been severe; yet the sun of his destiny had left him one bright ray to cheer the winter of his age and smooth his passage to the grave: a daughter, an only child; the offspring of affection and the deep-seated love of mature years; for he married late in life, and the hour that opened his child's eyes to the light closed forever those of his beloved wife. I was ten years of age, Alice was seven, when her father became my tutor. We played like children and loved like children. Sportive as lambs on the flower-covered lea, we roved the meadows and ranged the woods, and the first sorrow our young hearts felt was when the fiat went forth that I must leave my home of love and happiness for the midnight lamp of learning. I pass over the parting with my parents and with Alice. My tears flowed fast; tears of purity and innocence; alas! the last my eyes shed. All since have flowed from the dark river of repentance, or the torrent of guilt. The famed University of Oxford claimed me as her child. I was enrolled among her sons of learning and of vice. All was new to me. When I spoke of home and its joys, my companions laughed, and the treasured feelings of virtue became the student's jest. I scarce thought of home after the first three months; a term all-sufficient to bring a freshman to their way of thinking. Pleasure lured me, and I drank deep of the honeyed cup. My letters from home remained unanswered; letters even from my dear mother remained unread. Thus three

years passed on. At this period I was unexpectedly called home. My mother was taken suddenly and dangerously ill. All my love returned; I hastened with all possible speed. Never had time appeared so long; and when the gray turrets of the castle burst on my view, each foot of ground, as the wheels revolved, seemed a mile. At length I reached the court-yard — flew, rather than ran, through the well-known galleries to the apartment of my mother. All was still; not a servant was stirring in that part of the castle. I could not muster resolution to open the door; but sunk on my knees to offer an humble prayer that I might not be too late to receive the blessing of my dying parent. Old Antoine, a favorite servant of my father, came on tip-toe along the gallery. He had carried me in his arms when a boy. He held up his finger in token of silence; dropped a tear on my hand as I imploringly looked in his face, for I dared not ask, ‘Does she live?’ He understood me; opened the door gently; and, oh God! the joy I felt in that moment of misery can never be forgotten. My mother lived! I was not too late to receive her last sigh. Over her leaned, as if to catch her slightest breathing, a female of surpassing loveliness; bright flaxen hair, in graceful curls, hung over her shoulders and shaded her face. She raised her head and turned toward the door. The bright blue eye told me it was Alice, the play-mate of my infancy, now grown a woman in the full bloom of loveliness, with such a face and form as sculptors might take for their model, and painters despair of being able to copy. At the foot of the bed knelt my brother; and on the side opposite Alice was my father. His stern eye met mine as I stood trembling within the door. Had worlds been offered me I could not have moved. Conscience-stricken and ashamed, I stood before the authors of my being. I imagined every sin I had committed was written on my forehead; and secretly prayed that the earth would open and swallow me; but I was reserved for greater sorrow. My father advanced, drew me silently to the side of the bed, and pointing to the death-like form it contained, said, in a scarcely audible whisper: ‘Contemplate your work.’ I took the thin white hand that lay on the coverlet. Burning, bitter tears of remorse fell on it. I sobbed aloud. Had I had a thousand lives, I would have given them all to have prolonged her’s. So strange and inconsistent a being is man. I, who would not forego one pleasure when she was in health to spare the heart of my mother a pang, would now have died a thousand deaths to save her. She heard my sobs, opened her eyes, faintly whispered my name, then threw her arms with nature’s last strong effort round my neck, drew me to her and kissed my cheek. The next moment I was deluged with blood. She held me with the grasp of death. Vain were my efforts to free myself. A blood-vessel was ruptured; and I, who had broken her heart, was held in her dying grasp till the last drop of that heart’s warm blood flowed over me. My senses forsook me. I remembered nothing more.

‘When my recollection returned, the mild beams of a summer’s sun-set faintly shone through the half-closed curtains of my bed. I

heard feet stealthily moving in the room; and my question of 'Where am I?' was answered by the sweet voice of Alice. She had watched me with unceasing care for three weeks, and in all probability to that care I owed my life. The attention of Alice, together with youth and a good constitution, enabled me to recover fast. I was soon able to ramble through the haunts of my boyhood with Alice by my side. My brother, who was the son of my father by a former wife, and who had never loved me as a brother should, became my shadow. He who had always viewed me with eyes of envy, as being of manlier form and finer face, robbing him as he often said of all his parent's tenderness, now was all kindness; and I joyed to think a brother's love might soothe me for my parent's loss.

'One day, after we had returned from a pleasant ramble, he followed me to my dressing-room. I thought a cloud was on his brow; and ere I could ask the cause, he said: 'Edward, hitherto I have been wanting in the love and duty of an elder brother. Believe me, it is my wish by future kindness to atone for past neglect. Will you treat me with the confidence my love and new-born feeling deserve? Will you answer me with truth the question I shall ask you? No idle motive prompts that question; but a brother's care for a younger brother's welfare.' I promised without hesitation to grant his request. He placed his hand on my shoulder, looked me full in the face, and said, I thought with more than common feeling, for his lip trembled, and his cheek turned pale, 'Tell me, Edward, do you love Alice?' I was surprised — overpowered. All I could do was to repeat his question; for it was one I had not dared to ask myself. 'Nay,' he replied with some pique, seeing my embarrassment, 'give your confidence freely or not at all. I have no motive but to guard your happiness and advance your fortunes. You promised to answer my question.' 'And so I would, Charles,' I exclaimed, 'had I ever asked the question of myself.'

'Then,' said he, 'it is time you did ask it. It is time, too, you take into consideration that a younger brother's fortune is too small to support a family, and a wife who brings you nothing but virtue for her dower.' I thought his lip was curled in scorn. 'But perhaps,' he added, after a pause, 'the chains of Hymen are all too heavy for your wear. If so, 'tis as well. Make and wear lighter.' He turned to leave me, saying with a forced smile: 'When you want my advice or my aid, Edward, ask it; either shall be more freely given than your confidence.' He left me. But he had opened a new spring of feeling. I took my heart to task, and found that I loved Alice with tenderness and truth. I called to mind all her acts of kindness, all she had ever said or done. Yet could I find in them nothing more than sister might feel or do for brother. I seized my hat, determined to seek an interview with her. With hasty steps I crossed the park to the dwelling of my tutor. As I entered, Alice met me. I took her hand, led her to a chair, placed myself beside her, told her the conversation of my brother, and before her father's return, who was absent on my arrival, Alice had

confessed her heart was mine, that from our days of childhood she had cherished my image. I had been her pure heart's idol. Even neglect, cold neglect, could not drive from her remembrance him who had taught her young heart its first throb. She spoke of my mother. And thus I learned that the two beings who loved me most on earth, had together wept over my coldness. But while I had wantonly revelled in scenes of vice and dissipation, the broken spirit of my mother had poured its fulness into the bosom of Alice, who had been her comfort in declining health, her nurse in sickness, and all to her that I, ingrate as I was, ought to have been.

A new source of happiness was open to me. A bright day-dawn of purity and peace; yet my heart sickened when I thought of my father. Since the death of my mother we had seldom met. A gloom had settled on his countenance that seemed to deepen when he looked upon me. How would I dare to tell him, who, so proud of his rank, would have thought the daughter of a prince scarce a fitting match for his son, that my choice had fallen on the portionless daughter of my tutor. But my brother, I might, I could speak to him. He would be my mediator. Hope sprung anew in my bosom. I hastened to Charles, told him all, and asked him his advice. He thought it best I should not tell my father of my love for Alice, alledging it would but irritate him, so soon after the death of my mother. I took his advice. Thus months passed on. The greater portion of each day was passed with Alice. My brother was our constant companion. He was the depositary of our secrets. We had not even a thought that was not known to him. We were ruled solely by his advice, and his assistance was all we looked to, to secure our happiness.

‘ One beautiful summer morning I had seated myself at an open window, gazing on the lovely landscape before me, and building airy castles. Bright visions of happiness, creations of my fancy, on all sides met my view, and like an *ignis fatuus* led me on, till every barrier was passed, and in imagination Alice was my own. It was a blissful dream; too bright and blissful far, to last. My reverie was interrupted by the entrance of a servant, to say my father wished to see me in the library.

‘ Hitherto I had laughed at all idea of presentiment; but sure I am, a feeling then came over me that spoke too plainly of my future fate. I obeyed the summons, and found my father seated at a table. He eyed me with the same cold, stern look he had ever worn since my mother's death; yet I thought he endeavored to force a smile. ‘ Edward,’ he at length said, ‘ it is unfit you should longer remain at home inactive. Our house has ever been famed for heroes. The wreath of glory must not wither on your brow. Fame must lend it brightness; and fame cannot be won by wandering like a love-sick shepherd among the vales where heroes have been nursed. I have procured you a commission. Your regiment is ordered to the East Indies. A battalion sails in three days, and I shall expect you to be in readiness to join them; and should I never see you more, let me hear at least that he who was the

idol of his mother's heart, (and once the pride of mine,) is not a coward.'

'I sat as one on whom the sentence of eternal justice had been passed. The measure of my grief was full. Where then was Alice? Where the bright visions of delight my fancy not an hour before had placed with hope's bright promise full in my view; the beacon-light to guide me on to happiness and to love? I was roused from my stupor by my father rising to leave the apartment. Despair lent me courage; and I determined at once to tell him the state of my feelings. I begged him to hear me. I commenced with my early feelings of childish love for Alice; recounted the scenes of my boyish years, when hand in hand we wandered through the groves and valleys; told of all I owed to her father, who had trained my mind; spoke of her attention to my mother; of that mother's love for her; and begged with all the fervor of despair that Alice should be mine. He heard me with patience, till I had used every argument in my power in favor of my suit. I appealed to his affection. He eyed me for some time in silence after I had ceased to speak. There was that in his look which chilled my blood. At length he said: 'You do well to rely on my affection; you certainly have much to hope from such a source; you, who have for years discarded the feeling; who neglected the admonition of your parents, spent your nights at the gaming-table, contracting debts you had no power to pay; your days with the loathsome and the vile; you, who for three years deigned not even to inquire for her whom you now seek; you do right to appeal to my affection. Your mother, your sainted mother, appealed to yours. How vain that appeal was, let your conscience and her fate tell you. Her premature death is the record of a favorite son's love. You disappointed her hopes and broke her heart; and the cold marble that covers her remains will be a lasting monument of your shame. You shall have no consent of mine, no aid of mine; and if you would escape my curse, flee my sight, and seek in a distant clime to forget that you have made your father's hearth desolate.'

'He covered his face and wept. Yes, my proud, stern father wept before his son; and I, I stood, my burning eye-balls bursting from their sockets, unable to shed a tear. Grief and remorse drank up the offering, ere it reached the eye. I would have spoken, but I had not the power. My father was the first to recover his self-command. He rose, and handing me a paper, said: 'There is your commission; and remember, there is more honor in dying a soldier's death than in living the scorned of man and the condemned of God.' He left me, and I flew to tell my brother that which I was sure would give him pain. Charles sympathized with me, and seemed to think my father used me harshly. 'But Edward,' said he, 'you have a brother who will serve you; who will in your absence cherish Alice with a brother's love; and after all, who can tell but it may be for the best? Fortunes are easily acquired in the East; and with fortune comes the power to do as you please. Alice I am sure will wait your return patiently. Go and tell her the worst.' I followed his advice. I sought and told Alice all.

‘I will not dwell on the painful interview. Reader, has fate ever compelled thee to part with a beloved object? If so — and few live who have not lost some one they love — I need not describe our grief. I will pass on to the evening before my departure. I was seated with Alice at the foot of a hazel-grove; a river flowed gently at our feet; a sky of cloudless beauty and the calm stillness of a summer’s evening seemed to mock the wild tumult of our feelings. I was whispering words of comfort to her, and picturing scenes of happiness, which my boding heart told me would never be realized, when we heard a rustling among the leaves; and suddenly emerging from the thicket, a woman of the gipsy tribe stood before us. She was tall, and on her head she wore a turban of scarlet cloth. A mantle or scarf of the same material hung from her shoulders. In her hand she held a staff. It was a rough sapling, and seemed but newly cut. Her hair had escaped from the fillet which bound it, and hung in elf-locks round her face and neck.

‘It was not surprising to see people of that tribe in the part of the country where we lived, as they generally take up their abode near some estate where game abounds. But she was of singular appearance. Her eye was keen and piercing, her form erect, and her dress and demeanor altogether far above the common style of her race. She leaned on her staff for some moments, earnestly gazing in the face of Alice, then broke into a wild song or chant, and we breathlessly listened to the following words:

‘A spirit hath whispered, to its echo attend,
Beware of a foe where you hope for a friend;
For treachery comes gently as falls the night dew:
Attend to the Gipsy, her warning is true!’

‘She ceased. Alice clung to my side with fear. The terror of her I loved restored the presence of mind, the sudden and singular appearance of the being before us had well nigh deprived me of. ‘Woman,’ I said, ‘if your words are the idle cant of your tribe, this is no time or place to exercise it. If it be charity you want, there is money. Begone! and do not, by idly pretending to look into futurity, disturb those who have no faith in your art.’ She waved her hand in token that she wanted not money. A dark and terrible frown gathered on her brow. She advanced and took the hand of Alice, who overawed by what she had seen and heard, offered no resistance. She gazed on the lines for some time; then turning on me a look in which was a strange mixture of wildness and pity, she raised her form to its utmost height, and gazing on Alice, resumed her chant:

‘In the roar of a torrent which eye ne’er hath seen,
On a bleak mountain peak where no footstep hath been,
No voice but the scream of the eagle heard there,
The winds sing thy death-dirge — oh! maiden, beware!’

‘She again ceased, and taking from her bosom a small amulet, suspended by a silver chain, she advanced to Alice, and threw it round her neck, and once more sorrowfully chanted:

' When o'er the dark billows borne far, far away,
And all is proved true I have told thee to-day,
Breathe thrice on this charm in thine hour of despair;
Call, call on dark Elspeth, and I will be there ! '

' She turned from us abruptly, and entered the thicket. I watched her form as it receded, occasionally catching a glimpse of her red mantle through the trees, till I was roused from my stupor by Alice falling at my feet in a swoon.'

END OF PART FIRST.

S U M M E R - T I D E .

THE bright warm months are coming ! Winter's gusts
Have passed away ; and March, with his cold rains
And sad consumptive drizzle, is no more ;
And leaves are budding thickly on the skirts
Of the dense forest. By the rivulet
The grass is springing, and the trees are full
Of life and beauty. Fishes in the pool
Feel the warm currents, and dart up and down,
Nibbling the dropping blossoms. Merrily
The south wind twitters in the rustling leaves,
Whose mimic shadows tremble on the grass,
And from the wilderness there comes the scent
Of cedar, and the sound of noisy brooks,
And birds and waterfalls.

Thus one by one,
The meek days come and vanish from the land ;
And soon the bob-link in the meadow-grass
Shall poise himself and sing, and in the mart
The busy marten shall be heard once more,
Gossiping upon the house-tops. Even now
I feel the warm breath of the summer-tide
Freshening the new-leaved woods, and lifting up
The budding flowers, and swinging to and fro
The reddening blossoms. Pleasantly it comes
From the blue mountains, chasing the white clouds
O'er rugged forest-land, and mossy fell,
And many a snow-white settlement. It is
The voice of Summer hastening from the South,
And the wide woods have wakened at her call,
And flowers await her coming. O'er the grass
She passes giggling mid the little leaves,
That clap their hands for joy. A thousand flowers
Are swinging by the brook, and far away
The sweet sky shines like silver, and among
The thickets and the leafy boughs there runs
A pleasant murmur.

So within my heart
Would I have summer always, that my life
May be made up of peace and quietude ;
And gently, like these bright but transient days,
Should be my passage hence, when Death at last
Summons me to my immortality.

H. W. R.

THE BATTLE OF ACTIUM.

TRANSLATED BY OSCAR COLLES.

THE heavens were reflected in the glassy waters of the oriental sea, as the breezes of evening were beginning to ruffle the face of the deep. To the tumult of arms and neighing of steeds succeeded the majesty of silence over the land of the Ptolemæan kings. Some hours had elapsed since the Egyptian fleet had left the shores of Alexandria, but upon the outline of the marine horizon might yet be distinguished the sparkling sails of the five hundred ships of Queen CLEOPATRA and her allies. Never had a more propitious breeze swelled the wings of the *trirèmes* and galleys. The oars scarcely disturbed the limpid waters. To have seen from a distance those beautiful vessels as they sailed, sometimes in a circle, sometimes in a conical phalanx, sometimes in long files, one would have fancied them a flock of swans that had alighted upon the sea, and were harmoniously sporting with the boundless waves.

The ANTONY (the name of the splendid galley of CLEOPATRA) was rowed in the centre of all the others. It was the magnificent floating palace of Egypt's Queen. The wood had been chosen from the mountain of cedars; its sails, white as the snows of Caucasus, were trimmed with purple and silver; its oars, shaped by Phœnician workmen, resembled large fins with azure scales; its prow was a statue of gold, an emblem of Egypt. The symmetrical mould and outline of this immense ship was inimitable; it cleaved the waves like a swift Triton whose sinewy tail guides its course. Its sides were covered with allegorical paintings, and around its masts arose clusters of orange, myrtle, and date-trees, covered with fruits and flowers. It seemed a floating garden detached from the shores of Canopus or Nicopolis.

But the beautiful ship possessed other enchantments. From its deck issued harmonious sounds; it glided over the sea to the melodies of Lydian flutes and lyres. Its rowers were all young men of Phœnicia and Cyrenaica, crowned with the iris and reed. The pilot alone had lived through long years, and his knowledge of the sea was profound. He knew the rocks, the currents, the dangerous capes, the hidden shoals, from the outlets of the Nile to the Palus Mæotis; from the Adriatic to the straits of Hercules. He had even traversed the sea of Erithæum and the outer ocean. He was an old man, but his energy and watchful eye were unimpaired. His beard, white as the cloud-capped Hæmus, hung upon his breast, and when his hand grasped the helm, the sinews of his brawny arm still spoke youthful strength. The maidens in the train of Cleopatra, laughing and sportive as nymphs, often approached the venerable mariner and made merry with him. One would offer him

a garland of flowers, another a cup filled with hydromel; another a mirror of polished silver; this one a pair of doves, that a timbrel, after the custom of the joyous priestesses of Bacchus. The old man smiled at this youthful folly, which is dazzled with life without anticipating the end of the festival, when the cheeks grow pale and the eyes hollow.

Canidius and Ventidius had marched to Epirus where the legions were assembled; for it was known that the forces of Octavius had landed upon that shore of Greece. The land army of Antony numbered two hundred thousand warriors on foot and twelve thousand cavalry. It had encamped near the shore to offer to the enemy two chances of combat — a pitched battle or a naval engagement.

Leaving Samos, the fleet traversed the waters of the Cyclades, those beautiful islands scattered like floating gardens. There was Andros, the home of the rich merchant; Myconos, that of the bold navigators; Delos with its holy shades, and which like a green galley only awaited a breeze to be wafted along; Naxos, surnamed the Queen of the Cyclades; Paros, from whose marble cliffs were formed idols for the world; Dionysis and Nicasia, linked together with a chain of flowery islets; and last Melos, the country of oranges, from whose groves the breeze of morning conjures up the fragrant odors which it diffuses far over the waters of the Peloponnesus.

As the Egyptian fleet passed triumphantly along, the islanders assembled upon the capes and head-lands and saluted it with loud acclamations of wonder and joy. The ships returned their shouts; and often light barks were sent from the trirèmes to bear to the beloved isles the thanks and offerings of the great Queen and Antony. Oh, voyage triumphal! Oh, splendid army! clad in gold and purple! Oh, Youth, Love, and Courage, how boldly you went to the battle! Did no one think that the triumvir Octavius awaited your presence in the seas of the west, to give you a festival in the name of reconciled Rome?

After some days of prosperous navigation, the advance ship signalled the promontory of Tænarium. The waves of the Ionian sea were beneath the ships. The galleys chafed them with gladness. Cups of pure gold were thrown to the Nereids of the Peloponnesus, and doves were set free, to propitiate the divinities of the air and sea. The shores of Greece unrolled themselves in the distance, appearing as the sun reflected upon them, sometimes gilded, at others of azure blue, at others covered with waving verdure, and the horizon resting upon the towering mountains.

The naval armament of Marc Antony passed the isles of Zacynthus and Cephalonia; it doubled the promontory upon which have grown the laurel and cypress since the death of Sappho. The Gulf of Actium opened upon the right, and penetrated the bowels of the continent as far as the eye could reach. It was calm and transparent as a mountain lake. The Egyptian cast anchor under the invocation of the gods of the oriental seas. Antony received a

message from Canidius, who in accordance with his orders had encamped upon the plains of Acarnania. The land army was separated from the fleet by a narrow isthmus, so that the communications might be rapid and easy. The allies had all brought their men and cavalry. The preliminaries being arranged, the triumvir resolved to await the arrival of his colleague enemy, Octavius, the pretended heir of Cæsar.

The sun rose resplendent in glory, and the blue waves were dyed with roseate gold. As the flags dropped from the heads of the masts, a few clouds traversing the space unrolled their silver draperies; the sprightly water quivered like the uncovered bosom of a surprised virgin, and the sea-lark filled the air with its loudest notes. Suddenly a flourish of trumpets burst from the advance galley. The shout from the whole fleet replied to it, and was carried upon the breeze of morning to the camp of the legions. The earth and sea trembled as the mailed thousands cast back its deafening clamor. The advance galley redoubled its signal, and behold the ships in agitation, as if curvetting with impatience. Soon upon the line of the horizon appeared the heads of masts and glittering sails, and the waves whitening under the strokes of the long oars. It was OCTAVIUS CÆSAR.

The Roman galleys formed in a half circle at twelve stadii from the Egyptian fleet, which remained at anchor at the entrance of the Ambracian gulf. The large ships of Antony, motionless and filled with engines of war, resembled massive citadels built in the sea. Those of Octavius on the contrary, light and fleet, manœuvred to the signals with a marvellous boldness. The fleet of the East counted among its numbers gigantic galleys with five ranks of oars; all the prows were armed with rostri of brass. To his fleet Antony added twenty thousand warriors chosen from his land army. He had three thousand archers and two thousand men trained to throw the iron brackets. His Phœnician vessels excelled all the others in their construction, in the strength of their rowers, and in the skill of their pilots. Those of Cyrenaica, of Cilicia and of Caria, were beautiful to the eye, like those summer palaces which the fantasy of the kings of the East rear upon the banks of the Euphrates or the Araxis. Antony counted among the number of his princely allies, who had come themselves to Actium, Tarcondenus, king of upper Cilicia; Philadelphus of Paphlagonia; Boccus, king of the Lybians; Adallas, monarch of Thrace; Mithridates of Comagene; Dejotars, king of Galatia, and still others. He had received the auxiliary troops of the Medes, of Polemon, king of Pontus, of Herod, king of the Jews, and of Amenthos, king of Lycaoni. An army powerful, a fleet invincible, with which he might have subjugated the Roman world, had he not met his colleague enemy with vessels with purple sails, and surrounded like Xerxes with voluptuous satraps and flattering courtesans! Ah! Marc! friend of the noble Cæsar, man of mighty mind, man born to wield a sceptre, since thou owest thy power to the influence of thy words; Marc Antony, what mad Love did lure thee into the meshes of its net, and sported

with thee like a captive eagle? Marc! the empire of the world, is in the scale with the smile and voluptuous eyes of a woman! Marc! must it break thy statue or crown it? Octavius Cæsar had but two hundred and fifty ships, and a land army of eighty thousand soldiers. Yes, but he had Agrippa and the fortune of Rome!

The young triumvir, believing that Antony would meet him upon the land, had ordered his troops into Epirus and Macedonia, and sent a messenger to his enemy to propose to him a general battle, giving him the choice of the ground. Antony replied that he would much prefer a single combat, in which the death of one should determine who was to be the ruler of the world. Octavius remained with his fleet and awaited the attack of the enemy. He gave the command of the centre to Arruntius, while he himself commanded the right. Taurus was at the head of the land army.

When the first glimmer of Aurora began to cast its ruddy tints upon the waters, a few ships of Octavius advanced to provoke the enemy, or gain intelligence of his secret intentions. Antony ordered a few galleys to proceed against them and drive them back. He commanded the right wing of his fleet with Publicola. The left was under the orders of Cœlinus, and the centre was intrusted to Justæius. Publicola and the triumvir were then directly opposed to Agrippa, or rather the heart of the naval armament of the young Octavius. Agrippa well knew that the combat was against the Latin galleys, so long as the gigantic ships of the Egyptian fleet remained immovable at the entrance of the gulf. His aim was then to provoke the enemy, and to lure him upon the deep waters. A galley of Tarentum, light and swift, suddenly left its station and advanced against one of those which composed the front of the opposing armament, as if it intended to run against it with its prow. The Egyptian ship, confident of its strength, did not refuse the onset, and detached itself from the line to meet the Latin galley. Prompt and crafty, the latter turned its prow and fled. The Egyptian pursued.

There was now a movement among the other ships of Antony, and soon, to the great joy of Agrippa, more than fifty vessels gave chase and followed far out from the promontory. Then there arose a great clamor in the naval armament of Antony; the immense fleet was in motion; the gigantic ships breasted the waves with their monstrous prows, and the power of the East was arrayed against the power of the West. The battle raged upon all sides; a hundred thousand voices shook the sea; the air roared like a storm; the arrows and javelins hissed; the mariners added their metallic and vibrating clamor; the brass prows struck against each other with a stunning noise; and soon in the midst of the fight could be distinguished the anguishing cry of the wounded, the groans of the dying, and the wild laugh of the conqueror.

The Queen of Egypt in her galley, 'THE ANTONY,' had remained a few stadii in the rear, a calm observer of the battle: it was to her a mere *naval sport*; and confident of the strength of her fleet, she had already spoken of clemency toward the vanquished, and of

a triumphal festival in Alexandria for the conqueror. Sixty ships had been allotted as her guard by Antony. They surrounded her like a girdle of rocks; but the Queen, wishing to enjoy a full view of the combat, commanded them to range in a semi-circle, so that her magnificent galley quietly rode at anchor in the centre of the amphitheatre.

When Octavius and Agrippa saw their ships shattered by the monstrous rostri of the Egyptian trirèmes, they ordered them to besiege the floating citadels as if they had been fortified cities. The Latin galleys, fleet as the dolphin, strove to run alongside their enemies and grapple them for boarding. Often a large ship of the Egyptian fleet would be engaged by four Latins, and receive the attack upon both sides at the same time; and then might be seen the scaling ladders rise and the warrior mount to the assault, the buckler upon his arm and the sword in his hand; while those stationed upon the deck held lighted torches of rosin against the wooden walls of the colossal mass. When the galley of Marc Antony was thus attacked the carnage became dreadful, for this vessel was armed with machines of war which showered stones and iron upon the assailants. And truly in this movement the courage of Antony was noble. At the head of his followers he flew from prow to stern and from side to side, at one moment wielding his sword, at another hurling down the ladders and pouring burning pitch, like the bravest soldier. He was easily distinguished by the raised crest of his helmet, by his cuirass formed of scales of gold, by his powerful voice, and above all by the rapid whirl of his sword, which dealt a death at every blow.

Antony at this moment would have given the wealth of the world to him who would have set Octavius face to face with him; but the young triumvir was fighting against Cælius upon the opposite wing, and the heroic lover of Cleopatra found another adversary to contend with; it was a young man who, stepping upon the platform of his enemy's prow, shouted to his companions, leaped upon the deck, and drove from before him the soldiers of Antony. Already a few Romans, his friends, had followed him, and the slaughter became frightful. When Antony saw his ship boarded, he seized an iron club, and shouted to his followers:

'Follow me! Let us crush the Titans!' And he strode to the brave warrior who was slaying the soldiers of the Antonian guard.

'Thine,' he cried, 'must be a heart of triple steel! How much has Octavius given thee to slay me? Hold! bear this message of friendship to him!'

And on the instant he rushed toward him with his raised club. The warrior awaited him, axe in hand, and the triumvir launched the mortal blow. The club fell upon the axe and struck the casque of the enemy. The warrior tottered under the formidable blow; in an instant he arose like a wounded dragon, and whirling his axe, he darted it hissing against the triumvir; it struck the golden scales and glanced against the breast of a young king of India, who had entered the lists to learn the art of war under the auspices of

the renowned Antony. Blood followed the blow, and the dark-haired prince of the Ganges fell upon the deck of the galley, his fainting lips uttering a plaintive sigh, like the harmony of the night-wind swelling through the palm-trees of his own native land. It was his last sigh, his last breath. Agony swelled the bosom of Antony, and forgetting all, he rushed to the side of the youth; he supported him in his arms, and bore him through the heaps of dead and dying to his purple couch.

While this was passing, the warrior of Nubia and the Romans who had followed him, repulsed by the numbers of the triumvir's soldiers, leaped back to their galley and fled, to avoid the burning pitch which was showered upon the deck.

Agrippa having executed an unexpected evolution by extending the wing under his command, Publicola, fearful of being surrounded, sent to Antony to stretch the line of vessels which were fighting around him. His wish was obeyed; and it was a magnificent spectacle to see those long files of ships, the most beautiful in the world, breast the waves, and madden the surface of the limpid waters, as they rushed over them in their headling course. The triumvir determined to pass in front of his naval army, to encourage and applaud it. He threw himself into a light bark with twelve oars, and rowed along the lines of galleys and trirèmes. When his followers recognized him, deafening cries rent the air; they extended toward him their swords and javelins, and swore to do their duty until the last breath; and he waved his hand, calm and smiling as upon the days of the Alexandrian fêtes.

He passed a galley of Samos, beautiful, and splendidly ornamented with paintings: its sides were covered with leaves of gold. Its prow represented a young nymph, her arms supporting a polished urn and her brow crowned with a garland of flowers. Its oars were tipped with ivory; its cordage was of silk and flax, woven with silver threads; its sails furled upon the symmetrical yard, resembled long rolls of spotless snow. It was the ship of the CHILDREN OF INIMITABLE LIFE. Sweet perfumes were burning in the pans and upon the tripods, and it was in the midst of azure and fragrant mist, that the warriors fought against the enemies of Cleopatra. Their casques and bucklers glistened like the stars; the ends of their bows were of ivory, their long arrows were bearded with white and green feathers; their axes were of gold and their swords were double edged. Alas! all these beautiful weapons were stained with the blood of the enemy, and many of those sybarite warriors were lying upon the decks of the vessel, pale and wounded, but still smiling, and asking with their last breath for cups and crowns. Antony stopped his bark along side of the beautiful galley, and said to his friends:

‘My children, I know full well that the roses upon your brow conceal many Achilles. Fight on! we shall have the empire! Rome and Alexandria for our mistresses! the world for our pleasures! I salute you, inimitable children!’ And he passed on to the other vessels. In the mean time the battle was increasing upon

all sides; it roared like the bleak north wind, and like it destroyed ships and hopes and human lives, and the gilded dreams of youth, and the love of country which sways the heart of the old mariner. The sea greedily swallowed all that death yielded to it. Death upon that day was prodigal in its gifts to the waves. The huge sea-monsters rejoiced and rushed from afar with mad delight to the long trains of blood which they saw coursing upon the face of the deep. From time to time they showed their gigantic throats as they up-stretched their monstrous heads to seize the victims which were offered to their ravenous appetites.

The tenth hour of the day (four hours after noon) looked smilingly upon continents, isles and seas; Victory as yet had only hovered in the midst of the two naval armies, flapping its broad wings, and undetermined upon which galley to alight. Octavius had invoked it in the name of Rome and Cæsar; Antony adjured it in his own name and Cleopatra's. Victory, under the form of an imperial eagle from the high clouds, alternately looked upon both; and from time to time it beat the air with its heavenly wings, sometimes upon one side, sometimes upon the other.

Suddenly a clamor met the ear of Antony. The triumvir, who had not yet quitted his Phœnician bark, quickly turned, and saw Eros, his freedman, coming toward him in a small vessel. The rowers bent to their oars. In a moment he stood upon the stern of his swift bark, and spoke a few rapid words in a low voice. Antony turned pale, as if an arrow had pierced his heart. He ordered his pilot to turn his prow toward the east: he crossed the line and was soon in the rear of his fleet. No one believed that he was flying, and the battle continued to rage furiously and calmly.

The triumvir saw the vessels charged with guarding the galley of Cleopatra in motion, and manœuvring as if the enemy had broken their line. The rowers of Antony stretched to their oars, and in a moment he learned the cause of the violent agitation. A Latin galley, light and bold, had thrown itself in the midst of the sixty Egyptian ships as fearlessly as if the whole fleet of Octavius had followed to support it; it forced a passage, retreated back, returned to the charge, advanced and fled, cut the waves and darted, if we may so call it, like an agile fish; once, escaping all the beaks and iron brackets of the vessels, it passed the galley of Cleopatra; a javelin thrown by a Roman hand hissed through the air and buried itself in the mast of the royal vessel. It was still quivering in the gilded wood. The Queen uttered a cry of terror, and ordered the sails to be unfurled, and had now gained the open sea, and was in full flight toward the Peloponnesus.

Antony saw the Latin galley engaged with an Egyptian ship, and he rushed to board it. At the same time the Latin galley detaching itself from the iron Corvi which held it to the large vessel, glided over the sea, cast all its javelins, recrossed the enemy's line, and escaped all the Egyptians, astonished at such boldness. Cleopatra having disappeared in the horizon, that galley returned to the battle under Actium.

In the mean while Antony, from the high stern of one of his vessels, saw in the distance the signals of the Queen's galley. Then he raised his sword toward the heavens, invoking the gods to send him some sign, either propitious or unfavorable, but some sign distinct, which he might follow; he who had been so often victorious, was at this moment without heart or courage; both had failed him, because a courtesan whom he loved had fled through terror, and his impious vows were heard, for the eagle descended from the clouds and rested upon the galley of Octavius.

'Pilot!' cried the lover of the royal concubine, 'pilot! turn the prow toward the Peloponnesus! and you, ye sails, be unfurled! and you, ye north winds, bear me away!'

From this moment the west, illumined by all the radiations of the sun, trembled with joy, and furrowed showers of blood passed to the east. Octavius Cæsar was master of three hundred vessels of the Egyptian fleet at Actium. The rest were destroyed or put to flight.

The land army, ranged in battle order behind the promontory, for three days awaited the return of Antony, refusing to believe in his flight. But the news of his return to Egypt being confirmed, Canidius and Ventidius departed secretly from Acarnania, and the nineteen legions and all the cavalry of Antony yielded to the conqueror.

S O N G O F T H E O W L .

I.

I LOVE not to fly in the glaring light
Which this earth from the sun receives;
I'm a jolly old Owl, that lives best in the night,
When the heavens are fair and the stars are bright,
And the moon-beam touches the tops of the trees,
And tinges their outward leaves;

II.

When fairies and goblins their revels keep,
And the fields and the forests are free,
And Earth and its millions are happy in sleep,
Save the weary that watch and the wretched that weep,
And the wind that moans through the forest leaves,
And the waves of the distant sea.

III.

I'm a jolly old Owl, and I live all alone
In a hole in a hollow oak tree,
With mistletoe, ivy, and moss overgrown,
Where the winds never blew and the sun never shone;
And I sleep in my hole through the long summer's day,
For the moon-light's the light for me!

T H E R I V E R ' S T A L E .

Και θαλπσσα ἦτε αἰεὶ θρηνηῖ.

RIVER! river! mighty river!
Sweeping to the stately sea;
Murmuring deep and murmuring ever,
Murmur some sad tale to me!
Tell me why it is that Ocean
Ever hath so sad a moan;
Calm or lashed in wild commotion,
Wherefore is its dirge-like tone?

Leap'st thou not from moss-decked fountain,
Cradled there in joyous glee;
Down the darkly-frowning mountain,
Laughing to the swelling sea;
Winding far through gorge and valley,
And through softly shaded glen,
Then with wild impetuous sally
By the calm abodes of men?

Passed thou not some mighty city
Where a thousand voices rung?
Heard'st thou not some maiden's ditty,
Far in peaceful village sung;
Bearing on thy bosom, River,
Hearts that beat with joy or wo,
Noting in thy murmur ever
Cheeks that smile and tears that flow?

Youth thy grassy shore hath crowded,
Age hath crossed thy rolling tide,
Now in dust and silence shrouded,
Sleeping by thy murmuring side;
Sweeping on with ceaseless motion,
To the ever-moaning sea —
Tell me why the dirge of Ocean?
Murmur some sad tale to me!

'I will tell thee of a maiden,
(Once whose heart beat high and full,)
Though in tears with sorrow laden,
Like Nepenthe's, beautiful;
Of a youth who long had sought her,
Of a youth, dark-eyed and pale,
Of the times they crossed my water,
Wafted by the whispering gale.

'T was when Spring-time's breath was sighing,
And the moon-beam kissed the wave,

First they sought where, calmly dying,
 Yonder shore my surges lave;
 There where leaves are gently drooping
 From the branching trees above,
 Slowly to that maiden stooping,
 Murmured he his tale of love.

' Stars, those eyes of angels, gazing,
 One beheld who knew not why,
 With his pleading face up-raising,
 Sought he one responsive sigh;
 His was love that knew no reason
 Why it first awoke, or when;
 Like a flower in summer season,
 Springing wild in mountain glen.

' Though no faith in words was plighted,
 Vows upon the lips that break,
 Yet in bonds they were united
 Firm as heart and soul could make.
 Cursed are they who deem that merely
 Uttered words can truly bind;
 No! the heart that loves sincerely,
 Never fetters seeks to find!

' Sun-beams danced upon my water,
 Like the Naiad form of old,
 When the silver-footed daughter*
 In her misty chariot rolled;
 O'er my ever-heaving billow
 Crossed they to yon velvet shore,
 As the sun sank to his pillow —
 Omen that their day was o'er!

' Near my bank a vine was clinging
 Round a lightning-blasted tree;
 Type it was of hope e'er springing,
 To the soul a mockery!
 Silent there that youth and maiden
 Each unwonted sadness wore,
 For their hearts with fear were laden,
 Lest they cross my wave no more.

' High upon that dead tree singing
 Sat two birds of fairest hue,
 While they sang, an arrow winging,
 Pierced them unrelenting through;
 Passed a cloud the blue sky over,
 And a moan the zephyrs bore;
 Sighed that maiden to her lover:
 ' We shall cross this wave no more!'

' When the summer flowers were blighted
 By the autumn's sullen blast,
 To another's name united,
 O'er my breast that maiden passed:

* THE daughter of Nereus: ἀργυρόπεζα θέτις θυγάτηρ ἀλίοιο γεροντος.

ILIAD: I. 538.

Deeming in her youth and beauty
To be free from blight and sin,
She must heed the call of duty —
Hush the voice of God within!

'Not a star in heaven was beaming,
Sad the Moon had veiled her face;
Tears that maiden's cheeks were streaming,
As she passed that sacred place.
Moaned a voice in accents fearful:
'This was not the hand of Fate.'
She with straining eyes and tearful,
Shrieked: 'Alas! 't is now too late!'

'She had left the deep, sure-hearted,
With the fever on his brow;
Left him — and for aye departed,
Breaking no lip-uttered vow!
Left him, when she knew that never
She might press his lips again;
Left him dreaming and for ever,
On the couch of grief and pain!

'Fearful was that maiden's sorrow!
Hope nor love could minister;
Well she knew that on the morrow
Dark would be this world to her.
I, her moans and anguish bearing,
Onward rolling to the sea,
Told another heart's despairing —
Voiced another's misery!

'Like the ever-bending willow,
Sighing to each gentlest gale,
Weeping o'er my crested billow,
Bent that youth, dark-eyed and pale:
Summer's wind was round him breathing,
But his eye was sad and dim;
'T was a broken spirit's grieving —
Earth had nought to comfort *him*!

'Feebly did his accents falter,
Wildly breathed in agony;
From the earth, his lowly altar,
Rose his cry of misery;
Years may pass, yet know I never
That wild prayer can be forgot;
Is not God a righteous giver?
Will he hear, and answer not?

'Like a golden vein unclosing
To the earthquake's mighty power;
Like the stars by day reposing,
Shining in the evening hour;
Like the glory ever beaming
Of the fire-lit asteroid,*

* THE asteroids were formed by the collision of a comet and a large planet once occupying the space between Mars and Jupiter.

Rose that soul from all its dreaming,
From its hope, its love destroyed.

' Never did his lips upbraid her
Who had caused those streaming tears ;
Prayed he ever God would aid her
Bear the night of parted years !
Stars that shine when none are near them
To behold their glorious ray,
Sounds that breathe with none to hear them,
Typed full well his after day !

' Many a time the winds have tossed me,
Thousand forms my tide hath bore ;
Yet that youth hath never crossed me
Since he knelt upon my shore !
Since his moans and sorrow bearing,
Blent with tearful agony,
I another heart's despairing
Told the ever-listening sea !

' Streams that sweep where thousands languish,
In each city, vale, and glen,
Seaward bear each cry of anguish
Uttered by the sons of men :
Hence it is that ever Ocean
Hath so sad, so deep a moan ;
Calm or lashed in wild commotion,
Therefore is its dirge-like tone !

' Moaning for the dead and dying,
With its everlasting waves,
For the million forms that lying,
Whiten in its coral caves.
Earth the broken-hearted pillows,
Rivers tell it to the sea ;
Shall not Ocean with its billows
Their eternal mourner be ?'

Tell me yet, thou flowing River,
Ere I leave thy murmuring side,
Is not Ocean's flood the giver
Of each mountain streamlet's tide ?
Tell me why are they not telling
Too the moans of earthly wo ;
O'er each crag and wild rock swelling,
In their merry, dancing flow ?

' Heavenward Ocean's mist ascending,
Leaves its moaning voice below ;
For no sound may there be blending
Note of sad discordant wo.
Emblem is it, lowly mortal !
When thine earthly life is o'er,
If thou reach the heavenly portal,
Thou shalt sigh and weep no more !'

AN OPIUM-EATER IN AMERICA.

‘*Esse quid hoc dicum, quod tam mihi dura videntur
Strata, neque in lecto pallia nostra sedent?
Et vacuus somno noctem, quam longa, perigi;
Lassaque vessati corporis assa dolent.*’

OVID AMOR.

BEFORE I state the results of my experience as an opium-eater, it will perhaps not be uninteresting, and it certainly will conduce to the clearer understanding of such statement, if I give a slight and brief sketch of my habits and history previous to my first indulgence in the infernal drug which has imbittered my existence for seven most weary years.

The death of my father when I was little more than twelve months old made it necessary that I should receive only such an education as would qualify me to pursue some business in my native town of Birmingham; and in all probability I should at this moment be entering orders or making out invoices in that great emporium of buttons and blackguards, had I not (whether fortunately or otherwise I pretend not to decide) at a very early age evinced a decided and absorbing passion for reading, which the free access to a tolerably large library enabled me to indulge, until it had grown to be a confirmed habit of mind, which when the attention of my *friends* was called to the subject, had become too strong to be broken through; and with the usual foolish family vanity they determined to indulge a taste so early and decidedly developed, in the expectation, I verily believe, of some day catching a reflected beam from the fame and glory which I was to win by my genius; for by that mystical name was the mere musty talent of ‘*ahellico librorum*’ called. The consequence was that I was sent, when eight years of age, to a public school. I had however before this tormented my elder brother with ceaseless importunity, until he had consented to teach me Latin; and by secretly poring over my sister’s books, I had contrived to gain a tolerable book-knowledge of French.

From that hour my fate was decided. I applied with unwearied devotion to the study of the classics — the only branch of education attended to in the school; and I even considered it a favor to be allowed to translate, write exercises and themes, and to compose Latin verses for the more idle of my school-fellows. At the same time I devoured all books of whatever description, which came in my way: poems, novels, history, metaphysics, or works of science, with an indiscriminating appetite, which has proved very injurious to me through life. I drank as eagerly of the muddy and stagnant pool of literature, as of the pure and sparkling fountains glowing in the many-hued sun-light of genius. After two years had been

spent in this manner, I was removed to another school, the principal of which, although a fair mathematician, was a wretched classical scholar. In fact I frequently construed passages of Virgil, which I had not previously looked at, when he himself was forced to refer to Davidson for assistance. I stayed with him however two years, during which time I spent all the money I could get in purchasing Greek and Hebrew books, of which languages I learned the rudiments, and obtained considerable knowledge without any instruction. After a year's residence at the house of my brother-in-law, which I passed in studying Italian and Persian, the Bishop of Litchfield, examining chaplain, to whom I had been introduced in terms of the most hyperbolical praise, prevailed on his diocesan and the Earl of Calthorpe to share the expense of my farther education.

In consequence of this unexpected good fortune, I was now placed under the care of the Rev. Thomas Fry, Rector of the Village of Emberton in Buckinghamshire, a clergyman of great piety and profound learning, with whom I remained about fifteen months, pursuing the study of languages with increased ardor. During the whole of that period I never allowed myself more than four hours' sleep; and still unsatisfied, I very generally spent the whole night, twice a week, in the insane pursuit of those avenues to distinction to which alone my ambition was confined. I took no exercise, and the income allowed me was so small that I could not afford a meat dinner more than once a week, and at the same time set apart the half of that allowance for the purchase of books, which I had determined to do. I smoked incessantly; for I now required some stimulus, as my health was much injured by my unrelaxing industry. My digestion was greatly impaired; and the constitution of iron which Nature had given me threatened to break down ere long under the effects of the systematic neglect with which I treated its repeated warnings. I suffered from constant head-ache; my total inactivity caused the digestive organs to become torpid; and the innutritious nature of the food which I allowed myself would not supply me with the strength which my assiduous labor required. My nerves were dreadfully shaken; and at the age of fourteen I exhibited the external symptoms of old age. I was feeble and emaciated; and had this mode of life continued twelve months longer, I must have sank under it.

I had during these fifteen months thought and read much on the subject of revealed religion, and had devoted a considerable portion of my time to an examination of the evidences advanced by the advocates of Christianity, which resulted in a reluctant conviction of their utter weakness and inability. No sooner was I aware that so complete a change of opinion had taken place, than I wrote to my patron stating the fact, and explaining the process by which I had arrived at such a conclusion. The reply I received was a peremptory order to return to my mother's house immediately; and on arriving there, the first time I had entered it for some years, I was met by the information that I had nothing more to expect from

the countenance of those who had supplied me with the means of prosecuting my studies 'to so bad a purpose.' I was so irritated by what I considered the unjustifiable harshness of this decision, that at the moment I wrote a haughty and angry letter to one of the parties, which of course widened the breach, and made the separation between us eternal.

What was I now to do? I was unfit for any business, both by habit, inclination, and constitution. My health was ruined, and hopeless poverty stared me in the face; when a distinguished solicitor in my native town, who by the way has since become celebrated in the political world, offered to receive me as a clerk. I at once accepted the offer; but knowing that in my *then* condition it was impossible for me to perform the duties required of me, I decided on TAKING OPIUM! The strange confessions of DE QUINCY had long been a favorite with me. The first part had in fact been given me both as a model in English composition, and also as an exercise to be rendered into Patavinian Latin. The latter part, the 'Miseries of Opium,' I had most unaccountably always neglected to read. Again and again, when my increasing debility had threatened to bring my studies to an abrupt conclusion, I had meditated this experiment, but an indefinable and shadowy fear had as often stayed my hand. But now that I knew that unless I could by artificial stimuli obtain a sudden increase of strength I must STARVE, I no longer hesitated. I was desperate. I believed that something horrible would result from it, though my imagination, the most vivid, could not conjure up visions of horror half so terrific as the fearful reality. I knew that for every hour of comparative ease and comfort its treacherous alliance might confer upon me *now*, I must endure days of bodily suffering; but I did not, could not, conceive the mental hell into whose fierce corroding fires I was about to plunge!

All that occurred during the first day is imperishably engraved upon my memory. It was about a week previous to the day appointed for my *début* in my new character as an attorney's clerk; and when I arose, I was depressed in mind, and a racking pain, to which I had lately been subject, was maddening me. I could scarcely manage to crawl into the breakfast-room. I had previously procured a drachm of opium, and I took two grains with my coffee. It did not produce any change in my feelings. I took two more — still without effect; and by six o'clock in the evening I had taken ten grains. While I was sitting at tea, I felt a strange sensation, totally unlike any thing I had ever felt before; a gradual *creeping thrill*, which in a few minutes occupied every part of my body, lulling to sleep the before-mentioned racking pain, producing a pleasing glow from head to foot, and inducing a sensation of dreamy exhilaration, (if the phrase be intelligible to others as it is to me,) similar in nature but not in degree to the drowsiness caused by wine, though not inclining me to sleep; in fact so far from it, that I longed to engage in some active exercise; to sing, dance, or leap. I then resolved to go to the theatre — the last place I should

the day before have dreamed of visiting ; for the sight of cheerfulness in others made me doubly gloomy.

I went ; and so vividly did I feel my vitality — for in this state of delicious exhilaration even mere excitement seemed absolute elysium — that I could not resist the temptation to break out in the strangest vagaries, until my companions thought me deranged. As I ran up the stairs I rushed after and flung back every one who was above me. I escaped numberless beatings solely through the interference of my friends. After I had been seated a few minutes, the nature of the excitement was changed, and a ‘waking sleep’ succeeded. The actors on the stage vanished ; the stage itself lost its ideality ; and before my entranced sight magnificent halls stretched out in endless succession, with gallery above gallery, while the roof was blazing with gems, like stars whose rays alone illumined the whole building, which was thronged with strange gigantic figures, like the wild possessors of a lost globe, such as Lord Byron has described in Cain ; as beheld by the Fratricide, when guided by Lucifer he wandered among the shadowy existences of those worlds which had been destroyed to make way for our pigmy earth. I will not attempt farther to describe the magnificent vision which a little pill of ‘brown gum’ had conjured up from the realm of ideal being. No words that *I* can command would do justice to its Titanian splendor and immensity.

At midnight I was roused from my dreary abstraction ; and on my return home the blood in my veins seemed to ‘run lightning ;’ and I knocked down (for I had the strength of a giant at that moment) the first watchman I met : of course there was ‘a row,’ and for some minutes a battle-royal raged in New-Street, the principal thoroughfare of the town, between my party and the ‘Charleys ;’ who, although greatly superior in numbers, were sadly ‘milled ;’ for we were all somewhat scientific bruisers, that sublime art or science having been cultivated with great assiduity at the public school, through which I had as was customary fought my way. I reached home at two in the morning, with a pair of ‘Oxford spectacles’ which confined me to the house for a week. I slept disturbedly, haunted by terrific dreams and oppressed by the Night-mare and her nine-fold, and awoke with a dreadful head-ache ; stiff in every joint, and with deadly sickness of the stomach, which lasted for two or three days ; my throat contracted and parched, my tongue furred, my eyes bloodshot, and the whole surface of my body burning hot. I did not have recourse to opium again for three days ; for the strength it had excited did not till then fail me. When partially recovered from the nausea the first dose had caused, my spirits were good, though not exuberant ; but I could eat nothing, and was annoyed by an insatiable thirst. I went to the office, and for six months performed the services required of me without lassitude or depression of spirits ; though never again did I experience the same delicious sensations as on that memorable night, which is an ‘oasis in the desert’ of my subsequent existence ; life I cannot call it, for the ‘*vivido vis animi et corporis*’ was extinct.

In the seventh month my misery commenced. Burning heat, attended with constant thirst, then began to torment me from morning till night : my skin became scurfy ; the skin of my feet and hands peeled off ; my tongue was always furred ; a feeling of contraction in the bowels was continual ; my eyes were strained and discolored, and I had unceasing head-ache. But internal and external heat was the pervading feeling and appearance. My digestion became still weaker, and my incessant costiveness was painful in the extreme. The reader must not however imagine that all these symptoms appeared suddenly and at once ; they came on gradually, though with frightful rapidity, until I became a '*Morburun Mole*,' as a Romanic physician, whose lucubrations I met with and perused with great amusement some years since in a little country ale-house, (God knows how it got there,) poetically expresses it. I could not sleep for hours after I had lain down, and consequently was unable to rise in time to attend the office in the morning, though as yet no visions of horror haunted my slumbers. Mr. P., my employer, bore with this for some months ; but at length his patience was wearied ; and I was informed that I must attend at nine in the morning. I could not ; for even if I rose at seven, after two or three hours' unhealthy and fitful sleep, I was unable to walk or exert myself in any way for at least two hours. I was at this time taking laudanum, and had no appetite for any thing but coffee and acid fruits. I could and did drink great quantities of ale, though it would not, as nothing would, quench my thirst.

Matters continued in this state for fifteen months, during which time the only comfortable hours I spent were in the evening, when freed from the duties of the office, I sat down to study, which it is rather singular I was able to do with as strong zest and as unwearyed application as ever ; as will appear, when I mention that in those fifteen months I read through in the evenings the whole of Cicero, Tacitus, the *Corpus Poetarum*, (Latinorum) Boëthius, *Scriptores Historiæ Augustinæ*, Homer, *Corpus Græcarum Tragediarum*, great part of Plato, and a large mass of philological works. In fact, in the evening I generally felt comparatively well, not being troubled with many of the above-mentioned symptoms. These evenings were the very happiest of my life. I had ample means for the purchase of books, for I lived very cheap on bread, ale, and coffee ; and I had access to a library containing all the Latin classics — Valpy's edition in one hundred and fifty volumes, octavo, a magnificent publication — and about fifteen thousand other books. Toward the end of the year 1829 I established at my own expense and edited myself a magazine (there was not one in a town as large and as populous as New-York !) by which I lost a considerable sum ; though the pleasure I derived from my monthly labors amply compensated me. In December of that year my previous sufferings became light in comparison with those which now seized upon me, never completely to leave me again.

One night, after taking about fifty grains of opium, I sat down in my arm-chair to read the confession of a Russian who had murdered

his brother because he was the chosen of her whom both loved. It was recorded by a French priest who visited him in his last moments, and was powerfully and eloquently written. I dozed while reading it; and immediately I was present in the prison-cell of the Fratricide; I saw his ghastly and death-dewed features, his despairing yet defying look, the gloomy and impenetrable dungeon; the dying lamp, which served but to render 'darkness visible;' and the horror-struck yet pitying expression of the priest's countenance; *but there I lost my identity*. Though I was the recipient of these impressions, yet I was not myself separately and distinctively existent and sentient; but my entity was 'confounded with that of not only the two figures before me, but of the inanimate objects surrounding them. This state of compound existence I can no farther describe. While in this state I composed the 'Fratricide's Death,' or rather it composed *itself* and forced itself upon my memory without any activity or violation on my part.

And here again another phenomenon presented itself. The images reflected, if the expression be allowable, in the verses rose bodily and with perfect distinctness before me, simultaneously with their verbal representatives; and when I roused myself (I had not been *sleeping* but was only *abstracted*) all remained clear and distinct in my memory. From that night for six months darkness always brought the most horrible fancies and opticular and auricular or acoustical delusions of a frightful nature, so vivid and real, that instead of a blessing, sleep became a curse; and the hours of darkness became hours which seemed days of misery. For many consecutive nights I dared not undress myself nor 'put out the light,' lest the moment I lay down some '*monstrum horrendum, informe ingeus*' should blast my sight with his hellish aspect! I had a double sense of sight and sound; one real, the other visionary; both equally strong and apparently real; so that while I distinctly heard imaginary footsteps ascending the stairs, the door opening, and my curtains drawn, I at the same time as plainly heard any actual sound in or outside the house, and could not remark the slightest difference between them; and while I *saw* an imaginary assassin standing by my bed bending over me with a lamp in one hand and a dagger in the other, I could see any real tangible object which the degree of light that might be then in the room made visible. Though these visionary fears and imaginary objects had presented themselves to me every night for months, yet I never could convince myself of their non-existence; and every fresh appearance caused suffering of as intense and as deadly horror as on the first night! And so great was the confusion of the real with the unreal, that I nearly became a convert to Bishop Berkeley's non-reality doctrines. My health was also rapidly becoming worse; and before I had taken my opium in the morning, I had become unable to move hand or foot, and of course could not rise from my bed until I had received strength from the 'damnable dirt.' I could not attend the office at all in the morning, and was forced to throw up my articles, and as the only chance left me of gaining a liveli-

hood, turn to writing for magazines for support. I left B. and proceeded to London, where I engaged with Charles Knight to supply the chapters on the use of elephants in the wars of the ancients for the 'History of Elephants,' then preparing for publication in the series of the Library of Entertaining Knowledge. For this purpose I obtained permission to use the Library of the British Museum for six months, and again devoted myself with renewed ardor to my favorite studies.

But 'what a falling off was there!' My memory was impaired; and in reading I was conscious of a confusion of mind which prevented my clearly comprehending the full meaning of what I read. Some organ appeared to be defective. My judgment too was weakened, and I was frequently guilty of the most absurd actions, which at the time I considered wise and prudent. The strong common sense which I had at one time boasted of, deserted me. I lived in a dreamy, imaginative state, which completely disqualified me for managing my own affairs. I spent large sums of money in a day, and then starved for a month; and all this while the '*chateaux en espagne*,' which had once only afforded me an idle amusement, now usurped the place of the realities of life, and led me into many errors and even unjustifiable acts of immorality, which lowered me in the estimation of my acquaintances and friends, who saw the effect but never dreamed the cause. Even those who knew I was an opium-eater, not being aware of the effects which the habitual use of it produced, attributed my mad conduct to either want of principle or aberration of intellect; and I thus lost several of my best friends, and temporarily alienated many others.

After a month or two passed in this employment, I regained a portion of strength sufficient to enable me to obtain a livelihood by reporting on my own account in the courts of law in Westminster any cause which I judged of importance enough to afford a reasonable chance of selling again; and by supplying reviews and occasional original articles to the periodicals, the Monthly, New Monthly, Metropolitan, etc. My health continued to improve, probably in consequence of my indulging in higher living and taking much more exercise than I had done for two or three years; as I had no need of buying books, having the use of at least five hundred thousand volumes in the Museum. I was at last fortunate enough to obtain the office of parliamentary reporter to a morning paper, which produced about three hundred pounds a year; but after working on an average fourteen or fifteen hours a day for a few months, I was obliged to resign the situation, and again depend for support on the irregular employment I had before been engaged in, and for which I was now alone fit. My constitution now appeared to have completely sunk under the destroying influence of the immense quantity of opium I had for some months taken—two hundred, two hundred and fifty, and three hundred grains a day. I was frequently obliged to repeat the dose several times a day, as my stomach had become so weak that the opium would not remain upon it; and I was beside afflicted with continual vomiting after

having eaten any thing. I really believed that I could not last much longer. *Tic-doloreux* was also added to my other sufferings; constant head-ache, occasional spasms, heart-burn, pains in the legs and back, and a general irritability of the nerves, which would not allow me to remain above a few minutes in the same position. My temper became soured and morose. I was careless of every thing, and drank to excess, in the hope of thus supplying the place of the stimulus which had lost its power.

At length I was compelled to keep my bed by a violent attack of pleurisy, which has since seized me about the same time every year. My digestion was so thoroughly ruined, that I was frequently almost maddened by the suffering which indigestion occasioned. I could not sleep, though I was no longer troubled with visions, which had left me about three months. At last I became so ill that I was forced to leave London and visit my mother in Kenilworth, where I stayed; writing occasionally, and instructing a few pupils in Greek and Hebrew. I was also now compelled to sell my library, which contained several Arabic and Persian MANUSCRIPTS, a complete collection of Latin authors, and nearly a complete one of Greek; a large collection of Hebrew and Rabbinic works, which I had obtained at a great expense and with great trouble — all went; the only relics of it I was able to retain were the ‘*Corporum Poetarum*’ and ‘*Græcorum et Latinorum* ;’ and I have never since been able to collect another library. Idleness, good living, and constant exercise, revived me; but with returning strength my nocturnal visitors returned, and again my nights were made dreadful. I was ‘terrified through visions’ similar to those which had so alarmed me at first, and I was obliged to drink deeply at night to enable me to sleep at all.

In this state I continued till June, 1833, when I determined once more to return to London; and I left Kenilworth without informing any one of my intention the night before. The curate of the parish called at my lodgings to inform me that he had obtained the gift of six hundred pounds to enable me to reside at Oxford until I could graduate. Had I stayed twenty-four hours longer, I should not now be living in hopeless poverty in a foreign country; but pursuing under more favorable auspices than ever brightened my path before those studies which supported and cheered me in poverty and illness, and with a fair prospect of obtaining that learned fame for which I had longed so ardently from my boyhood, and in the vain endeavor to obtain which I had sacrificed my health and denied myself not only the pleasures and luxuries but even the necessities of life. I had while at the office in B. entered my name on the books of the Brazen-nose College, Oxford, and resided there one term, not being able to afford the expense attendant on a longer residence. Thus it has been with me through life. Fortune has again and again thrown the means of success in my way, but they have been like the waters of Tantalus, alluring but to escape from my grasp the moment I approached to seize them.

I remained in London only a few days, and then proceeded to

Amsterdam, where I stayed a week, and then went to Paris. After completely exhausting my stock of money, I was compelled to walk back to Calais, which I did with little inconvenience, as I found that money was unnecessary; the only difficulty I met with being how to escape from the overflowing hospitality I every where experienced from rich and poor. My health was much improved when I arrived in town, and I immediately proceeded on foot to Birmingham, where I engaged with Doctor Palmer, a celebrated physician, to supply the Greek and Latin synonymes, and correct the press for a dictionary of the terms used by the French in medicine, which he was preparing. The pay I received was so very small that I was again reduced to the poorest and most meagre diet; and an attack of pleurisy produced such a state of debility that I was compelled to leave Birmingham and return to my mother's house in Kenilworth.

I had now firmly resolved to free myself from my fatal habit; and the very day I reached home I began to diminish the quantity I was then taking by one grain per day. I received the most careful attention, and every thing was done that could add to my comfort and alleviate the sufferings I must inevitably undergo. Until I had arrived at seventeen and a half grains a day I experienced but little uneasiness, and my digestive organs acquired or regained strength very rapidly. All constipation had vanished. My skin became moist and more healthy, and my spirits instead of being depressed became equable and cheerful. No visions haunted my sleep. I could not sleep however more than two or three hours at a time; and from about three A. M. until eight, when I took my opium, I was restless, and troubled with a gnawing, twitching sensation in the stomach. From seventeen grains downward my torment (for by that word alone can I characterize the pangs I endured) commenced. I could not rest, either lying, sitting or standing. I was compelled to change my position every moment; and the only thing that relieved me was walking about the country. My sight became weak and dim; the gnawing at my stomach was perpetual, resembling the sensation caused by ravenous hunger; but food, though I ate voraciously, would not relieve me. I also felt a sinking in the stomach, and such pain in the back that I could not straighten myself up. A dull constant aching pain took possession of the calves of my legs; and there was a continual jerking motion of the nerves from head to foot. My head ached; my intellect was terribly weakened and confused. I could not think, talk, read or write; to sleep was impossible, until by walking from morning till night I had so thoroughly tired myself that pain could not keep me awake; although I was so weak that walking was misery to me. And yet under all these *désagréments* I did not feel dejected in spirits; although I became unable to walk, and used to lie on the floor and roll about in agony for hours together. I should certainly have taken opium again, if the chemist had not, by my mother's instruction, refused to sell it. I became worse every day; and it was not till I had entirely left off the drug, two months nearly, that

any alleviation of my suffering was perceptible. I gradually but very slowly recovered my strength, both of mind and body; though it was long before I could read or write, or even converse. My appetite was too good; for though while an opium-eater I could not endure to taste the smallest morsel of fat, I now could eat at dinner a pound of bacon which had not a hair's breadth of lean in it.

The fifteenth of May was the first day I was entirely free from pain. Previous to my arrival in Kenilworth, an intimate friend of mine had been ruined—reduced at once from affluence to utter penury by the villany of his partner, to whom he had intrusted the whole of his business, and who had committed two forgeries, for which he was sentenced to transportation for life. In consequence of this event, my friend, who was a little older than myself, and had been about twelve months married, determined to leave his young wife and child, and seek to rebuild his broken fortunes in Canada. When he informed me that such was his plan, I resolved to accompany him, and immediately commenced the necessary preparations for my voyage. I was not however ready, not having been able so soon to collect the sum necessary, when he was obliged to leave; and as I could not have him for my *compagnon du voyage*, I altered my course and took my passage for New-York, in the vain hope and expectation of obtaining a better income here, where the ground was comparatively unoccupied, than in London, where there were hundreds of men as well qualified as myself, dependent on literature for their support.

I need not add how lamentably I was disappointed. The first inquiries I made were met by advice to endeavor to obtain a livelihood by some other profession than authorship. I could get no employment as a reporter; and the applications I addressed to the editors of several of the daily newspapers received no answer. My prospects appeared as gloomy as they could well be, and my spirits sunk beneath the pressure of the anxious cares which now weighed so heavily upon me. I was alone in a strange country, without an acquaintance into whose ear I might pour the gathering bitterness of my blighted hopes. I was also much distressed by the intense heat of July, which kept me from morning till night in a state much like that occasioned by a vapor-bath. I was so melancholy and hopeless that I really found it necessary to have recourse to either brandy or opium. I preferred the latter, although to ascertain the difference, merely as a philosophical experiment, I took rather copious draughts of the former also. But observe; I did not intend ever again to become the slave of opium. I merely proposed to take three or four grains a day, until I should procure some literary engagement, and until the weather became more cool. All my efforts to obtain such engagements were in vain; and I should undoubtedly have sunk into hopeless despondency, had not a gentleman, (to whom I had brought an order for a small sum of money, twice the amount of which he had insisted on my taking,) perceiving how deeply and injuriously I was affected by my repeated disappointments, offered me two hundred dollars to write

'Passages from the Life of an Opium-Eater,' in two volumes. I gladly accepted this generous and disinterested offer; but before I had written more than two or three sheets, I became disgusted with the subject. I attempted to proceed, but found that my former facility in composition had deserted me; that in fact I could not write. I now discovered that the attempt to leave off opium again would be one of doubtful result. I had increased my quantum to forty grains. I again became careless and inert; and I believe that the short time that had elapsed since I had broken the habit in England had not been sufficient to allow my system to free itself from the poison which had been so long undermining its powers. I could not at once leave it off; and in truth I was not very anxious to do so, as it enabled me to forget the difficulties of the situation in which I had placed myself; while I knew that with regained freedom the cares and troubles which had caused me again flee to my destroyer for relief would press upon my mind with redoubled weight. I remained in Brooklyn until November. Since then I have resided in the city, in great poverty; frequently unable to procure a dinner; as the few dollars I received from time to time scarcely sufficed to supply me with opium. Whether I shall now be able to leave off opium, God only knows! But whether I do or not, I have no hope whatever of gaining a respectable livelihood in this country; and I shall therefore return to England the moment I can obtain a passage.

WILLIAM BLAIR.

L I N E S

TO THE DEPARTED POETESS OF LAKE CHAMPLAIN.

BY 'SIGNET.'

So LONG as Nature breatheth lightly there,
 So long as Woman bendeth low in prayer;
 So long as one lone flower remains in bloom,
 Or mortal man doth kneel beside the tomb;
 So long as Morning on the earth looks o'er
 An eastern ocean toward a western shore;
 So long as Darkness stalks before its gleam,
 Or Night's last tear-drops sparkle in its beam;
 So long as sun-beams, following morning light
 Through Day's dominions to returning Night,
 Leave their last lustre on an evening cloud,
 Dark-mantling mountains in a gathering shroud:
 So long as zephyr o'er that lovely Lake
 Shall weave her waves, or brooding wild winds wake
 Her slumbering billows with an evening surge
 O'er heads of heroes, oft-repeated dirge;
 Immortal notes from youthful 'LULY's' lay
 Shall swell in numbers o'er M'DONOUGH's Bay.

Green Mountains.

THE BANKRUPT MERCHANT'S DWELLING.

THE flowers bloom for another ;
The fountain floweth there
With cool and quiet murmur
Upon the summer air :
But no fond heart is near it
To listen to its play ;
The hand that nursed the roses
Is far, oh ! far away !

The sad deserted dwelling
Stands lonely by the stream ;
The windows shuttered closely,
Close out the sun's glad beam :
And grass grows o'er the foot-path
Where once the happy trod,
Nor children's steps pass lightly
Across the bright green sod.

And he who reared the homestead —
Comes not the thought to him
Of this old place of meeting,
When life looks drear and dim ;
While the city's hum is round him,
In his low pent-up home,
Where scent of summer roses
And cool winds never come ?

Oh ! oft his heart must linger
On days when hope was bright,
Nor seemed upon his fortunes
A sign of change or blight ;
When he stood here at evening
Beneath his own roof-tree,
His gentle wife beside him,
His children at his knee :

Or out upon the water
His boat danced far and wide,
Beneath the silver moon-light
Upon the flowing tide.
And now he catches only
Some glimpses of the sky
Through piles of city dwellings
And spires that stretch on high.

Oh ! lone, deserted dwelling !
Thou art a place of gloom,
Although the sun is on thee
And gaily roses bloom :
For human steps and voices,
That make the desert glad,
Are not around thee standing,
Thou lonely place and sad !

Earth! thou art full of changes,
 From hope unto despair,
 And darkness cometh ever
 To all whose hopes are there.
 And yet thou bringest tidings
 Of shores where change is not,
 Where blessings vanish never,
 And sorrows are forgot.

Look up! ye sons of sorrow!
 Ye children of the earth!
 Care cometh sadly ever
 To all of mortal birth!
 But there the flowers are fadeless,
 The fountains never cease;
 Look up from change and trouble
 Unto that shore of peace!

ANNE RIVERS.

T H E Q U O D C O R R E S P O N D E N C E .

The Attorney.

CHAPTER XXIV.

THE day on which the will was offered for probate was a dreadful one for Lucy; not the less so that the cause of her trouble was such that she could communicate it to no one without the risk of bringing upon the head of her husband the penalty which the law awarded to crimes such as his. Fortunately for her, Miss Crawford, although she felt equal anxiety on the same subject, rarely spoke of it, except to Dr. Thurston and Wharton; and thus the extreme agitation which Lucy always evinced when the subject was introduced escaped observation. But this rack of mind was making sad inroads upon her health. Her voice had become feeble, her step languid, and her whole form so frail and thin that she seemed but the ghost of what she had been. She grew absent and moody, and rarely spoke, and when she did so, it was with the abstracted air of one whose thoughts were engrossed with other matters. Sometimes she paused abruptly in the midst of her conversation, and then resumed it in a tone so sad and despairing that it brought tears to the eyes of her listener.

Dr. Thurston had called frequently to see her, and had prescribed a few simple medicines; but as he went away one morning he met Miss Crawford in the entry, and taking her hand, said:

‘She’s going fast. Be kind to her; for she has seen much trouble—that poor girl. It’s the heart and not the body that’s giving way. What did you say her name was?’

‘Mrs. Wilkins. She did not mention it herself, but a person who has been once or twice to see her calls her so.’

‘A bad name — a very bad name ! I think I may conscientiously say a d — d bad name ! It’s the name of the infernal scamp who is a witness to that will. Can she be a relative of his ?’

‘It’s not very probable.’

‘No, it is not. Well, take good care of her. She’ll not trouble you long.’

The old man took a pinch of snuff, cleared his throat, which had become a little husky, and went out.

From that time Miss Crawford redoubled her kindness to Lucy. She humored her moody ways, and on that day in particular had endeavored so patiently and with so much good humor to cheer her spirits, that unable to control her feelings Lucy left the room, and going to her own chamber, wept like a child.

How guilty she felt ! At that moment, a strong inclination seized her to steal out of the house ; to turn her back upon it, and to return no more. Then came a sudden impulse to go to Miss Crawford, and to tell her all that she knew. She rose up with her determination strong within her ; but she paused. She was going to betray her husband ! — one whom she still loved ; to brand his name with infamy ; and even though he escaped punishment, to cast a stain upon him that could never be effaced. Oh ! no, no ! she could not do it ! — she could not !’

She sat herself down, and endeavored to await the result of the trial with calmness ; but it was an idle hope ; for during the whole day her brain teemed with bewildering thoughts. At times she could dream of little else except Wilkins — an outcast, suffering the penalty of the law. Sometimes however her mind strayed off even from that ; and a sense of utter loneliness and weariness would come over her, and a strong desire to lay her head down and never to awake again. Then again she found herself devising plans for gaining a livelihood when she should have quitted Miss Crawford’s house ; for she resolved no longer to owe her bread to one whom her husband had so deeply injured. She made up her mind that when she next saw Phillips she would communicate her intentions to him, and ask his assistance, for he knew more of her secret than any one else ; and she felt sure that he would appreciate the motives which induced her to abandon her present home. She had seen him but once since the memorable day of her interview with Bolton ; but he had promised to attend at the Surrogate’s office when the will was offered for probate, and to inform her of what took place. Every time the bell rung she expected him ; and at last a servant knocked at the door and informed her that he was below.

She got up, and as she did so she became deadly faint ; but the feeling passed off. She went down stairs slowly and painfully, tottering at every step, and when she entered the room she panted for breath.

‘Good Heavens, Lucy ! how ill you look !’ said Phillips ; ‘you must take care of yourself ; indeed you must.’

‘Never mind about that, Jack,’ said she, sinking in a chair; ‘never mind about that now. Tell me what has been done to-day about *him*. Has he been there?’

‘He has,’ replied Phillips.

Lucy closed her eyes and became exceedingly pale. ‘Well, go on; I can bear any thing now; go on. Let me know the worst at once. He swore that he saw the will signed?’

‘Yes, he did,’ said Phillips.

‘When? — when? Tell me that!’

‘Some time in September. The sixth or seventh.’

Lucy started to her feet. ‘September! September! Did he say September?’ exclaimed she vehemently, at the same time grasping his arm.

‘There was some difficulty about that,’ replied Phillips. ‘As well as I could make it out, the will was dated in August; but was not witnessed then. Both Higgs and Wilkins swore to that. It could not have been; for they said that they were both absent from the city in August. The lawyers talked a great deal about it; and I do n’t know how it would have ended; but one of Miss Crawford’s own witnesses — a servant who had lived in the house — swore that he took the will to Bolton’s office on the very day that these men swore they witnessed it; and that his master went there to sign it. It was the sixth or seventh of September.’

Lucy clasped her hands together. ‘Thank God! Thank God! Poor George! I have wronged him. I have wronged him!’

But amid this sudden gush of joy she recollected her interview with the Attorney, and the violent agitation which he had then displayed, and the truth flashed on her. This was some new trick of his. She had put him on his guard; and he had thus been enabled to provide against detection, which would otherwise have been certain.

‘I see it all; I see it all!’ said she, again sinking back in her chair. ‘It’s all written too plainly to be mis-read. I can trace all the windings of that man’s black heart. God help those who fall in his hands! God help George, now; for he’s lost for ever!’

She leaned her head on her hands, and the tears gushed from between her fingers.

‘But Lucy,’ interposed Phillips, in an expostulating voice, ‘all seems straight-forward about this matter. If there’s any foul play it’s on the part of the old man. It was shameful for him to cut off his daughter in that way; but there’s no blame to George.’

‘You do n’t know all, Jack; you do n’t know what passed between the lawyer and me when I went to his office. It almost turned my head; but it’s past now. We wo’n’t talk of this matter any longer,’ said she, with a sudden effort. ‘It can do no good. But I want you to assist and advise me in what I am going to do. I intend to leave this house, for I can’t stay here after what George has done. The young lady does not know that I am his wife; but if she discovered it, I feel as if it would kill me. What I want is this: you must find some employment for me, by which I can support myself

without living on her charity. I care not how hard the work is. I'll slave from morning till night, sooner than be dependent on her. I know that I am doing a great wrong in not appearing at this trial, and proving that will to be a forgery; and night and morning I pray to God to forgive me; but I cannot turn against George — now, when he has none to stand by him. No! no!

Phillips stood for some time looking at her; and then he said: 'You are indeed doing a great wrong, Lucy, if you know this will to be a fraudulent one, in not exposing the fraud, come what may.'

'I know it Jack' — I know it. You cannot think me more criminal than I think myself. Remorse and anxiety have made sad work here,' said she, pressing her hand on her heart; 'yet I would suffer ten times what I have, to screen him from detection. Could the guilt and punishment fall on me, I would not hesitate one moment to speak all that I know and all that I suspect. Jack,' said she, suspiciously, 'you will not betray what I am telling you?'

'No, no! But don't tell me any thing more, for I begin to feel guilty already.'

'Well, well, I will not,' said she; 'but you will assist me to find some means of gaining an honest living? I would not trouble you; but I am not strong enough to go abroad and seek them myself.'

Phillips took her hand in his, and spread the thin white fingers open in his own large palm. 'Lucy,' said he, 'look at these fingers. What can they do? They have scarcely strength enough to crush a straw, and are as hot as fire; and each one throbs as if there was a pulse in it; and yet you talk of work! *Work*, indeed! Don't think of it; but take care of yourself; and if you will not stay here, go and seek a home elsewhere, and I will pay for it. When you get strong and well you can return the loan. Don't be afraid that I will trouble you; for from the time you leave this house I'll not see you again unless you want assistance. Even George, jealous as he is, can find no fault with that. If he will not take care of you himself he has no right to blame those who would offer you a shelter. If I see him he shall have a picce of my mind.'

'Stop, Jack!' said Lucy, placing her hand on his arm; 'George has already enough to drive him mad. Don't goad him farther. He's sorry for all that he has done — I'm sure of it. You'll do what I asked, wo'n't you?'

'Yes, yes; but don't be hasty,' said Phillips.

'Thank you, Jack. You must go now; for I am very feeble, and it takes but little to weary me.'

'But what answer do you make to my offer?'

'None, none — none. I'll think of it. The time may come when I may be less able to work; so ill that I must be a burden to some one. Until then I can give you no answer.'

Phillips looked at her wasted face; and those features, which were already becoming pinched and sharp; and those bright glowing eyes; and he answered in a sad tone: 'Well, Lucy, if you don't come till then, God grant that you may not call on me soon; but you'll always find me ready. Good by! God bless you!'

‘Stop, Phillips!’ said she, as he was turning to go, and speaking in a very low tone; ‘one word. If any thing should happen, and I should not see you again, and you should hear that I was dead, and should see George, tell him that I thought of him, and forgave him all that had passed between us; and that I had no hard thoughts of him.’

‘Don’t talk so, Lucy,’ said Phillips, compressing his mouth together; for he was beginning to feel a strange sensation about the throat and lips. ‘Don’t — why should you? You seem very ill, certainly, but not so bad as that. You may get well yet; only you must not talk of working, that’s all. You’re young. It’s only trouble, Lucy, that’s killing you.’

Lucy shook her head.

‘I don’t know, Jack; I have never been right since I saw the lawyer. Something gave way *here* then,’ said she, placing her hand over her heart; ‘but no matter. Tell *him* that I loved him to the last; and that my last thought was of him. Perhaps when I’m out of his way he will think kindly of me. Good by!’

She reached out her hand to him, and he took it, and pressed the wasted fingers. ‘Good by, Lucy; good by! I’ll see you again. I’ll come to-morrow. You seem faint now; but perhaps you’ll be better then.’

‘Perhaps so; perhaps so.’

Phillips rubbed his hand across his eyes and went out.

Lucy leaned her head back, and from the window she had a distant view of the river and fields of the opposite shore. Although it was winter, it was a soft glowing day, and the air played freely through the open window. It seemed purer and more refreshing than she had ever felt it before. How charming the landscape was! Far distant objects loomed up until she fancied that she could touch them; and yet every thing was very beautiful. Oh! how rich and blue and unfathomable was that deep sky! Did she dream? — or were there bright shadows flitting in the sun-beams, and glad faces smiling kindly upon her, and the soft eyes of her mother looking mildly in hers, and voices of friends long forgotten whispering in her ears, and their loved forms hovering about her, and filling that poor heart with joy and gladness, such as it had never known since she ~~was~~ ^{was} a child? She knew not, she thought not. The past seemed receding. Her troubles grew more and more distant; they faded from her mind like things dreamed of long ago, and indistinctly caught up in snatches by Memory; and then they vanished altogether, and her eyes closed.

The sun shone brightly over her pale face, and the western wind dallied with her hair. The breeze died away, the sun sank, and the pale moon-light played through the room, and the air grew damp and heavy with the dews of night. Hour after hour passed. The moon disappeared, and the room became dark. Still Lucy awoke not. Light and darkness were the same to her now; for the poor broken heart was still for ever. Her sorrows and troubles were

over; and Wilkins had lost — what he was never again destined to find — one who loved him more than life.

THERE WAS a country church, far away from the gloomy walls of the city, and buried in trees; and close by it was a quiet shadowy grave-yard, filled with tall solemn elms, and old willows with their long limbs drooping down to the grass and brushing the tomb-stones. Lucy had often lain under them when a child, and watched the birds playing in the branches, and listened to the wind as it whispered through the leaves; and she thought that there were voices speaking to her, and she had answered them; and she had talked to the birds as they flew from twig to twig; and they seemed to understand her, to peep inquisitively down, but never to fear her. Poor Lucy! it was her play-ground then, and of late she had often looked to it as her place of rest. She had been very happy there once, and she fancied that even now it would be more peaceful than any other spot on earth. In that quiet old church-yard, where the bright sun could shine upon her grave, and the flowers blossom in the spring, and where there was nothing to shut out the blue sky, save the waving boughs of the old trees that she had loved — there they buried her. Not far off was her native village, a small sequestered place, where she had passed the brightest part of her life. Many a bright-eyed girl stole away from her home in that little town to see the burial. They were those who had played with her in days long passed; and they lingered about the grave as if sad to part with an old friend, from whom they had been so long separated. ‘Poor thing!’ said a gray-haired old man: ‘I knew her when she was a laughing little creature, almost a baby; she played here often. She was a merry, light-hearted girl then; I hope she was always so. She was very young to die; very young. I hope she had a happy life!’ He turned away, patted on the head a child who stood by him, and sauntered off to his own home.

CHAPTER XXV.

Two days after the trial before the *Surrogate*, Higgs walked abruptly into the Attorney’s office. His face had not the look of cheerful indifference which usually marked it. His brow was knit and puckered, and his mouth pinched up; as if thoughts not of the most agreeable character were forcing themselves upon him.

‘I’m glad you’re in,’ said he, going up to the chair in which Bolton sat, bending over some law papers. ‘Have you got a decision yet about the will?’

Bolton shook his head.

‘Well, I did n’t come about that. I came to tell you of Wilkins.’

The Attorney laid down a pen which he held in his hand, and with which he had been making memoranda, and looked nervously at Higgs; for there was something in his face which had struck him as unusual from the first, and every thing alarmed him now.

‘Why do you stop? What of him!’ demanded he.

‘You’ve used him up,’ replied Higgs. ‘He’s on his back, raving mad. They say he’ll die.’

The Attorney started up and involuntarily clasped his hands. ‘Well, go on; where is he, and what do you want?’

‘The place he’s in is no place for a living man to be in. He must be moved,’ said Higgs. ‘It is n’t even fit for a dog to die in. I want you to see to him.’

‘What ails him?’ demanded the Attorney. ‘Tell me something about him. What is the matter?’

‘You know how he was the day we had that little matter of yours on hand. He grew worse and worse; and that night he talked odd, and muttered to himself; and his hands were as hot as fire. The next day he was down; and that night he was stark mad. He talked so that it made even *my* hair stand on end.’

‘What does he speak about?’

‘Sometimes of his wife, and sometimes of you, and sometimes of the will. It’s what’s on his mind that’s killing him. I’m afraid he can’t stand it long. You must do something for him. He’s done a good deal for you,’ said Higgs, in a sullen tone.

‘Yes, yes, I will. I’ll see him to-night,’ said Bolton, hurriedly. ‘He shall be well cared for.’

‘That alone is n’t enough. You must do more,’ said Higgs. ‘I told you that he was out of his head; and when the fever is on him his tongue wags wildly; and he talks of what would blast us all, root and branch.’

‘Ha!’

‘I’ve watched with him till I’m worn out. You must take your turn. He’s in his senses now, and will be till the fever comes on. When will you come?’

‘To-night. Where shall I find him?’

Higgs took a pen and scrawled the address on a piece of paper.

‘Who lives in the house beside him?’ inquired the lawyer, reading the address.

‘None but the rats. Even thieves keep clear of it for fear it will fall on ’em. I hate to go in the door. He has been there ever since he drove his wife out of doors. He has a doctor who comes at night. I never leave them alone together. I can’t be there to-night — so you must.’

‘Yes, yes, I must indeed,’ muttered Bolton. ‘He must be watched closely. If he dies he must leave no sign — nothing that can implicate us. Does he know that he’ll die?’

Higgs shook his head. ‘I would n’t tell him, for fear he’d grow repentant, and let out what is best known only to ourselves. He’s not what he used to be. A year ago he would have died without flinching; but he’s like a child now. He’s touched *here*, I think,’ said he, tapping his forehead. ‘I wish he had n’t a finger in this pie of ours — that’s all. He’s not the man for it.’

‘I wish so too with all my heart,’ said Bolton.

Higgs turned to the door. 'You'll let me know when you hear from the Surrogate?'

'Yes, I will.'

Higgs gave a nod, intended partly as an expression of leave-taking and partly to settle his hat on his head, and went out, slamming the door violently after him.

No sooner had the sound of his steps died away than Bolton burst out into a loud, mocking laugh:

'Let him die! so his secret dies with him! One less to fear — to bribe and cringe and truckle to. Let him die! Would to God that I could find him stiff and stark when I go there! *Then* I would have only one to watch. William Higgs, I would have only you! Well, well; I'll go there, and when there, I'll see what must be done.' And the Attorney sat down and went on with his writing as calmly as before.

It was late at night when Bolton sought the sick man's house. The air was raw and chilly, and the wind swept in low and hollow murmurs among the dilapidated walls. Mounting a narrow staircase which creaked and trembled beneath his tread, and passing along a dark entry, he opened a door and found himself in a room separated only by a frail sash-door from that occupied by the person whom he sought. Stretched on a dirty mat, and scarcely covered by the rags which served as bed-clothes, there he lay; his eyes glassy, his cheeks fallen, his jaws prominent, and lips shrunken, showing teeth like fangs. The thin long fingers which clutched the ragged coverlet more closely about him were like talons. As soon as he saw Bolton he drew up the bed-clothes and turned his back, at the same time asking:

'Well, what do you want?'

'I am come to see how you are, and to ask if you want anything? Has the doctor been here?'

'Yes, he has. What does he say about me? Will I get over this?' asked Wilkins, raising on his elbow, and looking the lawyer sharply in the face. 'None of your lying! Tell me the truth. Will I get well, I say?'

'Yes, yes, Wilkins,' said the lawyer, in a hesitating tone; 'to be sure you will. In a week you'll be quite strong.'

'Will I?' said Wilkins, sinking back exhausted. 'Well, I'm d — d weak now.'

'Oh! that won't last. In a few days you'll be well; and in a fortnight ready to go on with that divorce-suit to get rid of your wife.'

A sharp twitch, as of a sudden pain, shot across Wilkins' face at the mention of his wife. 'Curse it! man, can't you talk of something more agreeable? One don't always want to hear of *her*. If I had not driven her off like a dog, I'd not been lying here without a soul to give me a drink when I'm half mad with thirst. God only knows where she is! I have n't heard of her since the night that I met her in the street. Do n't talk of her!'

‘ Well then, of the widow. What Fisk said at the trial can be explained away, you know.’

‘ Nor of *her* now. Wait till I’m on my legs.’

‘ Well. Will you hear of *my* plans? — of the will? We managed that gloriously! You have n’t peached?’

‘ No, I have n’t; but it hangs like lead *here*,’ said he, thumping his hand against his head; ‘ here, *here*, HERE! And at times, when I’m crazy with pain and fever, I have strange images whirling and dancing and twisting about me; and oftenest of all comes that old man, Crawford, and his daughter. I’m afraid I’ve said things that I should not then; for I’ve caught that doctor looking at me as frightened as if I were the devil himself; and if I get mad again, I’m afraid I’ll say more.’

The pale face of the Attorney grew several shades paler; and he drew his breath quick and short; and his hands shook as if with paralysis. ‘ God! Wilkins, you have n’t blabbed? You swore — you remember that oath?’

‘ So I do; and when I’m in my senses I’ll never blow you; but when my head’s turned and my mind gone I’m not answerable for my words. If I blow you then, I can’t help it.’

‘ Indeed!’ exclaimed the Attorney. He clenched his fingers one in the other until the blood nearly started from his nails, and set his teeth. His eyes were like fire, and his nostril dilated. ‘ When does the doctor come?’ asked he, in a voice scarcely articulate.

‘ It’s time now, I should think. He generally comes when the church-clock at the corner strikes nine. It’s a’most that now.’ While he was speaking a heavy step was heard in the passage; and the next moment the door was thrown open, and the physician entered. He was a short stout man, with broad shoulders and keen black eyes.

As he entered he threw a hasty glance at the Attorney; and then without speaking went directly to the sick man and took his hand.

Wilkins watched him. ‘ Well, Doctor, how do you find me?’

The doctor made no reply; but rose up, and beckoning the Attorney to follow him, went into the next room and shut the door.

‘ You’re acquainted with this man?’ asked he.

‘ I am,’ replied Bolton. ‘ How is he?’

‘ He’ll die — nothing can save him!’ replied the physician, gnawing on the end of a whip which he held in his hand. ‘ But that’s not all. He’s had a hand in some devil’s mischief that I’d like to sift before he goes. When he’s in his senses he is close-mouthed enough; but in his crazy fits he has let out things that have made me start. If he sees to-morrow’s sun, I’ll be here. At that time he’s worst, and I’ll learn what I can. He may die before that, and he may last some time yet; it’s quite uncertain.’

‘ Open that door!’ shouted out Wilkins from the next room. ‘ What are you whispering about? I am not going to die, am I?’ said he, half sitting up in the bed, as his request was complied

with, and glaring at the Attorney with eyes that made his flesh creep: 'Am I going to die, I say? Why don't you answer me instead of standing shivering there with your teeth chattering as if you had an ague? Will I get well?' exclaimed he, turning to the doctor.

'Not if you go on in that way. Lie down and compose yourself, and we can judge better to-morrow.'

'Because you'll find me dead! *That's* what you mean,' said Wilkins, with a ghastly grin, that made them shudder. 'Get away, both of you—both of you! Curse you both! You would murder me. Out of my sight! And you!' exclaimed he, shaking his attenuated hand at the Attorney; 'and you, who led me on.'

The doctor turned to the Attorney and surveyed him from head to foot; as if the meaning of the words of the patient might be more fully explained by this investigation.

'What does he mean?' demanded he.

'He's raving. He does n't know what he's talking about.'

'Do n't I!' shouted Wilkins; 'do n't I! Out of my sight!' and he shook his fist at them, gnashing his teeth; 'out of my sight, liar! tempter! away with you!'

'We are only increasing his paroxysm by remaining here,' said Bolton, nervously; 'let's go.'

The doctor looked once more at his patient; then suspiciously at the lawyer, and finally suffered himself to be led out.

Crouching like a wild beast, with the bed-clothes gathered tightly about him, Wilkins remained in a state of stupid fear for some time after their departure. Every sense was concentrated in the single one of feeling. He did not dare to draw a long breath lest it should snap the cord which bound his wretched body to life. Every sharp throe that shot through him sent a pang of mortal fear through his heart. Nor was his brain idle. Images of the past came crowding thick upon him. He thought of his wife; he saw her pale and wan, looking at him mournfully, but as affectionately as ever. Then came the features of the wronged girl; then these all passed away, and his mind recovering its balance, brought him back to the present. He looked about the room; he thought of himself. He stretched out his long bony arm, and fancied how it would look when the grave-worm was battening upon it. He seemed to feel his frame decaying in the grave. He felt the hot stifling air of the coffin. The thought drove him to madness; and with a fierce, frantic effort he raised himself upon his feet, and uttering a wild laugh of mingled terror and frenzy, hurraed until the room echoed, and then fell exhausted to the floor.

He was recalled to himself by feeling a hand upon his own, and hearing the voice of the Attorney.

'I'm glad to see you, Bolton,' said he, faintly. 'I've had a bad turn since you went out, but am better now. Help me to bed.'

The other placing his arm under him, assisted him to the narrow pallet which formed his couch, and covered him up, carefully tuck-

ing the cover far underneath between the bed and floor, and laying the hands of the sick man beneath it. Having done this, he seated himself in front of him.

‘What do you look at me so for?’ demanded Wilkins, who, whenever he raised his eyes, encountered those of Bolton fixed on his face.

‘How do you feel?’ asked Bolton, without replying to his question. ‘Do n’t you think you could sleep? It would strengthen you.’

‘No, I’ll never sleep any more,’ replied the sick man, testily. ‘Keep your eyes off me, will you? They remind me of the devil’s. Keep them off, or I’ll force you to.’

‘You forget that you are too weak to harm me,’ returned the Attorney, with a sneer. ‘But I came back to have a parting word with you. You have broken your oath, and now look to yourself!’

‘If I have, I did it when I was out of my head, and perhaps may do it again; but that’s not my fault. I’m as much in for it as you are, and run as much risk. If I must be shut up for it when I get well, I must, and there’s the end of it.’

‘Not quite!’ said Bolton, edging nearer, and bending down on his knees, and scowling in his face, his lips quivering with intense wrath: ‘not quite. You’ve to give an account to me first; and by G—d! you *shall*! — *here*, on this very spot — a fearful one!’

‘My God! Bolton, what do you mean?’ exclaimed Wilkins, attempting to sit up. But Bolton thrust him back with a violence that made his head thump against the floor, even through the pillow.

‘You’ll find out my meaning soon enough!’ said he, dragging the pillow from under Wilkin’s head, and seating himself astride of his breast. If ever mortal countenance bore the impress of agonizing fear, it was stamped upon that of the sick man. But still he attempted to laugh — and such a laugh! — a wild discordant shout, whose tones deepened into a yell of terror; for Bolton was attempting to thrust the pillow over his mouth. Sick, feeble, dying though he was, the struggle was fearful. Twice was the pillow thrust upon his mouth, and as often forced away by the victim. He succeeded in extricating his arms from the bed-clothes; and fastening his fingers in the hair of the assassin, by sheer violence bore him back to the floor. Bolton leaped to his feet, and Wilkins did the same. Hardened, resolute as the lawyer was, he shrank from the blazing eye and maniac look of the frantic and desperate being who confronted him. It was only for a moment. Again Bolton sprang upon him and bore him to the floor, and before he could recover himself he seized the bed, dragged it to him, threw it directly upon him, sprang upon it, and stretching himself at full length upon it, held it down by the whole weight of his body. Terrible indeed were the struggles of the wretched man who writhed and twisted beneath! But Bolton kept his hold until they grew more and more feeble, and the smothered cries ceased — and all was quiet. Then he rose and spread the bed as before; and dragging the body to it, deposited it in its place, removing all traces of the struggle, and

composing the limbs as if the troubled spirit which once animated that clay had gone on its long journey without mortal intervention.

While he was bending over the ghastly face of his victim he heard the step of some one on the stairs. Instinctively he sprang through the door and into the dark entry. At the head of the stairs he met a man who spoke to him. He recognized the voice of the physician, but made no reply; and hurrying past him, darted into the streets. Up one street and down another he rushed, doubling and turning like a hare at bay; now walking slowly to recover his breath, and now dashing off like the wind, as his excited mind converted each cry in the street into a sound of pursuit. But at length, weary and broken down, he found himself at the door of his office.

CHAPTER XXVI.

PALE, conscience-stricken, with images of fear and horror forcing themselves into his very brain, Bolton sat in his office that night. There was a dead, heavy weight upon him now, that he had never felt before; a consciousness of crime and blood. He had left Wilkins stiff and stark in his own room; dead—dead; yet he was up and after him now. Amid all the fancied sounds of pursuit, afar off, the dead man glided along. He never saw him; but he knew that he was behind him, gazing at him with that same cold, passionless eye which had met his, as he flung him dead upon his bed. It made his blood run cold. He changed his seat; but the spectre was still behind him. He knew that it was peering out from behind the old book-cases; he *felt* it. In very desperation he heaped the fire with fuel, and lighted candle after candle, until every chink and cranny in the time-stained wall was perceptible. Still, behind him sat the murdered man with his eye fixed upon him. It never moved; but seemed to look him through and through. He could not bear it. Come what might he would face it; he would look it down if he died. Rising up and half staggering, he faced about. Ha! it was too quick for him! It was behind him again! God! was that a sigh that he heard! He fairly gasped for breath, and listened again. It was only the wind wailing through the casement. Yet so fierce had been the pang that he sank back in his chair, with the perspiration standing in large drops upon his forehead, and a deadly faintness over his whole frame. Starting up he went to the shelf, and lifting a pitcher containing water to his lips, at huge draughts drank off nearly the whole of its contents. He then sat down at the table and attempted to write; but his mind wandered; for almost every line was erased, interlined, and altered, until at length he dashed his pen from him, threw himself back in his chair, and twisting his fingers together, sat muttering in a low tone.

He was first brought to himself by hearing a step on the stairs. Slow, deliberate and solemn, it broke upon his ear. There was no haste in that tread; but no hesitation. The first feeling of the Attor-

ney was one of the most abject terror. His whole frame seemed sinking; his limbs shook and his jaws, as with an ague fit; his fingers clutched involuntarily, and the quick, hard pulsations of his heart might have been distinctly heard. The steps ascended the stair-way. His first instinctive impulse was to secure the door; but the utter uselessness of such a precaution struck him in the same instant. And then the groundlessness of his fears flashed across him; and the improbability of the murder having yet been discovered; and turning away, he had barely time to seat himself, when a hand rested on the knob, and the door was thrown open.

His visiter was a short, square-built man, with dark Jewish features, a bald head, a heavy eye-brow, and half-closed eyes, which together with a drooping under-lip would have given rather a sleepy, vacant look to his countenance, had it not been redeemed by two very bright black eyes, which were slyly peering from under the corner of their lids, in strong contrast to the heavy lineaments of the rest of his face. His frame was muscular and heavy; though he trod with the quiet, stealthy step of a cat.

His first movement, on entering the room and ascertaining that Bolton was there, was to lock the door and put the key in his pocket. Then crossing into the back office he pushed a chair to the fire, and drawing off his gloves, held his short strong fingers over the flame. Bolton's heart sank within him as he recognized in his visiter the most noted and vigilant officer of the city police. But as real danger approached, his imaginary ones vanished; and he prepared to play his part with that coolness and skill which was one of his great characteristics, and which had guided him safely past many a rock on which his previous roguery had nearly wrecked him.

Bowing to his visiter, and requesting him to excuse him for a moment, he pretended to read over a paper which he held in his hand, while he formed his plans.

'Well, Mr. Tike, I'm at your service,' said the Attorney at length, placing the paper on the table, and turning to his visiter. 'What can I do for you?'

'Put on your hat and over-coat,' responded Mr. Tike, laconically.

'With pleasure, if it is necessary,' replied Bolton, somewhat startled at the stern, abrupt tone of the speaker. 'But what is the nature of the business; and where am I to go?'

'The natur' is uncommon; the place, the Lock-up.'

Bolton felt a chilly presentiment of the worst; but he would not give up while there was a chance.

'Ah!' said he, thoughtfully; 'some poor fellow in trouble, and wants help. What is it? Debt or felony? — or what?'

'Felony of the first degree,' replied Mr. Tike, holding up his thick foot, which matched his fingers, to the flame, while he applied his handkerchief to his nose.

'Is he in prison?' demanded Bolton; for the purpose of sifting more thoroughly the enigmatical meaning of the officer.

‘He’s as good ~~as~~ in,’ replied Mr. Tike, feeling the key in his pocket. ‘He’ll soon be; he’s took.’

Again the Attorney experienced that foreboding of ill which had so nearly unmanned him when he heard the first step of his visiter in the passage. But a single glance at the half-closed and watchful eye of the policeman showed him the necessity of rallying all his energies; for the slightest tremor or a single equivocal word might lead him to the gallows; and assuming a careless manner, he approached the peg where his over-coat hung, as if for the purpose of taking it down. Then pausing, he turned to the officer, and said:

‘As this person is not yet in prison, and I have several matters of some importance to attend to, I would be glad if you could send some one to let me know when he is in. It would save my time, which is precious; and I would go to him immediately.’

‘*It wo’n’t do!* Mr. Bolton,’ replied Mr. Tike, with something between a wink and a leer. ‘He’s took, as I said afore.’

‘Well then, why all this trifling? Why not say so at once? When was he taken, and where?’ demanded Bolton, sternly; ‘and what does he want with me?’

In reply to these interrogatories, Mr. Tike quietly drew the door-key from his pocket, and placing it against his nose, ogled Bolton through the handle.

‘He was captered about ten minutes ago, in this ’ere room, by this ’ere key; and he wants you to go to prison as his substitute.’

Bolton threw a hasty look about the room. The windows were all closed and high from the ground. He glanced at his own spare frame, and measured its strength with that of the ponderous and muscular man before him. He looked about for a weapon of defence. On the top of a desk opposite him lay an old hatchet, which had once aided in a murder, whose perpetrator he had screened from justice. His eye rested on it for a moment; and his purpose was fixed. So was that of Mr. Tike, who had watched his eye and saw the weapon.

Without changing his position or altering a muscle, Bolton turned to the officer and said:

‘This is a strange enigma. Speak out, will you, and tell me plainly, what you want?’

‘Well then, plainly, I want *you!*’ responded Mr. Tike, ‘to show cause why you should not be hanged for murder.’

‘Murder!’ ejaculated Bolton.

‘Ay, murder! Mr. Bolton. You was seen to attack a weak man, sick, alone, and about to die; you was seen struggling with him, to grasp his throat, to throw him down, and to smother him; and then to leave him, as if he had died a nat’ral death. This you was seen to do, Mr. Bolton, this very night, not two hours ago; and that man was one who was your friend — Wilkins!’

‘’T is false! — false as hell!’ shouted Bolton, his eyes starting, and his hair bristling with horror at the description of the policeman. ‘I did not! you cannot prove it! I’ll not go with you, to be

murdered on a charge like that! By the *living* God! I'll not! See here!' shouted he, springing to the hatchet, and brandishing it like a maniac over his head; 'see here! With this I'll defend myself to the last—to the last gasp! Ha! ha! have I thwarted you, old blood-hound? Have I thwarted you? One step toward me—ay, one inch, and I bury this in your skull! Keep off! *both of you—both of you!* Ay, even though *he* help you, I'll not give up!'

The policeman drew a pistol from his pocket, without moving from his seat, cocked it, and pointed it at the Attorney.

'Look ye, Mr. Bolton,' said he, 'an axe is a dangerous we'pon; but a pistol is dangerouser. I've no objection to your being frightened. It's all in course, and you may even shake that cleaver at me; but you mustn't come nearer with it, and you mustn't resist the law; for I came here to take you, and living or dead, I'll *do* it. So put up your axe, or I'll quiet you with a bullet. You'd better put it up.'

For a moment the Attorney glared about him like a baffled tiger, and measured the distance between himself and the muzzle of the pistol. Had there been the slightest tremor in the hand that grasped it, or the shadow of irresolution in the face of Mr. Tike, he would have hazarded the struggle; but he saw that it was useless; and with a muttered curse he dashed the hatchet to the floor, and taking his coat from the peg, put it on without a word, and turning to the officer, said that he was ready to accompany him.

'You'd better take your hat and put on your gloves, for it's a cold night,' said Mr. Tike, returning the pistol to his pocket, and drawing forth the key. 'Now step forward like a reasonable man,' said he, as he unlocked the door. 'There, take my arm; my left arm if you please; I want my right for service. There,' said he, grasping the sleeve of the arm that was placed within his own, 'now you act reasonable, and we shall get on quite comfortable.' As he spoke, he strode along the dark entry with the rapid and sure step of one who was familiar with it; and turning up the street, led his prisoner off to those dens of darkness and misery, y'clept
THE TOMBS.

C H A R A D E .

My *first* with joy young soldiers hail,
Though peaceful cits before it quail,
By whom a curse 't is reckoned;
And patriots, who their wind-pipes strain
To advocate my first, are fain
To do it by my *second*.
My *whole* with bailiffs is in vogue,
When they would apprehend a rogue,
Or lodge a criminal 'per se'
At th' expense of the community.

J. R. F.

Savannah, May 5, 1841.

W I L L I A M .

'T WAS a fierce nor'-west and a roaring sea,
And the stout ship scudded fast and free,
While her tall mast bent like a poplar-tree
In winter.

And her sails were rent, but she scudded on,
And her spars were splintered one by one,
Like a battle-ship when the fight is done,
In war-time.

And the waves rose up with a foamy crest,
(Fit winding-sheets for a watery breast,)
As though they never had known of rest,
Wind vexéd.

Like furrows of snow the milk-white spray
As far as the eye could wander, lay ;
And the cold moon shone as bright as day,
Cold and bright.

The ship rolled on, for her helm was true,
Her beams were strong, but her hands were few ;
Storm-nurtured, a small but a gallant crew —
Bold hearts !

'All hands save the ship !' cries the master aloud ;
His men mount up on the straining shroud,
Together far out on the yard they crowd —
Storm-men !

Louder and colder comes on the fierce blast,
Like a willow-bough is the tall strong mast,
The passenger-men are all aghast,
On their knees.

But danger and toil are the sailor's share ;
In a fierce nor'-west he can say no prayer ;
When winds are light and the sky is fair,
Let him pray.

Now high on the yard as they grasp the sail,
They feel how little their hands avail ;
In ribands and shreds 't is borne on the gale —
The main-sail.

And one is there, mid that little crew,
Who never before such danger knew ;
Brave-hearted, though young, resolved to do
His duty.

Brave boy ! there is one, could she see thee there,
With thy fearless eye and streaming hair,
Would cry aloud in her wild despair,
'Jesus ! mercy !'

Now a cry is heard and a stifled groan,
 Affrighted the men are hurrying down —
 Not all, for the pride of the crew is gone ;
 'T is he !

With myriads of Ocean's mysteries,
 Hidden forever from mortal eyes,
 In the far-down deep his pale corpse lies —
 WILLIAM !

Bitter and loud was that winter-gale,
 But louder and deeper the bitter wail
 Which arose when she heard the grievous tale —
 His MOTHER !

H. V.

New-York, June, 1842.

EDWARD ALFORD AND HIS PLAY-FELLOW.

BY THE AUTHOR OF 'WILSON CONWORTH.'

CHAPTER SEVENTH.

'SIR, I am a true laborer: I earn that I eat, get that I wear, owe no man hate, envy no man's happiness.'

'AS YOU LIKE IT.'

'AMELIA, my love !' said Mr. Alford to his wife one day after dinner, Edward being absent, as of late had become quite frequent; 'I've been thinking that Edward ought to choose a profession by this time. To be sure, he will have enough to live handsomely without one, but the young man must not waste his youth in a round of gayeties. He is rarely at home of late, and I really should like to know where he spends his time.'

'I have thought of the same thing, Mr. Alford,' said the wife; 'but he ought to have a little vacation after four years of hard study. He is a great favorite you know with all the ladies; and I dare say he finds enough who are glad to secure his attentions.'

'That's just what I'm afraid of, my dear. He is too young to be secured. He must have a profession.' And Mr. Alford brought his hand down upon the table with a force which by some mysterious law of reaction raised Mrs. Alford just three inches in her chair.

'Law is too arduous for his delicate constitution,' said the fond mother; 'medicine would break him of his rest. O! how I wish he inclined to divinity! What excellent matches the young clergymen do make !'

'My dear,' said the husband, writing the word *yes* with his finger on the mahogany table, in a little puddle of wine his zeal had spilled, 'we must not be mercenary. Beside, he ought to go abroad and see the world before he thinks of marrying. All young Englishmen of fortune travel on the Continent before they settle in life. Edward ought to visit London and Paris at least, if he does not stay more

than a week in each place. I went abroad, Amelia; and what excellent taste I showed in selecting a wife after seeing the foreign models!'

'O Mr. Alford!' exclaimed the unblushing lady.

'It's a fact, my love. Nothing improves the taste so much as travel, whether one is to select pictures, statues, or a wife. I grant you that wandering about Europe amid the ruins of the old world, where every rock and tree is full of classic associations, and every castle a history; whose high-ways are memorable for the passage of armies and the victorious march of heroes; each of whose rivers and mountains has been a theme for the poet; that the enthusiasm and delight of such contemplations fit one but poorly for the every-day labors of our merchants and professional men — the actual life of an American; but no young man of fortune and rank can be said to have completed his education who has not crossed the Atlantic.'

'I declare, Mr. Alford, it would be worth Edward's going abroad to be able to talk like his father.'

'You flatter me, my love!' and Mr. Alford bowed and sipped his glass of wine, and continued: 'I wish our son, Amelia, to go abroad, partly to keep him from forming an early connection at home, and to give him rank in society. When he returns he will be older, and then he must choose some profession beside that of a ladies'-man. Beside, the sons of our rich merchants are dissipated and vulgar, and it will break up such connections at least.'

'But the daughters, my dear,' said Mrs. Alford; 'the daughters are not dissipated, and I am a merchant's daughter. They are marrying off fast. Would it not be well to have Edward engaged and then go abroad, that absence might fix his affections?'

'You pay our sex too high a compliment, Amelia, by your suggestion. Such an attachment as Edward is likely to form in what is called our fashionable society would not endure an absence of three weeks. Our young men dangle after a lady, not because they love *her*, but because she is a *belle* and is celebrated. They seek that a portion of her celebrity may be reflected upon themselves. Their competition for favors and smiles from the lady enhances the value of her hand for the time in their eyes; they wish not so much for the object as for success over each other. I had rather Edward married a country girl without shoes and stockings, than make such a match.'

'You are very rational to-day, my dear,' said the wife. 'You ought to know your own sex best. I had a better opinion of the lords of creation when I married.'

Mrs. Alford rose from the table, and now with blushing cheek she was leaving the dining-room. Her husband rose also, and taking her hand as if to lead her to the door, drew her toward him, and smiling with the success of his argument, gave her a chaste conjugal kiss without displacing a curl or a plait in her collar. This gave the lady great satisfaction; whether the kiss or the nice regard to the dress with which it was given we cannot pretend to say; but the color left her face, and with her husband she seated herself cozily upon the sofa.

The front door-bell was at this point very violently rung ; and presently Edward came into the dining-room and threw himself into a chair and covered his face with his hands in great agitation. The parents silently regarded him, for he had not seen them.

‘To be jilted by a black-smith’s daughter—refused, forbid the house ! This is too much ! Where can I ever show my face again ?’ And the young man walked up and down the room, his father and mother the wondering spectators of his dilemma. The open door of the dining-room concealed them from his view as he passed out at length, muttering to himself incoherent sentences about ‘the old hog !—too much honor for him—Tom Towley—disgraced—go abroad.’

‘Yes !’ said the father, rising and closing the door ; ‘it is time Edward has a profession.’

‘He seems to have made *one* this morning,’ archly said. the mother, determining to find out the whole mystery as soon as she could meet him alone. The husband and wife separated, each having formed their own resolutions.

If a young man shows no ardor in his early love-affairs he must be cold indeed. The first chance-attachments which take place impulsively between young people are stronger because purer than those later affairs which are called *engagements* rather than attachments ; being legal liabilities and contracts from which the parties feel they *cannot conveniently* escape if they would. It is difficult to pray when one feels no devotion ; to laugh when we are sad ; to smile upon those we dislike ; and walk without limping, with the rheumatism ; but these tasks are easy compared with the load he bears who finds himself clogged with an engagement he made in a moment of passion or by advice of friends, or because every body said ‘he ought to offer himself to the lady, he had been so attentive to her, and she, poor thing ! seemed to doat on him.’ About half the world marry by the connivance of people who have no business in the concern at all ; the other half consist of those who marry for money ; because they are obliged to ; for nurses ; for house-keepers ; while one couple out of ten marry for love.

Mary Nailer received the visits of Edward with pleasure, it cannot be denied. The habits of society in which she lived shut her out from the more refined and highly-educated people of the town, because she was only the daughter of a black-smith ; her own taste and refinement prevented any intimacy with coarser people of her own rank ; so that she was much alone, and now that Tom was gone, felt the want of companionship. Beside, the accident that made them acquainted gave a tinge of romance to their intercourse, and she began to look for his visits with impatience.

Robert, whose shop and house were close together, to save time in going to and returning from meals, a common contrivance with mechanics, who hardly give themselves time to eat, much less to taste the fresh air, was by no means ignorant of what was going on. With a few exceptions he knew of every visit of the youth to his daughter ; but he had the fullest faith in Mary’s prudence, and that

Mr. Edward Alford was the gentleman he seemed to be. He hoped to see Tom soon at his house, and had no doubt that then all would come right. But no Tom came; week passed after week; more and more frequent became the visits of Edward, until at last he came every day, and detained Mary from her household duties. This was carrying the matter rather too far for Robert's patience.

Sunday night, from time immemorial in New England, has been the hour sacred to courtship among the laboring classes — a custom which savors strongly of that economy and thrift which is the essence of Jonathan. In the first place the parties are in their best attire, so that no new expense of washing and blacking of boots is incurred; it being very essential by the way that the boots or shoes be well cleaned, as such objects are more apt to meet the down-cast eyes of the bashful lovers. In the next place, during the service at church, in going and returning, a kind of skirmishing has taken place already; sheep's-eyes have been thrown and returned; attempts to look solemn when very much tickled, and smiles interchanged during prayer-time, as sudden and short as flashes of lightning in a dark night, to deceive the dull optics of the deacons, who while the minister prays for the people, take care that a becoming reverence is shown by the congregation; in short, preparation during the day, both outward and inward, is made for the evening visit. This custom saves time, saves blacking and washing, and thereby soap; the expectation of it makes the week of labor happy; and the only inconvenience suffered is that the parties feel a little sleepy on Monday morning. Now this same Monday morning is washing-day all over the land — a great convenience to those who have but one change of linen, and who are apt to fall asleep at their work, which they cannot well do with their arms immersed in hot water up to the elbows. Thus ingeniously are customs dove-tailed together.

It boded no good in the opinion of Robert to his household that such a breach of custom should take place, as for his daughter to receive visits in the day-time and during the week-days under his roof. Robert was a conservative in the strictest sense of all his own customs, and only a liberal of the customs of others. He was in favor of reform, but had no idea of making any change himself.

The little parlor in the black-smith's house, Mary's particular domain, which not even Robert often entered except on Sundays, was of late adorned more than usual. The brass was more highly polished, the windows, the carpet, all gave evidence of extra care; the cover was removed from the sofa, and a bright fire of wood burned upon the hearth. Upon a small centre-table were books richly bound, such as never before had been seen in that dwelling. Mary herself, always dressed with neatness and simplicity, sat at a small work-table placed near the window, so that she could see all that passed in the street. Her thoughts were not concerning the giver of those rich annuals that graced her table. She was thinking if Tom had forgotten her; if it was not possible he had found some one better, handsomer and richer than herself, to whom his leisure was devoted.

That pressure of the hand when they parted ! could she be mistaken ! no, she would hope on ; she dreamed last night that they were to be married. She had risen and set the house in this nice order, a full believer in dreams, for love is superstitious.

Occupied with such thoughts, how did her heart leap as she saw Tom himself approaching on horse-back ! She rose from her seat ; she rushed to the door to welcome him ; when, as we have before described, the chaise of Mr. Edward Alford drove up, who took the hearty welcome on her countenance to himself. She saw the horseman as he stopped and then in haste turned his steed and galloped off.

An hour was spent in attempts on the part of Edward to make himself agreeable ; on hers to hide her confusion and disappointment. He had brought her a new book from town ; it was a new number of the 'Idle Man,' then just published, the title of a series of tales and essays which every lover of pure and strong English, striking delineation of passion, and pictures of the more hidden workings of the human heart, must always regret were not longer continued.

' Shall I read this tale to you, Mary, or will you prefer to enjoy it alone ? '

' That must depend upon the character of the story and your pleasure, Sir. If it is sentiment, I prefer to read it alone ; humor I enjoy most with others.'

' That is, you like to weep in secret and laugh in company. This is a sentimental story, Mary, and I think you will enjoy it.'

Mary took the book and turned over the leaves to see if it looked interesting, as young ladies are apt to do at the counter of a circulating library.

' Why, the name of the hero is Edward, and the — '

' Yes, Mary, he loved a Mary ; but the resemblance reaches farther than a name. I read the story last evening, and was impatient you should see it, you admire Dana so much.'

' I do, indeed ; who does not ? '

' No one of any taste.'

' And must I say, Mary, that I too am in love, and with a Mary ; that I am the most happy or most miserable of men, as you shall decide ? '

The love-tale the youth had been reading hurried him to a declaration. He gathered courage as he proceeded, and poured out his love, devotion and passion into the ear of the surprised girl. She was entirely unprepared for such a scene. The effect was like pouring hot water upon snow ; it melted away all her self-possession ; mortified, confused, and pained her. When in the midst of his declaration he had seized her hand, and was falling at her feet upon one knee, in the true dramatic style, the door suddenly opened and Robert made his appearance. At the lifting of the latch Edward had regained his chair, and there sat Mary with her handkerchief at her eyes, and the young man like one waiting for an electric shock.

It is said that the early Puritans did not permit their children to

sit in their presence. And the distance between parents and children has not yet entirely vanished from among their descendants. Then the father was the priest of his family; he unlocked the clasps of the family Bible, and also the hidden meaning of the sacred page. His austerity of life, his wrestlings in prayer, that thoughtfulness he necessarily cultivated in the midst of danger from savages he had dispossessed of their territory, gave to him a sternness which awed the eye of childhood, and fear took the place of confidence and affection. Beside, their God was one of terror, of judgments and of wrath, and they imitated to their children what they supposed were the dealings of their Creator with themselves.

Mary stood in fear of her father's anger; and though she seldom heard a rebuke from his lips, there remained in her heart the lingerings of those feelings towards her parent of which we have attempted to trace the origin. The confusion we suffer when discovered in doing even the innocent acts we would conceal, is almost as painful and overwhelming as the detection in bad ones. The young people certainly looked guilty; and there stood Robert, his face and hands blackened with his occupation, his shirt sleeves rolled up from his sinewy arms, without any hat upon his head to conceal his bristly hair, his apron on his waist, and a huge hammer in his right hand. He would have been a fearful antagonist indeed to a guilty mind. And there he stood in silence, regarding the young man and his daughter. At last he found words to say:

'Mary, 't is time to see to dinner.' The young woman rose and left the room. When she had closed the door, turning to Edward he sarcastically gave him the salutation: 'Your servant, young Sir.'

'And yours, Sir,' said Edward, recovering his self-possession. 'I called to leave Miss Mary a new book, Mr. Nailer. Sorry if I intrude; she now appears quite well of her accident.'

'She is n't well yet, Master Edward, and I fear she's getting worse. Ever since the up-set, her reason seems affected. She has no liking for work, but spends 'most all her time reading and looking out o' the winder.'

'I should call those good symptoms, Sir; study and observation.'

'That may do very well to say in a college, but it is n't my creed, young man. I may say I have got a kind of dislike to larning, since it makes people talk more and work less.'

'Your daughter would grace the most polished society, Mr. Nailer.'

'She's a good gal, I know; and I mean to keep her so. Some of them books you brought her tell about polished folks; for I've looked into them to see what she was about; and as far as I can see into the meaning of what you call polished society, it is to keep a fair outside; to let nobody know what you think of them, when it serves your turn to be secret; to wear the handsomest clothes, and have servants to do all that work which every man and woman ought to do for themselves.'

'Your daughter is too delicate to do hard work, Mr. Nailer; she looks more like a lady than a ——'



‘ Stop, young man ! ’ said Robert, authoritatively ; ‘ you have been brought up all wrong, and you ’ll think so yourself some day, or I ’m mistaken. Your father is rich ; you belong to the fine folk ; you seek my daughter to no good, I fear ; you can do no good to her at least, if you only seek what you young people call innocent amusement. I ’m father and mother to her, and she ’s the apple of my eye.’

‘ You mistake me, Mr. Nailer,’ said Edward, rising from his chair, and prepared to plead his own cause sincerely ; for he began to respect the father, in spite of his early prejudices. ‘ You mistake, Sir. I sincerely love your daughter, and would ask your permission to address her.’

‘ It wo ’n’t do no good for you to talk, Master Alford ; my mind upon that p’int is made up.’ And down came the hammer upon the floor, to enforce the earnestness of his words. ‘ The best thing you can do is to leave us alone. There ’s plenty of gals in the city that will be tickled with fine words and handsome presents. I do n’t mean to be rude to you, but I have n’t got much time to spare, and mean to be understood once for all. Mary is no match for you nor you for her.’

The ardor and romance of Edward’s feelings were by this time pretty well cooled. He rose to take his leave with as much dignity as he could muster up.

‘ You ’d better take your books,’ said Robert, gathering up the gilded volumes from the table : ‘ it will save toll in coming for them. When we want to see you again we will let you know.’

Without looking behind him, or making any reply, Edward hurried from the house.

CHAPTER EIGHTH.

‘ His speech was like a tangled chain ; nothing impaired but all disordered.’

‘ MIDSUMMER-NIGHT’S DREAM.’

THE reader is already acquainted with Edward’s arrival at home. His unceremonious ejection from the black-smith’s house did not prevent his calling at one of the Professor’s, where he kept up an intimacy to serve him as an excuse for being so often in Cambridge. One of the young ladies accepted his invitation to ride into town ; and these were the persons Tom had met on his return, he mistaking the lady for Mary.

Presently the bell of Edward’s room rang, and the Irish footman made his appearance at the door and knocked gently for admission. The Irish do every thing softly when they are sober. The manners, habits and mind of this person are worthy of being recorded. His name was *not* Patrick, (and this is almost enough to distinguish him,) but Looney. He had been in the family for years. When he first began to serve Mr. Alford he was quite young, about seventeen, and now was in the neighborhood of forty. Next to his prayer-book, for he was a devout Catholic, the newspaper was his idolatry. He generally carried one or two old ones in his hat to read at odd

moments. After the dailies had been served at breakfast, they passed into his possession, and no one of the other servants pretended to have any claim upon them. One might hear him in the evening making long orations in the servants' hall of the news of the day. He made it a point to collect them all together, cook, chambermaid and coachman, at this hour, and retail the latest news with an eloquence known only to the Irish. The conversation of the table was sacred to him as the confessional of the priest; no coaxing could wring from him a word. His diligent perusal of the paper for many years, together with the conversation he heard at table, had given the man Looney quite a vocabulary. He had an ear for words. He was a *verbalist*, (if we may coin a term,) a *cherisher of words* for their sound; the meaning was a distinct consideration. This characteristic is not uncommon in public speakers, and especially in the learned professions, but is quite rare in a servant.

'Did you propel the bell, Master Edward?' respectfully asked Looney, as he opened the door, and having got inside carefully closed it.

'Yes, Looney; did my father dine at home to-day?'

'And did n't he sure Sir, upon fish and roast beef? And the mother that resuscitated ye from your infanticide, did n't the lady dine with him?'

'Well, Looney, you may bring me some dinner here; I shall dine to-day in my room,' said Edward, too well accustomed to Looney's talk to notice it; for he made himself generally understood.

'And I must tell you, Master Edward, that I opinionate a revolutionary struggle about your being so much from home at the time of the diluvial meals.'

'Why, Looney, what's the matter?'

'Oh Sir, the master and mistress have been in committee, temporizing for hours about you and your perspective relations. This house used to be a paradise in future times, and the servants' hall was like the garden of Eden; but for days now there's no peace any how. The coachman is swearing about the over-driven horses you drive so like his Satanic majesty, and your keeping him up o' nights when honest folks ought to be in the arms of Orpheus.'

'When you bring the dinner, Looney, if you meet my father and he asks for me, you may say I am fatigued and have lain down.'

'Had n't you best just get on the bed till I'm out of the room, Sir, for I always equivocate the truth, as I'm a sinner that hopes to be saved.'

'You shall have your own way, Looney; but be quick with the dinner.'

'I'll make a geological survey of the pantry in no time, and return in *statu quo*,' and Looney vanished. He soon came back with a tray of refreshments, to which the lover did full justice, the servant standing by, full of talk.

'They're going to hang the pirates, Mr. Edward, the fifteenth day of next month. Lord, Sir, in Dublin they'd have been dead long ago. May be you'll go to the mother-country of England, and perhaps you'll get a chance for an optical illusion at O'Connel; I was born there myself.'

‘ I thought you was born in Dublin, Looney.’

‘ And sure is n’t Dublin the mother-country? Did you ever hear of Counsellor Phillips, Sir, at college? I’ve sat on my father’s shoulder by the hour, to hear him speak with my own ears.’

‘ Well, how did he speak?’

‘ Oh, Sir, the jury would some of them cry like a baby; and the judges would have to shut their eyes tight to keep in the rivulets of tears, pretending to be asleep. There was n’t his match for wind and bathos in the whole of Ireland, Sir.’

‘ You’ve forgotten the mustard, Looney.’

‘ I’ll adjourn for some, *sine die*, Sir.’

The mustard was brought, and the thread of Looney’s harangue broken.

‘ Has my mother gone out with the carriage this afternoon?’ asked Edward.

‘ Not yet, Sir; and she bid me say as I was coming up that she’d like to have you take an aërial excursion with her this afternoon.’

‘ I suppose she told you to ask me if I would take an airing with her.’

‘ I believe that was her phrenology, Sir; what shall I recapitulate to her?’

‘ You may bear my respects to my mother, and say I will accompany her.’ And Edward was soon *tête-à-tête* with his mother.

Among the wealthy and luxurious the relation of mother and son is very different from the same tie among the laboring classes. In the former, after the son has arrived at manhood, the mother is oftener the dependent. We are not now speaking of the tie of affection which binds the mother to her offspring; of that great natural law which no circumstances can change — no accident of rank, no revolution of fortune; an affection no cruelty can alienate, no neglect diminish, no baseness destroy; which renders the timid brave, the weak strong, the selfish self-forgetting; a law which is at the bottom of all our admiration and worship of the female sex; which gave origin to knight-hood and the troubadour; which adds pathos to poetry, sentiment to music, and grace to sculpture; equally true in all ages and among every people, savage or civilized; which makes the heart beat with equal measure, whether the bosom sparkle with diamonds or is covered with rags; we speak not of this tie, universal like the law of gravitation, but of the effects of difference of social habits upon the influence of the parent over the son.

We say that among the wealthy the mother looks to the elegant young man, the copy of his sire, who brings vividly to her mind her days of courtship and romance, for sympathy; for woman never outgrows her finer feelings; and with ‘spectacles on nose,’ with palsied hand and tottering step, she is the same feeling, loving being as ever. She looks to her son for that sympathy the sire has forgotten how to give, absorbed as man becomes in business, ambition, or pleasure.

Among the laboring classes, the mother being dictatress of the

household, an office which she holds by right of doing all the work; mending and washing, cooking and scrubbing; making sharp bargains at the store, and with her butter and cheese and coarse hose, the production of her odd moments of leisure and her visiting days, supplying the family with coffee, tea and sugar, and now and then with a new silk handkerchief for the father to tie round his neck on Sundays, or if he be bald-headed, to wear over his crown, to keep off the air while he snoozes in meeting — such a mother we say holds her influence over her son to her dying day, unless she become superannuated, and her authority is never disputed.

Mrs. Alford did not dream of demanding the confidence of her son. She hoped a cozy ride and affectionate manners would cause him to unbosom himself. She knew by experience how the heart craves sympathy, and she felt certain that when the carriage-door closed upon them that both her curiosity and interest would speedily be satisfied. 'Drive over the bridge, James.' Edward looked a little uneasy at this order of his mother.

They rode on as most people ride after dinner, at that slow gait which may neither disturb the digestion of the horses, or the driver, or the occupants of the easy seats. There was but little conversation, Edward ruminating upon his morning adventure, and his mother devising some plan of advance. As they drove through Cambridge, Edward, sunk in one corner of the coach, pretended to be asleep. By some carelessness or sleepiness of the driver, at the moment they were passing Robert Nailer's house, the horses, accustomed to the place, turned directly up to the door and stopped. Edward opened his eyes, and at the moment looked out of the window. There sat Mary at her usual seat. A blush of crimson overspread her face as her eyes encountered those of the mother and son. Edward had self-possession enough to bow, and tell James to drive on, making some remark about the sagacity of animals, and attachment for places where they have *once* been.

'I suspect they have been there more than *once*, Edward,' said the mother. 'Surely that is the very young woman, or I am greatly mistaken, whom we took home after the accident the other day. Have you seen her since, my son?'

'I have, mother.'

'Strange you have not mentioned it! Really, I think I ought to call and inquire about her.'

'Oh, not to-day, mother! She is very well, I assure you.'

'Then you have seen her to-day?'

'I have, mother,' said Edward, desperately telling the truth.

An eloquent silence was observed by the mother for some time. If she had uttered a syllable she might have remained forever in the dark; but silence to the guilty is more eloquent than words. Sounds drown the whisperings of conscience, and divert the mind from its own reflections. We say 'guilty,' because Edward did feel that in addressing the daughter of the black-smith unbeknown to his parents he had committed a much greater offence than in the practice of any of the grosser vices: so much is the mind warped by early education.

He stood in no fear of his mother, and knew her tenderness too well to dread any reproaches; and so he gave her an account of all that had happened since accident had made them acquainted. The confession relieved his mind and consoled his mortification.

‘Thank Heaven it is no worse!’ was the exclamation of the mother when he had finished.

‘And yet if you knew her, mother, I feel sure that you would not differ from me in taste.’

‘But her rank, Edward, her condition in life; how could you expect to introduce her into society? You with your pretty little wife would be the laughing-stock of the city.’

‘Yes, of the wives of men who were once cabin-boys and sailors, weavers and hatters, silver-smiths and waiters, for aught I know, but who now having become rich would deny to all others the very road to society their own husbands have travelled,’ said Edward, bitterly; ‘for it is to be presumed that our mushroom aristocracy can easily argue against themselves, when it is for their interest to do so.’

‘Your remark at least,’ said Mrs. Alford, ‘does not apply to *us*. Many people I know who move in our first circles are of very low origin. There is Mrs. Gross, a woman of low and vulgar mind, receives calls from the first people; and they say young Mr. Armer is really engaged to Miss Delia. But they are rich, and your father is very anxious to preserve the good will of Mr. Gross.’

‘And I say, thank Heaven for the news! for I really began to fear Miss Delia would make love to me,’ said Edward.

‘I think I can relieve you of all fear of that, by letting her know of your late proposal.’ The mother repented of her words as soon as they were uttered.

‘Mother!’ said the son imploringly.

‘Let it be forgotten, and henceforth never alluded to again,’ said Mrs. Alford; ‘but upon the condition that you never renew the application.’

‘I accept the condition,’ said Edward, glad that they had arrived at home.

The sentimental reader will here expect to find that Edward became negligent of his dress, lost his appetite, put on his hat hind-side before, and walked about with his head down, every day wasting away — thin, thinner; but we are bound to record that he grew fat, being more regular at dinner; that he became more dressy than ever, and dismissed the memory of Mary from his heart, with hardly an effort. If he had loved her he could not have done this; but he did not love her. He admired her; how could he help it? It was something new and novel, and he had nothing of consequence to think of; and beside, there was the excitement of secrecy to keep up the interest. When he professed his love he had no thoughts of marriage; a profession, a declaration was a part of the play in which he was engaged. He meant no harm; not so bad as that; but he intended no good, and the matter passed from his mind, and very soon was wholly forgotten. Therefore he was very glad to sail for Europe, a step by no means necessary to his safety,

which would open to him new objects of pleasure, beside gratifying his parents, who in advising this course seemed as if demanding a great sacrifice. Looney was the companion of his voyage: ostensibly his servant, to wake him, dress him, etc., etc.; but in reality, the mother would not consent to part with her son upon any other terms; for who could take care of him like Looney? If sick, who would nurse him like Looney? And the faithful fellow himself threw in, by way of a new inducement, that 'if Master Edward should find a watery pillow in the circumference of the wide Atlantic, he would bring them word of the accident by the first vessel that should illuminate her shrouds to the breezes.'

Mr. Alford consented to this additional expense with reluctance. He had lately met with losses of which his wife was unaware; money began to be an object with him, or he never would have courted the society of the Grosses. But when he considered the superior style of travelling with a servant, and what advantage this would give his son abroad, to say nothing of himself, it was decided that Looney should go.

Looney had promised the chamber-maid that he would keep a journal of his voyage; and here follow a few extracts from his note-book:

'Oct. 28. Mr. Looney McPherson and Mr. Edward Alford were transported on board the packet Decatur, bound for Liverpool. A very genteel combination of passengers; there seems a great supercargo of provisions on board; Mr. Edward's appetite pretty good to-day at dinner. Mem. His mother told me to reconnoitre his appetite; all the passengers in good spirits.

'Oct. 29 Passed the Light; the water looks dark and the hemisphere looks black with oracular clouds; appetite not so good to-day. Mr. Edward looks injected, but I hope he will turn out bright and luminous. All the passengers keep looking over the side of the vessel, as if they never saw the tumultuous, billowy ocean before.

'Oct. 30. All the passengers are home-sick I believe: I feel no appetite myself to-day; lost a beautiful breakfast; wish I was at home reading the home-department; how is the —? Oh dear! now I feel better: perhaps this will be the end of Looney. I feel as if I was trying to be turned inside out. Mr. Edward is confined to his berth all to-day. I can write no more. I advertise you never to sail on the curdled deep! Oh! Betty.

'Nov. 4. I feel as if I had been sent to purgatory. This is the first day for many I have seen Master Alford. We all look thin and pale: I am getting as hungry as a bear. I forgot my prayer-book, and felt insatiable about it, but now I don't miss it so much. Mr. Edward is very polite to-day to a young lady from New-York: her maid is not so infatuated as you are, but she is quite a suspicious person, and is very civil: she told me her mistress was a great landed propriety: she is as big as two of you and my mistress.'

We cannot longer follow the fortunes of our travellers, who arrived safely and in good flesh at their destined port. Too long

have we detained the reader from the sight of Tom Towley, whom we left engaged in shoeing a yoke of oxen for Squire Barker. In due time the Squire called for his oxen, and found them shod as they had never been shod on the Plains before. He endeavored to draw Tom into conversation, that he might bring Sally forward into his mind's eye, but it was in vain: the thoughts of the young blacksmith were too much occupied with another subject to heed him.

'I guess you'll be wanting some cheese or butter, Mister Towley. You take your pay in such matters, eh?'

'O yes, Squire; suit yourself about the pay, but I prefer cash. It's the cheapest way for buyer and seller. My old master used to say, that if we didn't keep books and accounts, the lawyers would have little work.'

'Well, I suppose he's more than half right; but Sally makes sich butter and cheese!'

'You may bring me a cheese, come to think of it; I believe mother wants one,' said Tom.

'Haden't you best come for it? Sally'll show you the whole dairy. You don't want a first-rate mare, do you?—good every way, in the plough, wagon, saddle, and before the cattle? She has only one fault.'

'What's that, Squire?'

'Why, Mister Towley, I may say it isn't a fault neither; on a muster day she'd be just the thing for a smart rider; the fact is she's so smart that she wants to canter both behind and before too.'

'Oh, she kicks, does she?'

'She wouldn't hurt a 'sketer if she knowed it, Mister; but she's dreadful frisky, 'specially when she hears music.'

'Well, Squire, I've got to go to Boston to-morrow, and if you like I'll take the mare and try her.'

'Have you? Why wo'n't you take my chaise and drive my gal to town? I wo'n't charge you a cent.'

'Thank you; I shall be in a hurry; must go early, and may not be home till late. You're very neighborly, and I'm much obliged to you, but I think I'd better try the beast first in her canters.'

'Ah, I see how it is. Now I think about, it I rather guess I shall want to use the mare to-morrow; you can try her some other time.'

'Never mind; you wo'n't forget the cheese?'

'Hang the fellow!' said the Squire, as he trudged off with his oxen, 'there's no catching him, no how. I never went so far before in my life. Offer him the use of my chaise too, all for nothing, to ride with the stoutest gal on the Plains! Let me see. There's Sally been to the expense of new shoes, ribbin, and a bottle of peppermint, and all for nothing! This is a bad bargain; but I'll come up with the youngster!'

Before Squire Barker was out of sight he was out of Tom's mind. One day had changed the whole face of things. As he sought rest and sleep, it was long before slumber came, so full was his mind of the anticipations of the morrow; but when he did close his eyes, he had such dreams as only the innocent and laborious know.

THE HEAVENLY VISITANT.

'BEHOLD, I stand at the door, and knock: if any man hear my voice, and open the door, I will come in to him, and will sup with him, and he with me.'

REVELATIONS, III. 20.

WELCOME, bright Guest of Heaven!
Lo! at the outward threshold of my door
I kneel to Thee, with grace unknown before;
Thy knock my heart hath riven!

I know Thee who Thou art!
Spirit of my ascended Lord and King!
Enter, possess, and rule! — Let me Thee bring
Within my heart of heart!

Take all I have to give:
My soul, redeem'd, forever be Thine own!
Forever, at the footstool of Thy Throne,
Thus let me gaze and live!

And art Thou here, at last?
Wilt Thou convert, accept, with me abide?
May I, to Thee, each grief, each hope confide?
Could'st Thou forgive the past?

This heart of guilt, of stone?
This wayward, fickle, contumacious soul?
And of my secret sins, the long, long Roll —
Could'st Thou for these atone? —

All power of Heaven is Thine!
Long have I known Thy glorious Works, oh Lord!
But them, not Thee, have worshipp'd and adored!
Now Thou, Thyself, art mine!

Spirit of God! bright Guest!
God of the Bible! of my inmost heart!
God of my pardon'd Soul! — In every part
My Comforter, my Rest!

Exceeding great Reward
Of Thine atoning Sacrificial Love!
How dost Thou raise my thoughts this world above,
Saviour, Deliverer, Guard!

Such, such Thou art to me!
Lo here, e'en here, within my inmost breast,
Reign Thou o'er all, and let me be Thy Guest,
And let me sup with Thee!

Assist Thy servant Lord
In holy converse bland to sup with Thee!
As face doth answer face, set each doubt free
By Thine own precious word.

Sublime each thought : the Soul,
 As leaven leaveneth the whole, restore
 To Life, till Love no Compass hath for more,
 And Heaven imbue the whole !

The whole, the whole be Thine !
 Vain Earth with all thy blandishments adieu !
 Bright Guest ! blest Host ! I feel Thy promise true
 And taste THE LIFE DIVINE !

JOHN WATERS.

L I N E S

TO A YOUNG AND ASPIRING FRIEND.

‘ WISDOM is oft times nearer when we stoop
 Than when we soar.’

WORDSWORTH.

I.

WOULDST thou soar ? Ambition’s pinion
 Like the eagle’s needs be strong,
 For the range of his dominion
 Is where clouds and tempests throng.

II.

Better choose the linnet’s station
 In the shade of lowly bowers,
 Where unruffled Meditation
 Sweetly broods among the flowers.

III.

True, bright skies are bending o’er thee,
 Hope’s gay vistas smile around,
 And the upward path before thee
 Seems with waving laurels crowned.

IV.

But so sure as skies are clouded,
 Sure as hope’s sweet blossoms fall,
 Shall thy future oft be shrouded
 By those glooms allotted all.

V.

But beyond this scene of trial,
 Change, disease and dark surmise,
 Heritage of self-denial,
 Faith a brighter world describes :

VI.

Where no ties are doomed to sever,
 No wild passion broods a care ;
 Where all tears are dried for ever ;
 Fix thy fond aspirings there !

W. F. F.

L I T E R A R Y N O T I C E S .

WHAT'S TO BE DONE? OR THE WILL AND THE WAY. By the author of 'Wealth and Worth.' New York: HARPER AND BROTHERS.

THESE tales may well be styled American, for in them American life is truly and graphically portrayed, and the structure of our society skilfully developed. A higher praise moreover belongs to them: their author is one of the favored few to whose eyes Nature has unveiled herself; who beneath the wrappings of unmeaning forms and cold conventionalisms sees the beating of the universal heart; who perceives in things common and familiar the soul of beauty, and who has power to make that soul visible to other eyes. We are quite sure that in the book before us the author lives and moves. Yet he is a 'tricksy sprite.' Could we but meet with 'Mounseer Mallet' or Mr. Bibb the grocer, we have no doubt but that from one of them we might obtain an introduction to him; for we are confident that he is intimately acquainted with the first of these gentlemen, and that he has often when a boy been treated by the last to oranges, almonds, seed-cakes and candies. We thought at one time that we had laid hands on him in the person of the generous, healthful-spirited painter, Franklin Stanford; but a careless, affectionate, brave, saucy young imp, called Frank Loveday, started up and made us believe for a time that, if not his very self, he had at least been intimately associated with him when he was a news-boy. One chapter in this work however has convinced us that both these impressions were erroneous. We are now disposed to believe that in the gentle but firm-spirited heroine, the truly womanly Ruth, the author may be recognized. Who but a woman could have so truly known and so faithfully interpreted the most powerful instincts of woman's nature?—instincts against which society has ever warred; instincts against which she has too often sinned herself, because falsely taught to regard them as 'holy and acceptable sacrifices,' when laid on the altar of her generous affections. As a lover of woman's pure nature we thank the author of this book for teaching her a truer, a higher and holier philosophy; for teaching her to regard the voice of these instincts as the voice of God; for teaching her that not even to save all she loves from death, has she a right to incur that living death, a marriage in which the heart has no share. No other writer we believe has ever so far emancipated himself from the trammels of social sophistry as clearly and without qualification to assert this great truth. Many a woman's heart we doubt not will rise up and

bless the source whence such strength has been imparted to the Holy within her. We share the belief of the writer, that the truths of this volume will be imperishable. But our faith extends farther. We believe that the form in which these truths are embodied will live; and we may hope that many kindred forms will arise through a liberal exercise of the same creative mind and plastic hand.

AN ADDRESS BEFORE THE ZELOSOPHIC SOCIETY OF THE UNIVERSITY OF PENNSYLVANIA. By ROBERT T. CONRAD. Philadelphia: The ZELOSOPHIC SOCIETY.

WE scarcely know which to admire the most in this admirable performance — the beauty of its language, the eloquence of its periods, and its frequent felicitous illustrations, or the independence, the fine manly spirit, and the convincing arguments, which are the characteristics of its noble inculcations. We shall justify our admiration with the reader and best fortify our opinion by proceeding at once to a few extracts. To those who have neglected early opportunities, which all the experience of after-life is inadequate to remedy, we commend the annexed eloquent passage :

‘It is too generally believed that a profound and comprehensive education is less necessary here than in Europe; but in no country are the objects of the intellect so lofty as here, and in no country should its aids be so ample. In Europe most men are educated for the rank in which they are born; they aim at a defined point in a defined sphere, and if they attain it, live and die there. Here the *strata* of society are pervious; and he who aspires must be fitted for all and rise through all. And he can do it. The deep spring of genius may have mountains cast upon it: chance will in some instances direct it to the surface, and even upon the mountain-top it will bubble up, sparkling in the first rays of the sun when the world below is yet darkened; or the slow process of industry may perforate the superincumbent mass until the spring of genius bursts as the water follows the earthquake, in glittering power and beauty to the day. In other lands genius may go down to the church-yard unhonored; here there is no spot shaded from the sun; and if the seed and soil be genial, the mind will burst, under the summer of equal freedom, into greenness. In a republic, at least in ours, every man is a public man; and this is not merely the theory of our society — it is the fact. Almost every superior intellect is connected directly or indirectly with the business of the republic.’

We are struck with the force of the author’s animadversions upon that class of misanthropists who, incapable of virtue themselves, teach that gratitude and friendship are but shadows; thus rebuking the generous impulses of the young, and chilling their honorable ardor. ‘There are few men,’ says Judge CONRAD, ‘without a remembrance of such counsels, shed like a mildew over the healthful spring-tide of the soul. The best economy of life is an economy of its friendships and good feelings. I am convinced that there is no error more lamentable than that which teaches a doubt that good is even here repaid with good, kindness with kindness, and love with love, to the uttermost.’ Observe the following delineation of a virtue least taught and most needed — true *courage*, as contradistinguished from the mere *daring* which brutes and cowards may often boast: ‘Men there be, and in high places, who boast courage for quarrelling without danger, as hares who skulk or flee all day, quarrel feebly among themselves by moonshine. The wars of such heroes are like the flickering of northern lights, in which the superstitious descry insubstantial armies in conflict — the courage of shadows. True courage is wise and well-tempered. The mind is its kingdom, and its reward is a consciousness over which fortune has no power. It is without temptation, for it knows no triumph that is not Truth’s; without terror, for the united world cannot wrench from its bosom the pride of worth and the delight of virtue.’

The following passage has additional interest in our eyes, from a knowledge of the fact that the gifted writer — one among the most eminent (and the youngest)

judges in the courts of the United States — is himself an example of the justice of his positions and the truth of his conclusions :

‘ The follies of fashion are the fruits of a tyranny which is feared while it is despised. Some there are who flutter in its light, and consider ‘ motley the only wear ’ to gratify the little throbbings of a childish vanity ; but the mass bow to its unreasonable decrees because they fear it. In dress and matters of a like character the concession is too trifling to be considered ; but there are other usurpations which cannot escape our contempt : as for instance the homage paid to wealth, even when won by acts which should link a shame to every dollar ; or to rank, though achieved by mean-nesses which render it a degradation ; or still worse, to the pride of family, a pride which cannot wander back to a grand-aire without stumbling over a tailor’s goose, a shoe-maker’s stall, or a black-smith’s anvil. I do not say that these pretensions, false any where, but absurd here, are respected ; but I do say that they are feared and cultivated, and that the unthinking mass of what is termed the ‘ *higher circle* ’ — and in this country no class thinks so little — regard these claims to homage with a deference not yielded abroad to the oldest blood that stagnates in the herald’s book.

‘ In professional life it assumes the shape of a domination of ranks, circles and cliques, who, attaining power by the force of association, seek to establish a professional peerage, and to frown down the young commoner, however gifted, who has not their seal to his aspirations. How many have, under the fear thus inspired, sunk into despondency ; how many burning and divine spirits have been extinguished, who can tell ? But the sceptre is broken. The spirit of the age has burst through the barrier which surrounded the professions, and now he who merits success may attain it. Still the ruins of that barrier are to be surmounted ; and the young adventurer, from false modesty (a frailty too often imprudently fostered, and the real ingredients of which are cowardice and vanity) often sinks at the outset before a rivalry which a brief season of exertion would teach him to despise. Let not the youthful candidate for professional eminence mistake the shuddering which repels him from the field which he has chosen. It is oftener vanity than modesty — a vanity which fears a failure to reach its own over-elevated standard ; or cowardice — a cowardice which shrinks from that of which it believes itself to be capable ; or a sluggishness, which though it would graciously accept the laurel were it twined by other hands around its drowsy brows, dares not strike or struggle for it. These weaknesses generally find a self-excuse. Were it not so, the clipped eagles whom we too often find in the humbler circles of the professions would long since have displaced the confident and oracular owls that heavily flap and flutter above them.’

We can add little to the commendation of this Address which the foregoing extracts carry with them. It remains only to remark, that they are parts of an equally felicitous whole, which is presented in an external dress of great neatness and beauty.

THE LIFE OF WILBUR FISK, D. D., FIRST PRESIDENT OF THE WESLEYAN UNIVERSITY. By JOSEPH HOLDICH. In one volume. pp. 455. New-York: HARPER AND BROTHERS.

To DEPICT correctly the diversified character of Dr. FISK, to trace his connection with the many important enterprises in which he was concerned ; to give to each of these its relative prominence and just proportion ; to adapt the work to the various classes in the community who might be supposed to take an interest in its subject ; and to present a just account of his share in the controversies in which he was engaged, without giving needless offence to those who differed from him, was a somewhat difficult task for the author of this volume ; but he seems faithfully to have performed it, and certainly to edification. Most of the leading enterprises of the day shared in the labors of Dr. FISK, and in several of them, as education, temperance, missions, and religion in general, he was looked up to as a controlling mind. He was eminently a practical man, and as such, his whole life was full of incident, relating either to the intellect or the heart. The biographer has presented a correct view of his subject’s labors in these several departments ; and has written a work that will hand down to posterity the memory of a gifted and pious mind, which will serve as a bright example to Christians ‘ *emulous of good works,*’ as well as to thousands yet unborn. The volume has the characteristic neatness of books from the press of the publishers, and is enriched with a very superior portrait on steel of its eminent subject.

EDITOR'S TABLE.

'AN OPIUM-EATER IN AMERICA.' — The reader's attention will be forcibly arrested by the extraordinary narrative thus entitled, in preceding pages. It is a veritable record, as may be gathered from the subjoined extract of a letter from B. W. M'CREADY, M. D., the gentleman to whose kindness we are indebted for the paper in question: 'Poor BLAIR, whose account of himself I send you, was brought to the City Hospital by a Baptist clergyman in 1835, at which time I was Resident Physician of the establishment. His wretched habit had at that time reduced him to a state of deplorable destitution, and he came to the hospital as much for the sake of a temporary asylum as to endeavor to wean himself from the vice which had brought him to such a condition. When he entered, it was with the proviso that he should be allowed a certain quantity of opium per day, the amount of which was to be slowly but steadily decreased. The dose he commenced with was eighty grains; and this quantity he would roll into a large bolus, of a size apparently too great for an ordinary person to swallow, and take without any appearance of effort. Until he had swallowed his ordinary stimulus he appeared languid, nervous, and dejected. He at all times had a very pale and unhealthy look, and his spirits were irregular; although it would be difficult to separate the effects produced by the enormous quantity of opium to which he had been accustomed from the feelings caused in a proud and intellectual man by the utter and irretrievable ruin which he had brought upon himself. Finding him possessed of great information and uncommon ability, I furnished him with books and writing materials, and extended to him many privileges not enjoyed by the ordinary patients in the wards. Observing that he — as is common with most men of a proud disposition who have not met with the success in the world which they deem due to their merits — had paid great attention to his own feelings, I was desirous of having an account written by himself of the effects which opium had produced upon his system. On my making the request, he furnished me with the memoir of himself now in your possession. His health at this time was very much impaired. I had been in the habit of giving him orders upon the apothecary for his daily quantum of opium; but when the dose had been reduced to sixteen grains, I found that he had counterfeited the little tickets I gave him, and thus often obtained treble and quadruple the quantity allowed. After this of course, although I felt profoundly sorry for the man, the intercourse between us was only that presented by my duty. Shortly afterward he disappeared from the hospital

late at night, taking with him my pocket-book, which contained what was to me a considerable sum of money. When this was gone, he wrote me a long letter, ascribing his act to frenzy, etc., and imploring me not to prosecute him. I have since met him several times in the streets; but for the last three or four years I have neither seen nor heard of him. With his habits it is scarcely probable that he still survives. Poor fellow! He furnishes another melancholy instance of the utter inefficiency of mere learning or intelligence in preserving a man from the most vicious and degrading courses. He had neither religion nor moral principle; and that kind of gentlemanly feeling which from association he did possess, only made him feel more sensibly the degradation from which it could not preserve him.' We have before us the ms. of '*The Fratricide's Death*,' the poetical rhapsody mentioned by the Opium-Eater, written while he was in a state of corporeal sleep but intellectual activity, after reading the 'Confession' of the Fratricide, published by the priest who attended him in his last moments. It is a powerful and altogether remarkable production, of which the reader will hear more hereafter. We have four or five other inferior poems from the same hand, including one or two in Latin. They are interesting and curious as the *disjecta membra* of a wild and maddened imagination, rioting in its own unreal world; and we shall recur to them again when time and space shall serve.

EXHIBITION OF THE NATIONAL ACADEMY OF DESIGN. — It was our intention in the present number to have continued a notice, somewhat in detail, of this exhibition; but 'the crowded state of our pages,' as the daily journalists have it, rendered this *impossible*, before we discovered that it was too late to obviate the difficulty. We had adverted, and most reluctantly omit the reference, to 'The Woodsawyer,' No. 44, a capital thing by C. E. WEIR; 'The Sibyl,' a graceful cabinet-picture by Mr. C. G. THOMPSON, (who by the way should have sent his excellent portraits of Mr. WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT and lady;) No. 11, 'Portrait of a Gentleman,' by Mr. BLONDELL, which is not only well painted, but is a speaking likeness of the original; No. 15, a portrait by Mr. L. P. CLOVER, Jr., a young artist, whose improvement is very marked; these, with several other productions, both of the palette and chisel, which we find signalized in pencil on the margin of our catalogue, we are compelled for the present to pass unheralded. Incidental allusion however we shall hope to make hereafter to the character of some of those which live in our memory.

DRAMATIC DOINGS, ETC. — As a general remark, it may be said that there has been during the month 'little stirring but stagnation' in matters strictly theatrical. At the PARK, the main 'feature' has been the *last* reëpearance of Mademoiselle FANNY ELSSLER, previous to her departure for 'la belle France,' a country which we cis-Atlantic humans have been taught to believe is waiting for her presence with a patience quite characteristic but very irrepressible. We have nothing new to chronicle of this artist's success. At the BOWERY, Herr DRIESBACH has repeatedly exhibited to large and astonished audiences his wonderful power over lions, leopards, and tigers; harnessing them to war-cars, caressing them in their cages, and employing them in *tableaux vivants*, in company with the ladies of the establishment. The whole exhibition was of a very remarkable and exciting character. At the CHATHAM, Mr. FORREST has been through his accustomed round of the SHAKSPERIAN characters: Lear, Hamlet, Othello, Macbeth, and the rest. The accessions to the treasury department evinced the stability of this native artist's popularity. NIBLO'S GARDEN, the most pleasant

summer resort of the entire metropolis, after having been thoroughly renewed and elaborately beautified, was reopened on the first of June. The *RAVELS*, with important additions to their corps, have delighted the town in pantomime and their graceful tight-rope and gladiatorial performances. Of the theatrical representations (which alternate with these and admirable pyrotechnic displays by Mr. EDGE) we need only say that they are presented under the supervision of Mr. CHIPPENDALE, who beside being himself a most accomplished and various actor, is acknowledged to be one of the best stage-managers in America.

GOSSIP WITH READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS. — Many of our metropolitan readers will recognize in the following extract from a letter dated 'Paris, April 2,' the hand of a distinguished friend and correspondent, now sojourning abroad with his family in search of health, which we are glad to learn is well-nigh restored. The incidental allusion to the national contentment should not be lost upon our ever-bustling, striving, hurrying countrymen. The man who, amid the seductions of wealth and the blandishments of fortune, can limit his desires to his means; 'untrammelled by ambition, undeterred by fear of failure; who neither aspires to be great nor fears to be humble,' is a happy man; and such is your true Frenchman: 'I see many things around me to stir inquiry and meditation; but I have scarcely put any thoughts into form. Nay, and 'what to think?' is a question not easily settled. It is a strange thing to live in a strange land, and it requires some time and no little fairness of mind to see things through a natural medium. For instance, with regard to that foremost question of all, the national character; this or that people's experimenting on happiness, or the great and ultimate ends of life — what results are obtained? — what am I to learn from the spectacle of this national life and manner of being? — it is not easy to come to a conclusion. I think however that the French have one thing to teach us. They take things more easily than we do; they turn little things, little enjoyments, little means of every sort, to better account. They are not so anxious, so ambitious as we are. There sits a tailor opposite my window: every day and all day he sits cross-legged on his table; fat and comfortable is he; no thought in his mind of being a great man or a rich man. He buys no stocks, he builds no air-castles. His 'little life is rounded with' — his elbow. But then these French people seem to me singularly to lack all view to the ultimate ends of being. The little things of every day occupy them. They light like butterflies upon every flower; but there is no eagle-flight into the depths of heaven. My impression is, that there is more moral, spiritual, far-reaching life in one of our villages than in forty of their's. As to the state of education here: M. GUIZOT is the author of a noble system, which must eventually produce immense results. Already there are forty-two thousand five hundred and seventeen primary schools in operation in this country, which you will see is one school for every seven hundred of the population; beside a splendid system of college and university education. There are in France three hundred and sixty-one colleges, fifty-six Normal schools, and of private schools one thousand two hundred and forty-four. But I have no space for farther details — nor generalities either, for that matter, since my sheet is full. We expect to leave here for Switzerland about the first of June.' . . . Our poetical Dutch swain of Northumberland, Pennsylvania, who when

— 'de sun vas gone down just behind de Blue Mountain,
Und left de dark night to come on once again,'

'shtumped along' the twilight landscape, 'just to see vonce his KATY,' has a true touch of the poetry of nature and of affection, when he exclaims, in the fulness of his honest and loyal heart:

'Oh shweet is de lily, mit its prown-yellow ploom,
Und so is de meadow, all covered mit green!
But noding 's so sweet, nor yet sticks in my posom,
Like sweet liddel KATY, vat lives on de plain.
She 's paahful as any — like her dere 's not many!
She 's niedler high-larnt, nor yet fooliah nor vain;
Und he 's a great villain, mitout any feelin',
Dat would hurt liddel KATY vat lives on de plain!'

This is the poetry of nature and of passion; but the subjoined is an attempt to illustrate the poetry of the practical, in a cotton-factory — no mean theme either, by the way, amid the whizzing of 'a thouzen wheals' and the 'rumberling of merchenery.' 'Hast thou heard,' says CARLYLE, 'with sound ears, the awakening of a Manchester at half-past five by the clock in the morning; the rushing off of its thousand mills, like the boom of an Atlantic tide; ten thousand times ten thousand spools and spindles all set humming there? It is perhaps, if thou knew it well, sublime as a Niagara, or

more so.' An independent minstrel, of the second sex, while 'in a state of strike' for higher wages at a Lowell cotton-factory, has in the following lines gone somewhat into the detail of Mr. CARLYLE's graphic and characteristic sketch, and given us incidentally the *modus operandi* of cotton-spinning. The lines of poetry should always begin with capital letters: hence we have ventured to make the following conform to the rule; although the writer's ms. is altogether against customs of this sort; there being *no* capital letters save those which are interspersed throughout the main body of the matter. The orthography is verbatim:

COME all you girls of lowell,
He give you to understand
That I am a goin to leave this place,
And return to my nativ land.

Sence they hav Cut their wages down
At nine shillings a week;
And if I Cant do no better then that
Some other place He seek.

No more He Cerry my bobbing up,
No more He Cerry them down;
No more He ask my over sear
Ma I go out of town.

No more He wash my flower
Down in the weavers' room;
No more He ask my overseer
May I stay out this noon.

While in their sable shades of night,
With Curtings round our heads,
The Wachmon Coils, the lamp is broght
To light us from our beads.

Then we arise and all prepare
To recev Corporeal food;
While some Complain, and others say
That theirs are rich and good.

The factery bell begins to ring,
And we must all obey;
And each their own employment mind,
Or else be turned away.

We then into the Carding room
With chearful harts ingage
To labor in the dust and dirt,
The youth of every age.

And now the gate is histed hi,
The water swiftly flows;
And each to their one station moves,
And all the merchenery goes!

The rumbling wheals and rattling bands
All in succession roles;
The regulator swiftly moves,
That regulates the whole.

It is a wonder how that man
Cud such merchenery make;
A thouzen wheals in union moves
Without the least merstake!

The bales of Cotten soon are braught
And from the picker floas;
Swift threw the Cards and brakens Com,
And to the speder goes.

With flight the speder flies!
Tis pleasing to behold
The ropin round the bobbing—
One half can neer be told!

The next we no the Spinners Coils
For ropin to be broght;
Its Carrid from the Cardin room
And on the spindle Caught.

WE shall hope ere long to be able to avail ourselves of the proposed paper from the pen of a Southern correspondent, who writes us that having been interested by the articles in the *KNICKER-BOCKER* on the *Antiquities of America*, he has been inquiring minutely into the subject; and to concentrate the information thus obtained, correct his own conjectures, and arrive at some definite opinions respecting the Ruins in Central America, he has committed his acquisitions to paper, and endeavored to reconcile and correct the opinions of others in which he could not concur. 'In pursuing this inquiry,' he adds, 'I think I have established the locality of Tula in Southern Tartary, the former residence of the Tultecs, previous to their expulsion; also the neighborhood in which they probably crossed over to America, bringing with them the Christian religion, as still professed by the Nestorian church in Mesopotamia; that the Chicmecas and Aztecs who came to Mexico five hundred years after the Tultecs were originally from the Caspian Sea and Mount Caucasus, a part of the war-like family of Cush; that they passed through Siberia, over Behring's Straits, and erected the numerous military defences found north of the Ohio river; and that theirs is the Itinerary, or Map of a Polemic Journey from the Straits to the Valley of Mexico, published by DELAFIELD; that the Delawares and Iroquois, who united to expel the Chichemecas from their cities and strongholds north of the Ohio, also crossed at Behring's Straits, but were the untutored savages of the north in Siberia, and retain to this day most of the characteristics of the northern Tartars.' These suggestions are pregnant with interest. . . . 'Here is a joke,' says an obliging friend, in an envelope to the following, 'which is not to be found in any edition of JOSEPHUS MILLERIUS; and I am willing to qualify before a commissioner that it is neither new-vamped nor an imitation:'

'BOBBY dear,' said the kind-hearted Mrs. M. to her youngest darling, a forward little gentleman of ten years, 'run over and ask how old Mrs. S. is—that's a man.'

So little Bobby picked himself up and proceeded with becoming gravity to the house of Mrs. S.; and upon entering the parlor he found the old lady convalescent, and sitting in her easy-chair. He appeared somewhat embarrassed, and spoke not a word; but Mrs. S. offered him some ginger-nuts and began talking to him, until his shame-facedness wore off. At length he mustered courage to execute his commission, but with an instinctive delicacy, truly Chesterfieldian: he looked down upon the carpet with his pretty young eyes, while he said: 'Mrs. S., my mother wishes to know how old you are.'

'Why bless your mother's heart, child!' replied the old lady, 'she knows my age as well as I do; but tell her I am seventy-two as ever was this very spring.'

Back ran Bobby to his mother, and delivered the old lady's reply.

'Why, what in the name of wonder,' exclaimed Mrs. M., 'made Mrs. S. send me such an answer?'

'Why mother,' said Bobby, in his innocent manner, 'did n't you tell me to go and ask how old Mrs. S. was?'

It is amusing sometimes to remark the sensitiveness of an envious literary non-producer, touching the indifference with which the public regard his querulous fault-findings. We have a pleasant case in point. Some months since a writer of this class in the '*Southern Literary Messenger*' endeavored, with abundant but very thankless labor, to prove that Mr IRVING made no researches for his 'Life of COLUMBUS,' but that without acknowledgment he stole his materials ready prepared to his hand from a 'Collection of Voyages' by NAVARETTE, a Spanish author. This highly *probable* statement of course excited little attention. Doubtless seeing at once its drift, few readers of the '*Messenger*' gave the article any farther thought; for we remember to have received some months after its appearance an anonymous letter from the South, (could it have been from the critic-man himself?) calling our attention to the awful exposé, and suggesting that Mr. IRVING ought to know how his reputation had been demolished, and the public how wofully they had been deceived. But we had good grounds for sharing the indifference of the public, in our knowledge of Mr. WASHINGTON IRVING, and of the services of his deceased brother, PETER IRVING, who was with him in Spain, and who labored so long and so assiduously for him in the archives of that nation. Hence we dismissed the matter from our mind entirely, until advised by the same critical *Nil-Admirari*, in the '*Messenger*' for May, that as nobody had thought it worth while to assail his position, he considered the truth of his charge conceded; especially moreover as time enough had elapsed for some obscure Spanish newspaper to 'take the cold scent and join in the bay.' We shall take present occasion — perhaps in our next number — to puncture the bladder which our self-complacent critic has inflated. But speaking of Mr. IRVING: our readers will be glad to learn that at the last advices our excellent friend and sometime correspondent was in fine health and spirits. On landing in England, he was invited to a public dinner at Liverpool, which he declined, in a letter replete with characteristic feeling, modesty, and good taste. He prolonged his stay in London, by reason of a special invitation to the QUEEN's 'Masque;' since which we find him welcomed with distinguished honor to entertainments given by many eminent persons among the nobility of England. At the Literary Fund Dinner, at which PRINCE ALBERT presided, Mr. IRVING was present. A cordial tribute was paid to his character and genius, which he acknowledged in a few brief but pertinent remarks. A Madrid correspondent of the London *Times* newspaper states that 'the appointment of Mr. IRVING as Minister to Spain, is hailed with lively satisfaction by the people of that country.' . . . No, we *cannot* 'guess the drift' of 'S. D. A.'s '*Polyphemian Auctioneer*.' The writer has left us to infer that he intended to be humorous. Indeed his hints to this effect amount to a declaration. But we are in the dark as to the evidence; and find ourselves in the position of the luckless wight, who after dining with GEORGE FREDERICK COOKE, was called upon by that celebrated tragedian, while so overcome with wine as scarcely to be able to sit at his own table, to define certain passions, as he should represent them by his 'power of face.' A misconception or two of his maudlin grimaces, such as mistaking the expression of fear for that of anger, and of sympathy for jealousy, etc., threw COOKE into a terrible rage. 'Look again, Sir!' he exclaimed, in a terrific voice; and he now made up a hideous face, compounded of malignity and the leer of a drunken satyr, which he insisted upon being guessed; and his friend, trembling for the consequences of another mistake, hesitatingly pronounced it to be Revenge. 'Despite o'erwhelm thee!' cried COOKE, in a burst of tragic passion; '*Revenge!* Curse your stupidity. That was *Love!* LOVE! you drivelling idiot! Can't you see it's love?' And here he attempted to repeat the inexpressible expression, with an effect so heightened by extra distortion, that his guest burst from the apartment in a roar of laughter, no longer repressed through fear of his host's violence. We could n't be tempted ('we learn in conclusion') to solve the character of 'The Polyphemian Auctioneer' in the presence of the writer, if he were at all in the Cambyzes vein. . . . We shall give an early place to the paper on '*National and Domestic Architecture*.' The latter branch, especially, is at this moment exciting much attention among our citizens. It is with pleasure that we frequently encounter, in the dwellings of persons emulous in matters of taste and refinement, examples of decorative embellishment which have hitherto been almost unknown to the country; apartments finished in the beautiful *renaissance* style of LOUIS QUATORZE, or the Elizabethan or Tudor-gothic, or other orders, more ancient or more modern, but all involving the most harmonious and beautiful designs of interior decoration, at large and in detail; designs that task continually the great good taste and experienced skill of our accomplished and chief artist in this kind, Mr. GEORGE PLATT, whose rooms in Spruce-street are the resort of all tasteful and *vertuous* denizens. Great wealth is not required for an enjoy-

ment of these admirable accessories ; but only taste, an appreciation of the beautiful in the antique, and the *disposition* to contribute from unemployed means something toward the advancement of art and refinement in household architecture. . . . We are reluctant to speak of ' *Hamlet and the Ghost of his Father*,' farther than to say that ' the piece ' has not the ghost of a chance of being inserted in the KNICKERBOCKER ; but we must be permitted to add to this brief verdict the remark, that if the writer really ' has some *éclat* at home as a poet,' he would do well to husband his narrow fame, and not let even his mother know that he is out in the world of literature. Especially must we counsel him against attempting to improve upon SHAKSPERE. That respectable writer's version of HAMLET's interview with the ghost of the old gentleman is a clever piece of description, as it stands ; and we cannot help thinking that the original sketch of Prince HAMLET is not far short of the following :

' And now he pensive sate,
All thoughtful and sedate,
Within his darkened room ;
And not a sound
Did murmur round,
Amid the deep'ning gloom ;
His princely hand was placed upon
His noble brow that clearly shows

With god-like beauty's bloom.
There as he sate, he saw
A sight that thrilled with awe
His stout and valiant heart.
Now see him start !
And terror-stricken gaze !
And his keen eyes in wonder, raise
Their rolling lids apart !'

What ensues, it is sufficient to say, is fully equal to the foregoing. It is certainly no better, and we need not add that it is no worse. We are speaking under the rose to our correspondent, the paternity of his piece being entirely safe with us. He must pardon us therefore for enforcing through him a lesson upon other aspirants, who with a temerity miscalled boldness not unfrequently enter upon hallowed ground, and in bold paraphrase seem to ' make the sweet swan of Avon cackle like a goose.' . . . ' *The Hard-Hearted Merchant* ' we should hope is *not* an ' ower-true tale ; ' for such an American RALPH NICKLEBY would be a curse to any community. When however we see one of his business-class opposing the petition of an honest but unfortunate insolvent, on the ground that he possesses an interest in a burial-place for his family, which should be considered ' property ' under the law — when we see *this*, we can scarcely marvel at *any* ' hard-heartedness.' *Who was it* that lately opposed a poor bankrupt petitioner in this liberal city, on this inhuman, contemptible ground ? Let his name be known ; it will not cease to be remembered. . . . It is barely possible that the ' *Domestic Tale* ' of our friend at Harrisburgh, (Pa.) may be worthy a place in the KNICKERBOCKER ; but there are so many ' *bad points* ' about it that we cannot decide. Fearful apparently of giving us trouble in punctuation, the writer has placed a comma at the end of almost every word, including conjunctions, and articles definite and indefinite ! The sense therefore seems sparse. We were reminded by unavoidable cross-readings of the passage from a cheap Bible which was wofully perverted in the rendering by a verdant country clergyman, and all by reason of a misplaced comma : ' And the old man said unto his sons, ' Saddle me the ass ; ' and they saddled him.' Elaborate punctuation of some careless printer altered the matter entirely : ' And the old man said unto his sons, ' Saddle *me*, the ass ; and they saddled *him* ! ' By the way, speaking of saddles and asses ; that was not a bad anecdote which we heard the other day from the lips of an accomplished divine. The eccentric ROWLAND HILL, among the numerous religious notices which it was his custom to read every Sabbath after service, once delivered the following : ' A humble partaker in CHRIST desires to know why brother HILL finds it necessary to ride to church in a sumptuous carriage, when his divine MASTER never rode any where, except on an ass ? ' Upon which pious inquiry, ' brother HILL,' shoving up his spectacles on his forehead, and with an air of great humility, thus commented : ' I would say, in answer to my humble brother, that I *have* a carriage, but no beast such as our MASTER rode. However, if my worthy brother will present himself at the door of my dwelling on next Lord's-day, ready saddled and bridled, I will ride *him* to church ! ' . . . But for certain *doubting* passages which we have not felt ourselves authorized to strike out, and which we should reluct at publishing, ' *What am I, and Whither am I Going ?* ' would have appeared in the present issue. Would that the writer could know how nearly his pensive thoughts touched us ! — for we read his *ms.* on the anniversary evening of a day that we can never forget. But the solemn lessons of life may be fruitful of good. It is *well* to remember that DEATH is continually walking the rounds of a great city, and that sooner or later he will stop at every man's door. ' Generation after generation,' says an eloquent modern writer, ' have felt as *we* feel, and their fellows were as active in life as ours are now. They passed away as a vapor, while Nature wore the same aspect of beauty as when her Creator commanded her to be. And so likewise shall it be when we are gone ! The heavens will be as bright over our graves as they are now around our path ; the world will have the same attraction for offspring yet unborn that she had once for ourselves, and that she has now for our children. Yet a little while, and all this will have happened ! The throbbing heart will be stilled, and

we shall be at rest. Our funeral will wind on its way, and the prayers will be said, and the grave-cloths will be thrown in, and our friends will all return, and we shall be left behind to darkness and the worm. And it may be that for some short time we shall be spoken of; but the things of life will creep in, and our name will soon be forgotten. Days will continue to move on, and laughter and song will be heard in the very chamber in which we died; and the eye that mourned for us will be dried, and will glisten again with joy; and even our children will cease to think of us, and will not remember to lisp our name.' Then shall we have become, in the touching language of the Psalmist, 'forgotten and clean out of mind!' . . . 'C. P.'s delicacy of censure, though honorable to him, would have been lost upon his subject, who is now himself ashamed of the performance alluded to. We took occasion to show him the *critique*, and his reply led to an illustration which we shall venture to repeat: A very kind, benevolent old gentleman, during the reverses of 1837, was in his emergency fain to accept the office of notary to one of our banks. But at first his sensitive heart found it a sore task to call upon his old acquaintances and former business-associates, to inform them that their notes were protested, and their credit gone—that severest blow to a high-spirited New-York merchant; and it was his custom to call the party aside, as if for 'some confidence with him,' and in a low tone to advise him privately that 'doubtless through the carelessness of a clerk or some accidental omission' his note had been protested. He was at length cured of his delicate fastidiousness. Calling one day upon an eminent house, with the protest of a note for an immense sum, he entered into a very pleasant general conversation with the partners; and when he could gossip agreeably no longer, he beckoned one of them tenderly aside, informed him of his 'little errand that he had like to have forgotten,' and added in a confidential consolatory tone: 'Of course, it's some mistake.' 'A mistake!' exclaimed the other; 'not a bit of it! *It's a reg'lar-built be'st!*' The notary, who had generously supposed that 'something was wrong,' found it all right—and left. . . . There are two phrases in common use, which we have been glad to see rebuked; the first by Sir WALTER SCOTT, who in one of his letters tells his son never to apologize for any thing inconsistent with the character of a gentleman, on the plea of being '*disguised with wine*;' since it should rather be considered that he is disguised when sober, if when he ceases to be so he no longer acts a part, but forgets himself, and falls into his natural character. The other phrase is like unto it; to wit, that such an one '*can be a gentleman when he pleases*.' Mr. LEVER has animadverted with just severity upon this oft-repeated yet very erroneous remark:

'He who can be a gentleman when he pleases, never pleases to be any thing else. Circumstances may and do every day in life throw men of cultivated minds and refined habits into the society of their inferiors; but while with the tact and readiness that is their especial prerogative they make themselves welcome among those with whom they have few if any sympathies in common, yet never by any accident do they derogate from that high standard which makes them gentlemen. So on the other hand the man of vulgar tastes and coarse propensities may simulate, if he be able, the outward habitudes of society, speaking with practiced intonation and bowing with well-studied grace; yet he is no more a gentleman in his thought or feeling than is the tinselled actor who struts the boards the monarch his costume would bespeak him. This being the '*gentleman when he likes*' is but the mere *performance* of the character. It has all the smell of the orange-peel and the foot-lights about it, and never can be mistaken by any one who knows the world.'

THE '*Essay on Soups*' is from a pretender, who ridicules what he does not understand. The writer must have fallen lately upon a potage compounded after the model mentioned by MARRYAT; 'four pails of water to a turnip;' probably at some place where it was succeeded by a '*ragout de chat*' or a '*filet de cheval*,' closing with bad maraschino—the only thing served that was warm, except the butter and the water. We once encountered such a 'French establishment,' but its class is not to be confounded with the numerous delightful houses in town, at any one of which we would venture to dissipate the most inveterate prejudice against the Gallic cuisine. . . . Has not the friend to whom we are indebted for '*The Conversationist, a Sketch*,' a remembrance of certain gossip of our own upon the identical theme he has chosen?—and handled, we must say, with equal truth and cleverness. We lay aside our new contributor's communication for the reason here indicated; but not without desiring him to understand that we cordially agree and sympathize with him from our own 'experiences.' There are few things more irksome than to hear an inflated intellect dole forth without stint its preparation of 'words, words,' to the exclusion of others who could talk to general edification, but for the *cacoëthes loquendi* of one man, who, forgetting that conversation is a property in common, from which no one person has a right to eject his neighbor, has the paltry ambition, bad taste, and worse manners, to keep his thin stream of garrulity flowing 'without retiring ebb.' Your third-rate author is sometimes an offender of this sort, whose '*flashes of silence*' are in greater estimation than the scintillations which he flatters himself he is throwing off, to the great admiration of his tired auditors. We agree with POOLX, that if Methusaleh had been con-

demned often to listen to one of these *Thugs* of society, for any enjoyment of social existence he might as well have been cut off at the premature age of two hundred and fifty. . . . We should very much like to know what '*Genessee*' (he must be one of the *Genessee Flats*) has seen in our pages that has caused him to infer that we are 'not so good an *American* since our return as we once were.' A little specification would not be amiss. We have never travelled abroad except with Hood's school-mistress, on the map; skipping from a blue continent to a green one, crossing a pink isthmus, traversing a red, black or yellow sea, and landing on a purple island. In this easy way we have ascended dotted rivers, and sojourned at the blots of capital cities; but we have never found our '*Americanism*' lessened by these paper '*incidents of travel*,' nor by any other cause, that we are aware of. '*Genessee*' probably *assumed* his conjecture, to elicit an '*American feeling*' for his lines, which may be sufficiently '*national*' in sentiment, but certainly have little else to recommend them. . . . The following amusing picture of the manner in which poetical illusion may be '*murdered*' worse than any play, by going behind the scenes of a play-house, is from '*The World we Live in*.' The writer is on his way to the green-room of a London theatre:

'Saluting with profound respect a group of gentlemen with pallid and rather sallow faces, in whom we thought we saw kings, ghosts, bandits, conspirators, and what not, in undress, we entered the house: groping our way through a series of dark labyrinthine passages, sprinkled with saw-dust, and draped with festoons of cobwebs fancifully disposed, we came at length upon a strange portentous vault, fitted with racks, wheels, pulleys, hawsers, and divers instruments of torture: surely, thought we, these are the Tartarean shades of the theatre, where ghosts, dramatic and melo-dramatic, sprites, bottle and other imps, are condemned to inhabit. While pondering upon the uses of the intricate machinery, an ethereal being, clothed in white, who we were informed represented an attendant spirit, entered, engaged in conversation with a gnome in a blue paste-board head-piece, with saucer eyes, who was engaged busily in eating bread and cheese with radishes, of which the attendant spirit readily partook. Going up stairs, we were detained by a violent altercation between Jupiter, who was gorgeously dressed with a magnificent gilt-paper crown and gems of real paste, and one of the carpenters charged with having fastened a bunch of shavings to the Thunderer's rear, thereby exposing the Majesty of Olympus to the mockery of vulgar mortals: the culprit to our unfeigned horror addressed the father of the gods in a most irreverent manner, inviting him to proceed immediately to a certain place which we had till now understood was tenanted, not by the gods, but by gentlemen of the opposite benches! At the top of the stair stood Mercury, his *caduceus* in one hand and a pot of porter in the other: we have heard of

'The herald Mercury
New lighted on a heaven-kissing hill,'

but Mercury with a pot of porter was a novelty. Endeavoring to pass between the messenger of Jove and the wall, we happened to strike against the thunder — a thin plate of sheet-iron hanging to a nail in the wall, emitting at our touch an awful sound; close by, an imp was grinding a white substance, which we were told was powdered lightning. Passing toward the *flat*, by which you are to understand the scene crossing the middle of the stage, those at either side being termed *wings*, a carpenter tapped our shoulder, expressing his pleasure at our arrival, and intimating his readiness to accept the customary '*footing*,' as he called it, of a gallon of beer.'

We omit the sketch of the green-room and its occupants; for '*where ignorance is bliss 't is folly to be wise*;' and many of our readers are theatre-goers, and need to husband all their dramatic romance. . . . Touching the '*Stanzas*' by '*MARY*,' in '*her excellent white bosom these*,' as SHAKESPEARE saith: '*We read her lines on a seething June day, sitting in shadow on the south porch of the HAMILTON HOUSE, that enchanting mansion at the ocean-entrance of the Narrows, with every thing around most persuasive and alluring. The 'summer zephyrs cooled their fainting wings' as we read: we enjoyed, and as we enjoyed, we decided. Briefly, therefore, yes — and in the next number, if possible. The 'humorous piece' enclosed, from a friend of the writer, is however declined. He may be 'an odd fish'; but if he be not a lover, we would whisper in 'MARY's' ear that he is as 'flat as the flattest of the flounder fry.' Alas! 'how many birds of Jove, who think they have power to wing an eagle's flight 'with an eye that never winks and a pinion that never tires,' are found, upon making trial, to be grievously afflicted with the *pip*, and marvellously weak in the pen-feather!*' . . . We *rather* like the '*Fragments from a New-York Lawyer's Port-Folio*;' but our professional friend in Georgia now occupies this peculiar field; and by the by, as he is a poet, we must ask him what he thinks of the argument of the author of '*Poetry of Law and Law of Poetry*,' wherein it is contended that '*a poem is an action, and a long (often tedious) action. Thus the 'Iliad' is an action of assault and battery brought by the Greeks against the Trojans; the 'Gerusalemme' an action of ejection brought by the Christians to recover possession of the Holy city from the Pagans; and the 'Æneid' a suit in Heaven's Chancery in which JUNO is plaintiff and ÆNEAS and others defendants.*' . . . MATTHEWS, the comedian, used to mention, as characteristic of what he called '*American Politeness*,' the reply of a man to whom he said, inquiringly, late one dark and stormy night in Broadway, '*Friend, I wish to go to Mur-*

ray-street?' Ejecting a huge tobacco-quid as he passed on without stopping, the 'friend' answered: 'Well, why the h—ll *do n't* you go to Murray-street? I hain't got no objection!' It must have been this gruff personage who recently answered the morning salutation of a friend in this wise: 'How do you do, Mr. SMITH?' 'Do *what*?' 'Why, how do you find yourself?' 'I never *lose* myself.' 'Well, how have you *been*?' 'Been?'—'been *where*?' 'Psha! How do you *feel*?' 'Feel of me, and see.' 'Good morning, Mr. SMITH.' 'It's *not* a good morning; it's infernally wet and nasty. A '*good morning!*' I *like* that!' And the parties separated . . . We acknowledge the affectionate epistle of '*Candor*.' His signature is in capital keeping with the frank and open character of an anonymous note! For the rest, '*Chacun d son goût*.' The very paper he condemns has elicited cordial praise from many journals. We commend '*Candor*' to the '*Society for the Suppression of Ad-vice*.' . . . '*None of your Business!*' is the rather startling title adopted by a correspondent for an essay, in which he avers that in a mixed company of Americans, of any class, engaged in a general conversation, he can in half an hour, from the terms employed, gather the business, occupation, or profession of each. He would inculcate therefore a more general '*sinking of the shop*.' We do not agree with him. Let there be no *standard* for general conversation. We greatly delight to hear a man illustrate his thoughts in his own way, and by similes the most natural to him; and if derived from his business, so much the better. 'You goin' to the Chatham to-night, to see KIRBY pile up the agony in Damon?' said a fat red-cheeked youth in our hearing the other night, as he stopped a similar-looking lad in the street; 'be you goin', or hain't you got *the tin*?' 'Hain't I got it? be Jeeze! I sold *forty bladders* yesterday, an' I'm a-goin' to the Butcher's Ball! Chatham be d—d!' The speaker's occupation was explained by his business-illustration of '*raising the wind*;' and we rather fancy that it was just as well, barring of course the profanity, as if his reply had been given in more dainty phrase. Boz understands *such* 'conversations.' . . . We have felt a glow of honest pride while looking through the sheets which compose the present number of the KNICKER-BOCKER. The types are all entirely new, and we flatter ourselves, of an admirable 'cut' and finish. We may hope indeed for the assurance of our readers that in *all* respects the force of 'that first appeal which is to the *eye*' needs no enhancement at our hands. . . . 'T. C. M.' may not be aware of the fact, but a portion of his affecting story resembles quite too nearly parts of GOETHE'S '*Faust*.' The closing scene, if we rightly remember, between MARGARET and FAUST, is replete with the most touching pathos. She takes the 'dear hand' of her lover, and tells him where she wishes to be buried—how the graves, those 'abiding-places of sorrow,' are planned in her mind; the best place for her mother, and by her side her brother; '*me*,' she adds, 'a distance off, but I pray thee, not *too* wide; and place my baby on my right breast. To have lain by *thy* side would have been my joy, but that can no more be!' . . . 'Life in Hayti,' an article from our friend 'POLYGON,' 'The Countess,' by 'G. B.,' an article on 'The Arts,' by 'M. S. C.,' 'The Indian Wife,' by 'IONE,' with communications from several other favorite correspondents, are reserved to enrich our next issue. 'Bar-rooms and their Inhabitants,' 'The Rock-born Harebell,' 'To a Misanthrope;' 'A Marriage de Convenance, or Pour et Contre;' 'Woman or Wine,' by FLACCUS; 'Ariadne,' by H. T. TUCKERMAN, Esq.; GRAY'S Elegy and BRYANT'S '*Thanatopsis*;' 'Rime of Sir Thopas,' Canto Third; 'To Kate,' by 'W. C. R.;' 'The Hermit of Cetara,' Part Two; 'The Indian Wife,' by Mrs. MARY E. HEWITT, with numerous kindred favors from near and distant friends, are under consideration, and will receive an early decision.

☞ Brief notices of several books, pamphlets, periodicals, etc., are crowded out of the present number by the pressure of 'Original Papers.'

MUSIC: MISS ELLEN BLUNDELL.—We have been favored by this accomplished *artiste* with two of her recent musical productions; and although we had the pleasure to hear them for the first time with the additional advantages of the composer's own voice and execution, accompanied by that of her sister, we can yet commend them to throats less melodious and ears less cultivated, as very admirable performances, both in point of literary and musical execution. The one is a favorite ballad, entitled 'Thou must not think I have forgot Thee,' and the other, 'Awake, my Love!' a serenade for one or two voices. We may take occasion here to mention the popular quadrille, 'Les Jolies Americaines,' and 'La Spirituelle,' a waltz scarcely a less favorite with the public, as compositions of characteristic and kindred excellence. We should not omit to add that the externals are in the accustomed neat and tasteful style of all Mr. ARWILL'S musical publications. It will be gratifying we are sure to our friends in London, to whom we were indebted for letters introducing the Misses BLUNDELL to our acquaintance, to be made aware that the success which we early predicted for them has been more than realized, and what is more, most fairly earned.

L I T E R A R Y R E C O R D .

BISHOP DOANE'S IMPRESSIONS OF THE CHURCH OF ENGLAND.—The journals of the day have made our readers acquainted with the circumstances under which the Right Rev. Dr. DOANE, Bishop of New-Jersey, made some months since a brief pilgrimage to England, as well as with the fact that he was every where received with open arms, and treated on his own behalf and that of the Church in this country with the most marked attention and honor. We have before us, in a very handsome pamphlet, a Sermon delivered at St. Mary's Church, Burlington, N. J., by the Bishop, soon after his return, in which we find a detailed narrative of his mission; of all the interesting scenes which he saw 'and part of which he was.' We have read it with unwonted pleasure; not alone for the glowing and beautiful account which it gives of the wide-spreading influence and increasing glory of the English Church, but for the generous, cordial, catholic spirit which it evinces toward the mother country; and especially the reciprocity of kindness and affection manifested by the distinguished author toward the eminent dignitaries of a more reverend mother, 'the bulwark of the Reformation and the glory of Christendom.' From the venerable primate of all England, the Archbishop of Canterbury, as well as from the scarcely less renowned apostolic incumbents under him, Bishop DOANE received such cordial welcome and constant kindnesses, that the thought, he tells us, was never for a moment present with him that he was a stranger and a foreigner in England. This feeling moreover was warmly participated by laymen — by the people; insomuch that the reverend Bishop's public ministrations were a species of triumph; for often at their conclusion, those who had never seen him before and could never see him again, 'thronged to embrace the sister Church, by grasping as a life's remembrance the hand of one of her Bishops.' In perusing the Discourse before us, we have again been reminded of the gross misrepresentations of Mr. LESTER'S 'Glory and Shame of England;' and we would ask those persons who have 'believed his report' concerning the children of the poorer members of the English Church and their destitution in matters spiritual, to make themselves acquainted with Bishop DOANE'S exhibition of the other, the *true* side of the picture. What the writer says of the good feeling of England, we trust he took good care to indicate on behalf of his own country: 'It was my privilege in traversing England to meet in different parts of it with all classes and all kinds of people; and to come in contact, from my office and my errand, as few have done before, with what for the better understanding of my meaning may be called the national heart. I say upon the most abundant evidence that it beats with all a brother's truth and fondness toward America. I say that the blood of England yearns with instinctive magnetism to its own current in our veins. I say that peace with America is the first prayer for temporal blessings at every English altar and by every English hearth.' This position of Dr. DOANE is fully supported by the *Edinburgh Review*, which in a recent article entitled 'France, America, and Britain,' earnestly assures our countrymen that 'England thinks highly of America; that she admires her energy, her perseverance, her courage, her skill; in short, admires a character naturally and necessarily in many respects resembling her own;' and the reviewer begs Americans to believe that the 'trash of the ultra tory newspapers' against this country 'speaks but the worthless opinions of a hired editor and the share-holders of his journal.' 'There is no country,' adds the Review, 'with whom England is so desirous to keep on good terms as with America, and certainly none with whom she would so much dread a war.'

'DOWNING'S REMAINS.'—A volume entitled 'Remains of Rev. JOSHUA WELLS DOWNING, A. M., late of the New-England Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church,' has been laid on our table by the editor, ELIJAH H. DOWNING, A. M., who has accompanied the work with a brief and well-written memoir of his brother, the author. The 'Remains' consist of sermons, notes of sermons, miscellaneous orations, addresses, correspondence, etc. We have perused a large portion of the volume with pleasure and profit. The sermons are simple, methodical, and earnest; and in parts, eloquent and touching, beyond the generality of kindred performances. We can well believe that the author possessed an intellect of a high order, and that his preaching would naturally have been, as represented by the New-England Conference, 'distinguished for sound views, just discrimination, perspicuous and elegant diction, and a decided, earnest, and pathetic manner.' We sincerely sympathize with the editor, (who has lost in the author of these 'Remains' a dear and only brother,) for we are acquainted with his grief. We find too, although we knew it not, that we have held pleasant communion with the lamented deceased through these pages. We remark the subjoined passage in a lecture on intellectual improvement, delivered at the Odeon in Boston some

months since : ' It is evident that public men of whatever profession must be distinguished either for the strength or beauty of their thoughts and expressions, if they would exert a deep and wide-spread influence. For proof of this position, let us look at the periodicals of the day. Why are such magazines as the *KNICKERBOCKER* and *BLACKWOOD* so popular? It is because they contain so much which gratifies the taste. The genius of beauty, of poetry, and romance, reign there, to captivate the reader. Have you never observed the effect which a well-written tale has produced upon society? — not only upon the young and sentimental, but also upon the old and the sober-minded ; and that too when the incidents of the story were not remarkable, and would if stripped of their attractive dress pass unnoticed. The art of the writer and the beauty of his style won the reader's attention, and thus opened unconsciously the gushing fountains of sensibility.' We should be glad to copy the subsequent remarks of the writer upon the revolution which the last century has produced in the manner and character of fictitious writings ; but our limits forbid ; compelling us to content ourselves with calling public attention to the interesting volume wherein they will be found recorded, with other matters equally note-worthy.

CHURCH OF ENGLAND PUBLICATIONS. — **Messrs. APPLETON AND COMPANY** have recently published, in a large and well-printed volume, ' *An Exposition of the Thirty-Nine Articles of the Church of England*, by **GILBERT**, Bishop of Sarum ; with an Appendix containing the Augsburg Confession, Creed of Pope Pius IV.,' etc. The Editor, **Rev. JAMES R. PAGE**, A. M., of Queens College, Cambridge, has faithfully preserved the author's text ; verified the references to the fathers, councils, and other authorities, and added a large number of Scripture references ; given the canons and decrees of councils, and other important documents referred to, and cited their sources ; beside adding copious and valuable notes, containing among other things notices of the principal heretics and persons of note, with an accurate account of their opinions. In short, the editor's design to make a complete manual for the theological student seems to have been most successfully accomplished. The same publishers have also issued ' *An Exposition of the Creed*, by the late Lord Bishop of Chester, with an Appendix, containing the principal Greek and Latin creeds ; revised by **W. S. DOBSON**, A. M., London.' Another work of interest to Churchmen, from the same press, is a small volume, containing a ' *Manual for Communicants ; or the Order for administering the Holy Communion ; conveniently arranged ; with Meditations and Prayers from old English divines ; being the Eucharistica of SAMUEL WILBERFORCE*, M. A., Arch-deacon of Surrey.' Adapted to the American Service by a Deacon of the Diocese of Dr. **ONDERDONK**, Bishop of New-York, to whom it is felicitously and affectionately dedicated.

GURLEY'S MISSION TO ENGLAND. — **Mr. GURLEY's** mission was undertaken by direction of the American Colonization Society, of which he was Secretary, for the purpose of conferring with **Sir T. F. BUXTON** and his friends, in consequence of the publication of a book by that gentleman on the subject of Colonization, which appeared to harmonize with the sentiments held in regard to that cause by its friends in this country. The book is a record of the author's doings while abroad on his mission ; and of course it will possess interest for those who were interested in the matter ; but we do not find any thing in it to entitle it to particular notice in our pages. We have no disposition to discuss the propriety of the cause which it advocates. We have a kindly feeling for all enterprises which aim at the melioration of any portion of the human family, without regard to complexion or climate ; but we must confess that the labors of the Colonizationists have always appeared to us to bear about the same proportion to the end aimed at, as the five pounds bequeathed by a patriotic old gentleman toward liquidating the national debt of Great Britain did to its object. We heartily approve of **Mr. GURLEY's** suggestion of an annual interchange of a thousand citizens or so between England and America, for the purpose of conciliation and kindly intercourse ; and have no doubt that if the cost of sending a frigate or seventy-four abroad should be expended in defraying the charges of a certain number of such courteous missionaries, the effect on the amicable relations of the two countries would be much more satisfactory in the case of the men of peace than of the men-of-war.

NEW-YORK STATE GUIDE. — Our old friend and umqwhile publisher, **Mr. J. DISTURNELL**, has recently issued from the Albany press one of his convenient and useful little volumes, called ' *The New-York State Guide*,' containing an alphabetical list of counties, towns, cities, villages, post-offices, etc. ; with the census of 1840, canals and rail-roads, lakes and rivers, steam-boat, canal, rail-road and stage routes, and tables of distances, with other useful information ; the whole compiled from authentic sources. This little book, as will readily be seen, supplies an important desideratum to travellers and sojourners among us.

CLIMATE OF THE UNITED STATES. — We take blame to ourselves for not having before adverted to a very excellent work from the press of the Messrs. LANGLEY and the pen of SAMUEL FORRY, M. D., upon the climate of the United States and its endemic influences. It exhibits a connected view of the leading phenomena of our climate, both physical and medical, and comprises a condensation of all the author's important observations on the subject. It embraces a period of twenty years; and contains a classification of the principal phenomena of our climate, *physically* considered, and the *medical* relation of those laws. Isolated facts have been carefully collated, and their relations to one another and to general laws determined, and the whole systematically arranged. By extending his observations through a long series of years and over vast masses of individuals, Mr. FORRY has arrived at authentic conclusions touching the natural history of health and disease in our wide-spread borders. A treatise on the climate and endemic influences of the United States was a desideratum in medical literature; and this desideratum our author has faithfully and successfully labored to supply. We commend his valuable work to the attention of our readers.

HISTORICAL DISCOURSE. — We have before us a 'Discourse delivered before the Historical Society of Pennsylvania on the Colonial History of the Eastern and some of the Southern States. By JOB R. TYSON, one of the Vice-Presidents.' It appears to have been published at the solicitation of the Society before which it was delivered; and the motives which induced its delivery and publication originated in very natural and commendable feelings of state pride. The fame of the great minds of Virginia and New-England, whose efforts in the cause of human freedom are so closely interwoven with the history of the Revolution, seems to be a thorn in the side of Mr. TYSON, who has labored hard, but with indifferent success, to prove that Pennsylvania and Maryland are entitled to equal credit with the land of the Puritans and of the Cavaliers. We cannot but applaud his spirit, even though we must condemn the one-sided and lawyer-like view of the subject which he has presented to his readers.

LEWIS AND CLARKE'S TRAVELS. — The last two numbers of HARPERS' Family Library are devoted to a 'History of the Expedition under the command of Captains LEWIS and CLARKE to the sources of the Missouri, thence across the Rocky Mountains, and down the river Columbia to the Pacific: performed during the years 1804-5-6, by order of the government of the United States. Prepared for the press by PAUL ALLEN, Esq.; revised and abridged by the omission of unimportant details, with an Introduction and Notes, by ARCHIBALD M'VICKAR. This 'Journal' contains an account of the first and only voyage ever made by Indian or white man, in boats or canoes, through the currents and rapids of the Missouri, from the point where its waters discharge themselves into the Mississippi, to its sources in the Rocky Mountains. The volumes are well executed, and illustrated by numerous maps and engravings.

'A TEMPEST IN A TEA-POT.' — We hear of a small pudder raised by the Literary 'Cool,' (better known by the appropriate and time-honored *sobriquet* of 'Crazy NEAL,') whom we exhibited to our readers in our last issue. He appeals, as we learn, to the 'written babblement' upon which we animadverted, to prove the incorrectness of our inferences and the falsity of our assertions. It is a small affair certainly with which to trouble our readers; but if (as is not likely) they should take any interest in the matter, we would refer them to the sixteenth number of the first volume of the 'Brother Jonathan' newspaper. They will there have an opportunity to judge as we did of the *intentional* insinuations of an envious and impertinent though harmless intermeddler. Farther, we have nothing to say. We should as soon think of bandying words with Mr. JOHN COFFIN NAZRO as with his 'down-east' counterpart. The personal estimate of 'Cool' is really most gratifying. Let us hope that it is shared by his *Fidus Achates*, Gen. BRATISH ELIVOLITCH. Considering the tastes and associations of the former, we must needs deem ourselves honored by his opinions. We could neither wish nor expect that he should appreciate the 'literary and social position' which we owe to a generous public and 'troops of friends,' and the high character of which nothing in our estimation could enhance. We have but a word in parting for our humbugous and wrathful 'original;' and that is, to despair at once of writing down our Magazine. In order to do this, he should write in it; and that is not particularly feasible.

. A REVIEW of 'Sermons and Sketches of Sermons,' by Rev. JOHN SUMMERFIELD, a work of great interest, recently from the press of the BROTHERS HARPER, although in type, is unavoidably omitted until our next number.

THE KNICKERBOCKER.

VOL. XX.

AUGUST, 1842.

No. 2.

THE POLYGON PAPERS.

NUMBER FIVE.

DEAR READER: For dear you are; your very name is a passport to my heart, and by the bare act of reading me you secure my eternal affection. I am aware it smells strongly of Grub-street to address you thus directly. But I have thought it best to have some sort of explanation on the relation subsisting between us, in order that we may jog on through the rest of our journey with no danger of misapprehension and jarrings by the way. If I talk pretty freely of myself, you must regard it not as the peacock-display of self-applauding egotism, but as a kind of warrantable self-defence against anticipated charges. Every one has a right to speak in his own behalf, and to present himself in a proper light to those whose suffrages he solicits. Furthermore I am the representative of a class; the exponent of the wishes and feelings of an entire constituency of authors. What I shall say therefore will have not only an individual reference to myself, but also a general bearing upon the whole 'irritable genus.' And I hope that one thorough exposition of the motives on which we act, and the principles by which we should be judged, will obviate the future necessity of those long explanatory and apologetic addresses, which burden the prefaces to our books, producing the same effect as would an anvil dangling at the nose of a race-horse.

On the other hand, if I make any remark wounding to your vanity, as supposing you to be ignorant, vain, or malicious, remember that you also are a mere man of straw, set up to be knocked down again; an effigy, standing in lieu of all readers, and through which both they and you are shot at by proxy, and with no personal danger. You will of course be like the listener to a searching sermon, who admires its force and applicability to all but himself. Observe then that when I say *I*, I always mean myself, although I may at the same time express the views of most other authors; and that when I say *you*, I do not mean you, but whoever can

apply to himself or appreciate that particular remark. At first this authorship was a very stiff and awkward business, but I am gradually getting broken to the trade. My fingers have become pliant, and my pen has become so fluent and agile that I should scarce be surprised to see it start off of itself in a hand-gallop, and course over the paper with all the ease and spirit of an intelligent automaton. Having acquired this facility in tracing through the fruitful furrows of thought, I have resolved to be an author by profession, and to talk no more at all, except about politics, the weather, and the trifling news of the day. I find that writing is in every view superior to conversation. It is more unconstrained, pleasing, and beneficial to both parties. The process of writing is much more deliberate than that of conversing, and by consequence less will be said, and that of a more solid and well-digested character. The pen cannot draw off more than a dozen or a score of pages in a day, while the tongue can vibrate three hundred. The communication of all our thoughts, then, by the pen, would be productive of a large economy in the consumption of those idle words for which we are to answer.

In conversation my auditors feel compelled in civility to listen, although they may take no interest, and to look intelligent, although they may misunderstand or not understand at all. But to written language every one may be as heedful or as heedless as he chooses. In conversation there may be no one present who can sympathize with, or comprehend me. I may be beneath or above their capacity. In writing, I speak or suppose myself to speak to some one as wise or as foolish as myself. Out of all my readers there must be some who think like me, who can grasp my meaning, and enter into my mind. In conversation, my auditors may credit the erroneous or disbelieve the true; may admire the frivolous or despise the solid. In writing, my remarks are addressed to some at least who can estimate their weight or ascertain their lightness. In conversation, both I and my company are forced to be respecters of persons. I am obliged by fear to suppress the utterance of unpalatable truths, or induced by politeness to exhibit a reverence for the despicable. My associates are led by the same motives to smooth down their frowns at the distasteful, or acquiesce with a smile in the insipid. But in books both parties preserve their natural freedom, unabridged by conventional enactments, and unsophisticated by refined hypocrisy. On paper I can be harsh even to bitterness on what I detest, and no code of urbanity forbids me to sneer at the contemptible as ungenteelly as I please. You also can scowl an answer to my thunder at your ease, and turn up your nose at my impudence or my folly from the comfortable safety of your closets.

Conversation is on too limited a scale; *that* stage is too narrow for display. But on paper I am talking to the world. I am addressing Lord Brougham, Prince Albert, and the Grand Lama of Thibet. Perhaps they don't listen to me. No matter for that. *I think* they do; the faith of imagination is as strong as the belief of knowledge; and I adapt my language and sentiments to so magnificent an audi-

ence. In conversation the listeners are few, the occasion ephemeral, and my remarks likely to be forgotten as soon as uttered. Of course I can scarce take the trouble to select my words, or 'think twice before I speak once.' But in addressing an assembled universe, how could I dare be trivial or careless? If I imagine myself sending my words from the hill-top of the present into the depths of the twentieth century, whose business is that? The advantage is all my own. I rise to the 'Dorian mood,' and sing with no feeble or uncertain sound. In relation to the myriads who shall move in the brightness of those unborn years, I feel like a voice from the tombs, and inspire into my manner and my tones the solemnity that befits a ghostly visitation. But suppose I dream myself shouting to the prospective millions of that embryo world which, built up by sub-marine masonry, shall one day unite the 'scattered Cyclades' into a fertile continent, and resting on the coral reefs of Polynesia, expand its broad green bosom to the greetings of the southern sun? Am I not at once invested with the dignity of distance? Do I not become a pure and venerated classic, misconceived and mistranslated; yet still revered as a remnant of hoar antiquity, and carried as a torch to light the steps of Austral archæologists among the dim sepulchral ruins of exterminated nations? Shall I not be adduced in support of disputed words in the lexicons of our buried language, or cited to illustrate some singular usage or superstitious notion of our barbarous age? Will not *emeritus* professors from Otaheite trace the history of my writings, and literary pilgrims from Tongataboo come to weep in real or feigned enthusiasm over the tomb of Polygon? Will not my finest productions be printed in Antarctic text-books, and thumbed by the pupils of Oceanic colleges? May not a *princeps* edition of these very papers be paraded on the stalls of a New-Zealand classical book-seller, and my *opera omnia* moulder in folio repose on the shelves of a South-Sea library? The bare thought makes my mind assume the austere character of antiquity, and gives my face the severity of expression it will wear on the cameos of the thirtieth century.

Another advantage of writing over talking is, that while in the latter the speaker and hearer view each other in the prosaic light of reality, in the former each exaggerates the character and capacity of the other, and thus a mutual reverence is generated among men, and humanity itself exalted. For instance, it would not be surprising if, merely because I am an author, you should imagine me to be a combination of various incompatible excellences; very erudite, and very wise, and very philosophically peaceful, and above all, walking rigidly by my own published creed. And yet, were you to meet me, you would see me as weak and inconsistent as the mass; possessing it may be a little more book-wisdom, yet drawing but scanty profit from its teachings, and that alas! like many other moral dyspeptics, I rise from the banquet of philosophy and poetry, and turn to my daily duties with a sick and troubled spirit. On the other hand, I conceive you to be the very jewel of a reader; kind, candid, and tasteful, discerning all beauties, overlook-

ing all deficiencies, and blinking at all faults. And yet you may be dull by nature, or censorious by habit, or—pardon the paradox—ignorant by education. Or while at a favorable moment you might be the *beau ideal* whom I wish, nay, one who would admire my productions as much as I do myself, yet at this present time you may be tired or sick, morose or sleepy. You may be harassed by duns, impoverished by depreciated stock, or unfortunate in love. Apollo shield me from your mercies at such an hour! You may admire only tales, or worship nothing but poetry, and pass over my essays with cool contempt. You may be a hypocrite, condemning the whole for the worthlessness of a part, or an irreverent Mezentius, binding my genius to the dead body of scholastic rules. Your charity may mark all that is stupid as original, and stigmatize all that is brilliant as a plagiarism; as if with a dictionary of seventy thousand words before me, and the privilege of coining new ones at will, I could not weave them into sentences for myself. Lastly, you may be an author yourself, possessing a little professional jealousy, and glancing over these pages, not for salutary instruction or quiet enjoyment, but in order to discover something which you have said, or could say better, or to find some jewel which you may filch, file, and reset for your next public appearance. While therefore the actual character and acquirements of both might, upon a personal acquaintance, induce a mutual contempt, yet standing in our present attitude of mysterious and respectful distance, we regard each other with a reverent awe; and ignorance, the main element of the sublime, envelopes us in an atmosphere of misty grandeur. In this relation our mutual feelings are refined and softened into something more humanized, kindly, and regardful. Prudently banishing from our intercourse the ‘familiarity that breeds contempt,’ you think I comprehend all I write of, and I believe you to appreciate all you read.

I have another reason for the preference I have expressed; a reason individual to myself, and arising from the fact that whenever I attempt to repeat a good tale or perpetrate a witticism, I feel irresistibly impelled to laugh as heartily as my hearers. This habit partly results from the latent promptings of my nature, and is partly based on principles of consistency and sound reason. How the unnatural and preposterous idea arose that a man should not laugh at his own jokes, I cannot imagine. As well require the tragedian to wreath his countenance in smiles, or request the preacher to enforce his illustrations by a grin, and clinch his entreaties by a horse-laugh. If a *bon-mot* is made more effective by proceeding from a mouth of chiselled sternness, and by no premonitory gleam of mirth dawning on a countenance of cold stolidity, then an appeal to our tenderness should also be rendered more pathetic by the dancing of a merry eye and the sun-light play of joy upon the face. But I deny the heightening effect of contrast and surprise in the one case as in the other; and if in respect to humor it has become a prevalent notion that one’s looks should contradict his thoughts, it results only from the envy and perverseness of man-

kind. How can one be expected to impose the unnatural and painful rigidity of marble on his features when his soul is shaking with laughter? Away with hypocrisy and affectation! Away with a direct tax on wit! Away with the barbarous law that punishes the humorist as if he were a criminal, and constrains him for the offence of amusing and fattening others with his jests, to grow lean himself by the suppression of *his* mirth! It is like forcing the giver of a generous banquet to starve amidst his own bounty. It is like forbidding an author to read his own works. Horrible!

But look at the farther advantages of the natural system of things. First, laughter like tears is contagious, and often a poor joke would elicit peals of merriment, did the joker himself set a noisy example. Now no one will deny that he who adds to the laughter increases the happiness of men. Secondly, this practice would spare the true wit the mortification of seeing his brightest sallies responded to by unmoved faces, in consequence of his auditors mistaking the time to laugh. It would also be a great kindness to the would-be humorist, since some would be induced through charity to join in his cachinnations, and not by sullen silence leave him abashed, and fearful of having been foolish instead of witty. Thirdly, many are too dull to comprehend a witticism, and yet were a charitable signal given them they could roar quite *apropos*, and pass for men of sense and penetration. How often have I pitied the ludicrous distress of a poor fellow, who lacked the olfactory to smell a jest, and from the grave looks of the speaker was in perplexity whether to laugh or not. To such the custom of the wit's starting with a significant *hem*, much more with a pregnant laugh, would bring infinite relief. Fourthly, there are many green-eyed fellows who cannot bear the wit of others:

‘Men of such sour and vinegar aspect,
They will not show their teeth in way of smile,
Though Nestor swear the jest be laughable.’

Now these wretches would be shown up in their true colors, would wits only comply with the impulses of nature; and if any one, after receiving his cue from the promptings of the jester himself, should still refuse to laugh at a good hit, he would be known and marked as an envious, malignant cur, whom all good men should shun.

My desire to set this strangely misapprehended matter in its true light has led me somewhat astray from my purpose, which was to show with how much more grace I can be funny with the pen than with the tongue. For notwithstanding all the excellent reasons I have just given for one's laughing at his own wit, I am well aware how strongly the prejudices of this age run against my doctrine. I therefore abandon conversation, in which I must perforce laugh at whatever seems laughable, whether proceeding from myself or others, and take refuge in print, where, however facetious my remarks may be, you can imagine my features to wear a still and stony coldness. Moreover, in the cut-and-thrust warfare of oral intercourse, my faculties are often so surprised and scattered that I

am too late with my rejoinders. The blow is aimed, and the execution done before I can draw the sword of repartee, not to say parry the assault, and 'carry the war into Africa.' Nay, I have sometimes discovered no apposite counter-thrust till a whole day thereafter, and even then would have made my tongue

'Shed fast atonement for its first delay,'

had it not seemed too much like taking my enemy at a disadvantage, or stabbing him in the dark. Now on paper I can be facetious at leisure, and satiric at my ease. I can take deliberate aim at my antagonist with a rifle, clear his intrenchments by a shower of grape-shot, or pour in upon his entire encampment a continual and deafening cannonade. These are great advantages for me. And you are not compelled on penalty of dullness to comprehend a joke on the instant, or obliged for friendship's sake to laugh heartily and long. You can take the printed witticisms to your chambers, study them as you would a problem in Algebra, and according to their pungency smile or roar to your liking. Nor are you forced, as in conversation, to sit, the victim of *boredom*, listening in unutterable torture to the thousandth repetition of the same stale jest. For the wit which you find in print is a ceaseless fountain of merriment in your own possession, always accessible and never obtrusive, and from which you can quaff as often or as seldom as you please. If ever I publish a book I intend, for our mutual accommodation, to add to the usual typographical marks a sign of risibility, consisting of a fat face, with puffed cheeks, a wrinkled mouth, and half-shut eyes, impressed at the commencement and close of each sentence in which I mean to be witty. I can see no sufficient reason why an author should not give his readers some directions where they are to be merry as well as where they are to be astonished or inquisitive.

As therefore intercourse by writing is so far superior to conversation by the tongue, I hope the former may soon exclude the latter from society. I long to see the time when every man shall have his own portable printing-press, embalm the creatures of his mind in an inky condiment, stamp the life-giving signature of lead upon their foreheads, and lay them away for immortal preservation in their paper shrouds. And even now the happy era has begun; for paper is cheap, and publishers are kind, and the mines of Missouri are exhaustless. Soon may you, O reader! imitate my example, and passing from your book-worm existence of gluttonous inaction, become an industrious silk-worm, devouring the leafy bloom of the Phœbean laurel, and spinning from your own fancy the glittering filaments of imperishable thought. After passing your manhood in this honorable toil, in your old age may you feast on your own fruits in the bower yourself have planted; as a caterpillar springs from its mouldering cerements and becomes a child of air, waving its gorgeous wings in the sunshine, and banqueting on the brightness and fragrancy of flowers. What a glorious era, when

every one shall make it his business by profession to write new works, and the recreation of his leisure to read them! I have only to implore your compliance with one reasonable and modest request, which is, that every man will reserve from composing and reading his own writings time enough to peruse and admire mine.

Permit me now to make a few remarks, referring first to my style, and secondly to your duties. You must allow me to write in my own way, which is to set down all my thoughts, and as it were Daguerrotype my mind. I know the rhetoricians talk a great deal about condensation and expurgation. But I must think this conciseness a villanous kind of virtue. I should deem it a mean parsimony to bestow only a part of my disposable means on the poor. It were but a shabby excuse to say I fear the gift may be unworthy. This is the old subterfuge of the niggard. My generosity prompts me to give all, and it is for you to decide on the value of the donation. I may say with Dogberry, that 'truly, for mine own part, were I as tedious as a king I could find in my heart to bestow it all on your worship.' 'Brevity,' says the adage, 'is the soul of wit;' but then prolixity is its body, and as the soul is invisible and impalpable, it follows that the only wit which can be seen and felt is of the diffusive kind. Beside, have you not the glorious privilege of *skipping*; the imprescriptible and immemorial right of all readers? And how know I what to admit or what exclude? Authors are proverbially blind, and Milton's sad mistake in preferring his glass to his diamonds might be repeated by me. I therefore give you all, and leave you to select.

I have a truly fatherly affection for my mental offspring, and considering each thought as a child I cannot bear to destroy it. I may amputate some supernumerary limbs and cauterize a few excrescent adjectives, which detract from the strength and beauty of its figure; but the essence and frame-work of the idea itself must remain. I may take the liberty of licking their rickety forms into shapeliness, and I may even combine two or more imperfect formations into a sort of Siamese-twin-ship; but as for exterminating life, 't is too revolting. Sooner than be guilty of infanticide, or rather of *filicide*, (for be it understood that my conceptions are all masculine,) I will clothe them and expose them to the tender mercies of the critics. The moment they make their appearance I examine if they have within them the principle of life, and if I can discern in their baby-faces the miniature features of their father — the serious-mirthful eye, and the expression ever shifting beneath the April sky of thought — I embrace the little Polygons with a gush of paternal joy. I cannot lodge them all in the narrow chambers of my brain, nor trust them to the chance-charities of a careless audience. To imprison them in their natal dungeon, or send them through the oral channel to roam unheeded among the myriads of their bodiless and homeless kindred, would be consigning their infant beauties to speedy dissolution. But '*littera scripta manet*.' I therefore dress them all in black, as a mourning-suit for their own depravity, and bundle them off to the Foundling-Hospital-General of Type.

There, if worthy, they can maintain themselves ; if unworthy, it is their own fault not mine. I have fulfilled all the duties of a father, and they must take their chances among their jostling brotherhood.

The only mode in which I can prevent my philoprogenitive propensity from overrunning all bounds, and crowding the thoroughfares of mind with an ill-formed, shivering and helpless population, is by refusing to become a father. There is no law in the Republic of Letters compelling me to increase the numbers of an already over-thronged community, and I am bound by no principle, either of philanthropy or justice, to give life to a non-existent and merely supposable offspring. Shade of Malthus, I greet thee !

Now if you think that **this** indiscriminate and unrestrained outpouring of my thoughts on paper is a bad style, contrary to all rules and productive of all vices, I have to tell you that I know it full well, and am sinning with my eyes wide open. I know that Aristotle would start in horror at the avowal of this monstrous practice, and Longinus run for his life from this overflow of pearls and mud and water to the pure and equal fountain of Hippocrené. But no such hoof-smitten well-spring of genius gushes from the soil of my fancy ; and the question with me is, whether I shall permit my rivulet to flow freely where and how it lists, or force it in tiny jets through the mouth and nose of a garden-Triton. I might whittle and trim and prune and lop, till my little tree should be a *facsimile* of a thousand other little trees that bud by system and grow by rule. But I had far rather my wild-wood nursling should be fanned by the gales of capricious thought, and bloom in wild luxuriance beneath the sunshine and the dew of unforced smiles and tears, than to see it vegetating in a rhetorical hot-bed, now stimulated and now stunted, till reduced to symmetry by the measures of criticism, and tortured into loveliness '*secundem artem*.'

But however bad may be this style, I know not but I shall effect as much good by writing ill as well. The taste is formed no less by familiarity with the incorrect than the correct. The comparison of the faulty with the faultless is the only sure method of basing your belief upon principles and converting your judgment into knowledge. Is it not also as great pleasure to censure as to praise ? And has not the study of so many perfect models rendered every writer so complete a master of style that criticism has nothing left to carp at ? Penny-a-liners have improved on Goldsmith, and attorney's clerks left Junius in the back-ground. Would it not be charity to throw an occasional bone to the rusty fangs of reviewers, whom these **days** of scriptural perfection are threatening with death by inanition ? I am tempted to write faultily on purpose, in order to give you the exquisite gratification of malice, and exalt you in your own eyes by a flattering self-comparison. For myself, I confess to so large a transmission of impatient and malignant vanity as to feel a secret pleasure on discovering bombast in Johnson or looseness in Addison. It brings them down from their unapproachable eminence into a speaking distance with ordinary mortals. A shameful confession, but possessing the rare merit of being true. Now I

suppose the same state of things to exist in a measure between you and me; that is, you who are beneath me in the art of word-weaving find your inferiority diminished, and you who are above me feel your preëminence increased by all the faults you may detect in me. Even were I to draw from you the exclamations: 'What a heavy fellow is this!' 'What an unconscionable driveller!' I might indeed be mortified at my want of talent, or shocked at your deficiency in taste; but I should instantly credit myself to your gratitude for having done you a kindness.

I come to your duties. If I chance to say any thing abhorrent to your prejudices, you will do well to distrust yourself, and consider whether I may not have caught glimpses of a later and better light than you. How know you but I have received a scion of Transcendentalism from the nursery at Boston, or imported a quintessential sprig of doctrine from Germany; the natal soil of neological shrubbery and father-land of *clairvoyant* philosophers? By the very position we assume, I occupy the chair of a teacher, and you are bound to listen with the open ear and respectful demeanor of a disciple. If you choose to write, and I can find time to read, I will hearken to you in your turn. If I assert any thing contradictory to what you think your knowledge, have the grace to hesitate before you condemn. Reflect on the long-accredited infallibility of authors; the well-known universality of their acquirements; and the utter improbability of my appearing before an Argus-eyed public, to maintain doctrines which I cannot prove, and assert facts which I do not know. If your knowledge be absolute and axiomatic in its nature, consider that as in Algebra there are two answers to every binomial equation, the one positive, the other negative, and both demonstrably true; and as there are two political parties in this country opposed to each other in every point, and both undeniably and entirely in the right; and as there are innumerable antagonist opinions on every thesis in philosophy and religion, all which have been clearly proven, and must of course be classed among admitted and irrefragable truths; so of the little matters which I discuss, my assertions and their reverse may both be correct. And however incompatible our opinions may be, I will admit the correctness of your propositions provided you concede the truth of mine. But I can strain civility no farther: I will halve no differences nor deduct one tittle from my infallibility. I am the physician administering the dose, and you are the patient, and, by the law of immemorial custom, must swallow. If you attempt to prescribe for yourself, much more to compound pills for me, all ideas of gradation are destroyed, and we are at once thrown from our ethical balance, and go spinning round in the demoralizing whirl of a dizzy revolution. The literary world becomes an inverted cone, with the author pinned to the earth by the apex, and his readers dancing in insurgent triumph on its sky-ward base.

If any passage appears to you as dull, consider it a piece of latent wit, whose point is too fine for your obtuse perceptions. If any

remark seems unintelligible, never for a moment suspect there is no meaning there, but rather a pregnant sense lurking with Truth at the bottom of an unfathomable well. If you think I employ any word in an improper application, or weave my thoughts in inelegant phraseology, pause and consider whether it be probable that with the whole English language to select from, backed by a *carte blanche* on foreign tongues, I should choose any but the purest and most appropriate terms. Rely on it, the expressions you would censure have a beauty and significance all incomprehensible to you, and are the very best that could possibly be employed. Should you meet with any thing which, after the exertion of all your charity for my motives and all your respect for my authority, is still abhorrent to your principles or disgusting to your taste, you must consider me as indulging in a vein of ironical wit; and in general whatever you like you must regard as being seriously advanced, and all that you disapprove of, as uttered only in a spirit of humorous *badinage*. If you adopt these benevolent and equitable principles in your judgments upon me, we shall float swimmingly down the tide of thought; and should our positions ever be reversed, I promise to reciprocate your kindness in full by the measures of the same golden rule. If you are afraid of being deluged by an excess of words, your security lies in the certainty of my stopping with the cessation of my ideas. And I not unfrequently reach 'this consummation devoutly to be wished.' For I have often been driving my mental phaëton, Jehu-like, along what I thought a broad and extended thoroughfare, when suddenly I have bolted, smash! — horse, vehicle, and driver, pen, paper, and mind — against the end of a *cul de sac*.

I have lately conceived a bold and illustrious idea, which I hope may not prove my ruin. It is that of writing poetry! Sometime since I perceived that my words in common conversation often slid as of themselves into the jingle of rhyme, and the delight of my surprise at the discovery was scarce inferior to that of Molière's 'Bourgeois Gentilhomme,' on finding that he had been talking prose all his life. Determined to cultivate my hitherto unsuspected talent for poetry, I procured a Rhyming Dictionary, and by dint of much hard labor, with an occasional breeze from Apollo, I have succeeded in producing some very tolerable verses. Long familiar with the poetry of others, I am sufficiently confident of their harmony and prosodial correctness, and my only fear is lest like Æsop's mask they have no brains. My method is to take the prettiest chiming words and set them under each other as the conclusions of so many projected lines. I then fill up the rest of the line with other words of mellifluous rotundity, paying less regard to their sense than to their music. After accustoming myself for a time to write melodiously, I think I can venture to infuse a little meaning into my language, and hope at last to fetter full-grown and perfect ideas in rhymes whose inward richness shall equal their outward glitter, and whose sounds shall be a sweetly-swelling echo to their glorious sense. This is the method taken by all consum-

mate poets; and should it be equally successful with me, the world may be grateful to John Walker, high-priest of the Muses, for a rich accession to its stores of pleasure, as I shall have to thank him for a letter of introduction to Phœbus Apollo.

Blessed be Cadmus, author of letters, and decuply blessed be Faustus, father of type! By the first Grief may exhale its sorrows in inky tears, and Mirth diffuse the contagion of its laughter. Affection may waft its warm breathings to the absent and dear one, and Malice spirt its venom to the ends of the earth. By his mystic characters spirit is enabled to converse with spirit, and through the avenues of the eye or ear soul may be melted into soul. But the second has bestowed on the intellect of man a tenfold power of action and a tenfold durability of life. By him the earth becomes the temple of deified Genius, and Virtue is engraven on the memory of ages. By him the historian has become the autocrat of *Russia*, and the poet sways the empire of *Morocco*. By him even Dullness may attain the immortality of paper, and Folly be enshrined in an eternity of calf-skin. Mercurial thoughts impressed on a layer of lead experience a marvellous chemical change. The subtlety of the one unites with the solidity of the other, and combining in a kind of fixed volatility they form a substance of airy gravity, and fadeless coloring, and imperishable firmness. Upon the application of a little ink and paper those lifeless forms spring from their metallic graves in a wondrous resurrection, and walk to and fro over all countries, and up and down through all ages of our world, invested with unchanging beauty and filled with invulnerable life. Sometimes indeed the *type* shadows out an *antitype* of its own nature; the *substratum* and the *stratum* are equally dull, discolored and heavy; and one would imagine that the stamp and the thought were both dug from the same leaden mine, and moulded in the same dingy matrix.

'*Ohe! jam satis!*' we are both inclined to exclaim. I will therefore conclude, but with a little more of seriousness. It is very possible that the art of printing and the multiplication of books are of but small advantage to mankind at last. We read more and think less. Instead of studying out and exhibiting in practice a system of moral doctrine for ourselves, we find one every where ready made to our hands. These chance-found creeds of action are of little value in our eyes, and perplexed by their contradictory directions we neglect them all. We read and write, and talk like angels, and satisfied with this barren morality of the eye and pen and tongue, we live by the promptings of our own wayward hearts. If the art of printing has given to the voice of Truth a celerity of transmission and a universality of utterance unknown before, it has also winged the words of Falsehood with the same trackless speed, and imparted to its tones the same omnipresent power. They spread coëxtensive with and counter-operative to each other, and the poison and the antidote grow every where side by side. Men are left equally free as before to gather the one or the other; and

while the will remains as corrupt and the passions are as powerful as ever, I know not that the profusion of their wealth has aided the discrimination of their choice. Mankind have always known enough of their duty and their interest; and while they have been wilfully deaf to the mandates of the one and the allurements of the other, I cannot see by what moral process an accession to their knowledge will prove an addition to their virtue. Our acquisitions have been mostly of gross material truths, and not all the libraries of Europe have healed up the gangrene of our deep depravity. And were the overhanging skies converted into a printed scroll; its blue space all crowded with the counsels of wisdom; our eyes would still be dark with voluntary blindness. Were the earth around us engraved all over with salutary teachings, with exhortations to goodness and warnings from sin, our feet would still wander among the paths of vice and stumble over the mountains of error. Were we like the ancient Jews to write our duties on our door-posts and our lintels; were we to tapestry our walls with the lessons of Virtue, and line our garments within and without with grave phylacteries, we should still knowingly transgress them all. Were the decalogue inscribed upon a bandage and pasted on each man's forehead, encircled by the golden rule, he would still meet his neighbor, and after reading the comprehensive law of truth and justice and love, would lie to him with his tongue, and cheat him with a kiss, and hate the image of his God. Am I extravagant? Why they *are* already written by the finger of our Maker in most living letters, on all the sky, and on all the earth, and on his own glorious resemblance in the features of his creature, man. The truth, that truth which is essential to our life, is legible enough in all the works of nature; and they who through prejudice or passion refuse to read it there, would still be blind though its characters were emblazoned over all the parts of space, and traced by the forked lightning upon our very eye-balls. Ah! the voice of Conscience has in all ages uttered its pleadings in the heart's still chambers, and they to whom that inbred monitor has whispered in vain would still be deaf, though every atom of the universe were vocal with a warning cry.

Short-sighted then are those enthusiasts who dream that the diffusion of mere *knowledge* will spread a corresponding flow of happiness and virtue among men. If unblessed by an efflux from the Fountain of moral excellence above, mankind will but imitate the sad example of their mother Eve, and from the fruit of the tree of knowledge they will obtain a *comprehension* of the good and imbibe a *love* of the evil. In their enlarged intelligence and perverted feelings they will be very scientific, and very civilized, and very wretched. With the elegant and varied culture of their minds, their sensibilities to pain will be multiplied and sharpened, and a thousand subtle miseries as yet unknown will torture and desolate their hearts. The social tide like the atmosphere of torrid climates will pass in frequent and sudden alternations from fury to repose. Passion will now burst his fiery way through the human kingdom,

and now Ennui will wave his spirit-crushing sceptre over baffled longings and expiring hopes. But this we trust is not our destiny. For before the star of knowledge shall culminate in its zenith, a breath from the centre of being will waken a moral renovation through our spiritual frame-work, and our gnarled and dwarfish natures shall be again what once they were in Eden; blooming all vigorous and fresh, and perennial in their greenness, beneath the continual dew of a heavenly benediction.

POLYGON.

W O M A N O R W I N E :

AN EPISTLE TO THE PRESIDENT OF THE NEW-ENGLAND SOCIETY, WHO RECOMMENDED THE INTRODUCTION OF
WOMEN IN PLACE OF WINE AT ENTERTAINMENTS.

'ONE of the two, according to your choice,
Women or wine, you 'll have to undergo;
Both maladies are fatal to our joys:
But which to choose I really hardly know:

I have tried both; so those who would a part take,
May choose between the head-ache and the heart-ache.'

BYRON.

OH! weak and fool-hardy reformer,
To substitute woman for wine;
The glow of whose presence is warmer
Than the sunniest juice of the vine.

Believe me, less fatal are juleps
Than women in witchery skilled;
For there oozes more venom from two lips
Than ever from grain was distilled.

Who barter for beauty his whiskey,
The change will be certain to rue;
For her eyes shed a spirit more frisky
Than lurks in the best 'mountain-dew.'

Ah! those eyes at each meeting so merry
You 'll find to out-sparkle champagne:
And ringlets more golden than sherry
Will fuddle as well the poor brain.

More tapering necks than the bottle's,
With mouths more bewildering crowned,
Will pour from their ravishing throattles
A stream that a sage would confound.

If wine makes us brutes, love is able
To turn us to fools with like ease:
If the one lays us under the table,
T' other brings us at least to our knees.

After dinner, when warmed with good eating,
'T is woman not wine we should flee :
' Perfect Love 's ' a chasse-café more heating
Than even abused ' eau de vie.'

Still at table some mischief she 's brewing ;
Oft feet scrape acquaintance below :
Ah ! no heel-taps so pregnant with ruin
As those hidden taps of the toe.

And hands, between courses at leisure,
Make friends when there 's no one to mark :
Ah ! less poison yield grapes under pressure,
Than fingers thus squeezed in the dark.

As home reels the toper of beauty,
How crimson his visage, poor elf !
How fevered he sleeps ! how his duty
Is left to take care of itself !

When thwarted, how palsied his powers,
Till he sinks in despair at death's door ;
Oh ! if woman her victim thus lowers,
What, I ask, can the bottle do more ?

No spirit so ardent as woman's —
So sure to intoxicate man :
Her touch is ' delirium tremens,'
That maddens him more than the can.

The glance of her eye is ' blue-ruin,'
Her blush is the blood of the vine,
Her pout is a punch, in whose brewing
Tart, sugar, and spirit combine.

So sparkling, so heating, so heady,
No hope for her victim appears :
Should her smiles only render him giddy,
He 'll be surely made drunk by her tears.

Not the grape-juice of Eden made Adam
So stupidly forfeit his all ;
But the lure of his volatile Madam
Led him tipsily on to his fall.

Not the wines of fair Cyprus the rover
So sure as its women beguile :
Better rest where he is, ' half-seas-over,'
Than steer for so fatal an isle.

O ! then shun such a tempter as this is,
Nor commerce so hazardous court :
Who embarks on the waves of her tresses
Will grieve that he ventured from *Port*.

A MARRIAGE OF CONVENIENCE.

AN EVERY-DAY STORY.

'WILL the flame you are so rich in, light a fire in the kitchen.'

'LITTLE MAN AND LITTLE MAID.'

'WHAT do you mean to wear at Mrs. Ball's on Monday night?' said Emma Crawford to her sister Clara.

'I shall have my book-muslin done up,' replied her sister.

'Oh Clara! for Heaven's sake get a new dress! I do hate of all things a washed book-muslin. Papa has paid Madame B.; so we can get new dresses there.'

'You can do as you please, Emma; but I shall wear my muslin. I am satisfied if my dress is fresh and clean; at least I prefer it to running up a new bill, which there will be as much difficulty in settling as there was with the last. Emma, I am determined to suffer no longer the miseries of debt; and although I do not like to look shabby any better than others, I prefer the shabbiness of dress to the shabbiness of mind which *debt* brings with it. No; for the future I forswear Madame B.'

'I agree with you, Clara, that nothing can be worse than the life we lead; but dowdy I *wo'n't* look! It is easy enough for you to talk of only desiring to look fresh and simple; that style becomes you, or at least you look 'most as well; but *I*, I am nothing if not well dressed; and well dressed, I flatter myself I *am* something.'

There was some truth in this. Clara Crawford was a fair, graceful girl, prettier in her morning costume than evening dress; but never much depending on the fashion of either for additional charms. But with Emma it was very different. Brilliant eyes, fine hair, and an elegant figure, were perhaps her only positive beauties; but with that degree of style, which is so heightened by dress that we scarcely know whether the beauty be in the girl or her costume; and certainly in a ball-room, attired in Madame B.'s exquisite gossamers, never was there a more beautiful, sparkling, brilliant creature. Elegance and fashion seemed personified. And airy trifler that she looked, few that gazed at her suspected the impatient heart that beat beneath the privations and mortifications which her present position forced her to endure. Mr. and Mrs. Crawford had always lived beyond their income, with family increasing as principal decreased. He scolding at expense and giving dinners; she talking economy that she knew not how to practice; and their children had grown up accustomed to both the preaching and the scolding that never was followed by example, to have expensive tastes and careless habits, with all the accompanying mortifications that lessening fortune and increasing debts can inflict. Upon the two sisters just introduced it had produced oppo-

site effects: in the one a sincere desire to see a change of habits that she despaired of; in the other an impatient longing to escape such thralldom. But let us return to the discussion in which we left them.

‘Beside, Clara, you only care about looking well in Harry Howard’s eyes, and that you are sure of doing, wear what you will. By the way, I think that flirtation has gone on long enough; it can result in nothing but making you both wretched, and I advise you to put an end to it.’

‘Why must it only end in our mutual unhappiness?’ said Clara, coloring deeply.

‘Why? Heavens! Clara, have you lived twenty-one years in this world, and particularly the last twelve, and yet not learned that there can be no happiness with poverty? Why? I am sure our whole life, as far back as I can remember, has been a most eloquent commentary on that text.’

‘I fully agree with you as to the misery of living beyond one’s means; but with economy and industry——’

‘And love, you would say, I suppose. I tell you what, Harry is a very agreeable fellow, and no doubt a rising lawyer. But ‘rising’ is not ‘risen;’ and toiling for a small income and a small family in a small house, with few comforts and no pleasures, may make of the charming Harry a cross and fractious husband; and I have no doubt it will. And you, so pretty and so spirituelle, must labor your soul out, a patient household drudge, unless you should take comfort in growing snappish too.’

‘That is a picture indeed,’ said Clara, laughing, ‘which if I thought could ever be realized, would be enough to make me say farewell to Harry for ever.’

‘Well, it *will*, my dear; you may rest assured of that. No; I for one have been too long a poor man’s daughter ever to mean to be a poor man’s wife. I mean to marry Mr. Brown.’

‘Mr. Brown! Oh Emma! impossible! Surely you cannot be in earnest! Low-born, vulgar in person and manner as in birth; so ignorant, so——’

‘So *rich*, Clara, you may add. As to mind and manners, I must not think of them. The establishment is superb; the two are never united; one I must have, and he——’

‘If,’ interrupted Clara, ‘he was even capable of appreciating you; if I thought he had capacity enough to love you——’

‘Love me!’ cried Emma, with energy; ‘Heaven forbid! *That* would be indeed more than I could bear. No; he wants what I have; a wife with a name, (and that by good luck I have,) fashion, (which I owe to my dress,) and education, which like all ignorant people he reverences. Admire me he may; proud of me he will be; but *love* me! — Heaven forbid!’

‘Dearest Emma,’ said Clara, with earnestness, ‘do not talk so; you cannot mean it. When you think of his illiterate——’

‘Have done, Clara, with his deficiencies,’ said Emma, impatiently; ‘I know them well enough; and if I permitted myself to dwell on

them, I should feel with you as if they were insupportable. But when I put myself in *rappport* with him, as Mesmerists say, it is through Lawson's beautiful bonnets, Madame B.'s elegant dresses; through carriages, operas, and other of the blessings and delights of fortune; and it makes me think of him more respectfully. Emma, when we can't get what we want, we must take what we can get; and Mr. Brown I can get, and him I mean to take.' And in effect, a few days after this conversation, when Mr. Brown made his proposals in due form to Mr. Crawford for his beautiful daughter, Emma signified to her father her consent. It was not done without some tears; but 'Down! wantons, down!' she said to the rebellious risings of her heart, as she brushed away the drops and prepared to receive her lover.

Clara deeply felt how unwisely her sister had chosen. She knew better than Emma how strong and deep her nature was; and that the same susceptibility of feeling which made her so keenly alive to the little mortifications she had hitherto borne, would be redoubled a thousand fold when she was brought in contact with vulgarity and littleness, for which she would feel more responsible than she could now easily imagine. Mrs. Crawford had too much of the woman and the mother not to sigh over the sacrifice of her beautiful child; but she had too long suffered from one class of evils not to rank them as the worst of miseries. As one with the tooth-ache feels as if the pain could better be supported in any other part of the body, so poor Mrs. Crawford sighed but did not remonstrate. 'Though she could not have urged this marriage, yet as Emma had chosen it she did not know but that she had chosen wisely. Mr. Crawford, like most expensive men, thought love nonsense and money sense, and most gladly gave that consent to Mr. Brown, which he only felt he had no right to refuse Harry Howard.

Harry Howard had no capital but character, first-rate talents, and a good start in a slow but sure profession; with grace of manner and powers of conversation that would have captivated a less romantic girl than Clara Crawford.

Mr. Brown insisted on naming an early day for their marriage. He had bought his article, and was desirous to have it home; and Emma, with the feverish impatience of a spirit ill at ease consented, thinking the sooner it was over the better; for then at least he would cease to play the lover, and she be forced to entertain him any longer. And finally it was decided that the marriages of the two sisters should take place on the same morning, that day two months.

Bright shone the sun, and all things looked gay on the wedding-day. Enveloped in her magnificent veil, and radiant in beauty, Emma pledged her faith to the little mean-looking man that stood beside her. She slightly shuddered as she placed her hand in his; but it was soon over, and she gracefully bent to receive the congratulations of her friends. Clara, in a simple dress of white, lovely in her changing color and deep emotion, gave her hand to him to whom her whole heart was devoted.

And soon the bride-cake was distributed and the wedding-guests departed. Emma stepped into her elegant chariot to be whirled to her husband's magnificent establishment, while Clara got in a hack to be rattled off to the small and scantily-furnished house which Harry had prepared for her reception.

CHAPTER II.

'THE lady was too proud to weep, and too polite to swear.'

HALLIBACK.

ALTHOUGH Mr. Brown is scarcely a greater favorite with us than with his fair sister-in-law, we must do him the justice to say that he was a man of unblemished reputation, (and considering that he had made his fortune by the pennies, that is no small praise,) clear-headed in affairs of business, and shrewd in his judgments of men. Quiet in his general manners, it was only when brought particularly in contact with him that you were forced to notice his deficiencies. He was one of the many instances of which our country has to boast, (for it is a boast,) of men who have made themselves without the aid of friends or extraordinary opportunities, owing their success to their industry, perseverance, economy, and shrewd common sense. That Clara however should think that a man of the lowest origin, whose very childhood, we had almost said infancy, had been passed in putting little gains together, whose youth and manhood had been unremittingly devoted to the same object, until success had crowned his efforts beyond even his most sanguine expectations, was, even with the merits we have admitted him to possess, no fit match for a girl of her sister's highly-educated and naturally quick mind, cultivated tastes and elegant manners, is not surprising. Clara, perhaps from the circumstance of her attachment to Harry, partly perhaps from a less quick susceptibility to the various little mortifications and privations of home, may have underrated the advantages of wealth as much as Emma had overrated them.

Emma had now been married a fortnight, and was to see company at her own house. Clara had appointed no particular day to receive her visitors, as she well knew that few of her gay friends would put themselves out of the way to look her up in an obscure street and small house. She therefore was at liberty with the rest of the world to call on her sister.

She had scarcely turned the corner of the street where Emma lived, when she saw the long line of carriages that stood before her door, till they reached half way down the square. It almost seemed as if it must be some public occasion. Clara made her way through the crowds that filled the spacious drawing-rooms, till she reached her sister. Exquisitely dressed, very much excited, and completely gratified, never had Emma looked handsomer. There were crowds of pretty women and gay men; and all greeted Clara cordially, for both she and Harry were favorites; but their flattering empress-

ment and eager attentions were reserved for Emma. She was now at the head of the most brilliant establishment in the city; and what dinners, what déjeuners, what fancy-balls might they not expect from her! Mr. Brown too—it was a proud and happy day for him. His feelings may best be expressed by that poetic fragment: ‘If I be I, as I suppose I be.’ Well might he doubt his identity, when one of the prettiest women, and of one of the proudest families too, was his wife, and the carriages of all the fashion and half the wealth of New-York stood before his door. It repaid him for all—— But recollections and reflections are sometimes invidious. Let by-gones be by-gones.

Clara was to remain to dinner, when Harry was to join her. It was of course Emma’s first party, and the circle invited were the choicest flowers of Fashion’s hot-bed. Nothing could exceed the elegance of the dinner-service, the splendor of the plate, the brilliancy of every thing. Emma presided with a grace and animation that diffused itself among her guests, and the dinner was uncommonly gay and agreeable. All went off admirably. As for Mr. Brown, he behaved so quietly that nobody noticed or thought of him; and when Clara left the house to walk home with Harry, she did not feel quite so sure as usual that Emma had done such a wrong thing, or made such a terrible sacrifice. At least she hoped and was inclined to believe that it had its compensations. Harry and she had had a pleasant day. As we have said before, they were favorites; it was their first appearance in society since their marriage; they had received a good deal of attention, and they walked home merrily discussing the events of the day. As they entered their own little parlors, Harry glanced round and half-smilingly said: ‘It must be confessed they are very small, Clara.’ But she gaily answered: ‘Dear Harry, they are large enough to contain a world of happiness.’ Harry had almost trembled for the contrast; but the happy tone, ‘the eyes bright with their fond joy,’ which she turned upon him, reassured his jealous heart; and as he drew his lovely wife toward him, proud and perfect was his happiness in the devotion of this pure and noble girl.

‘Dearest, dearest Clara——’ But lovers are proverbially prosy. Let it suffice to say, that Harry and Clara had been cooped up in their little two-story house, eighteen feet wide, a fortnight, and still thought themselves the happiest of the happy.

The next time the sisters met, it was at Clara’s — Emma’s first visit to her sister. She hesitated after she entered, before seating herself, supposing that she was only in a passage-way leading to the parlors; but observing that Clara gathered up her work from the sofa, she recollected herself, and took a place beside her.

‘And how is Harry? Charming as ever, Clara? And where is he?’ — were Emma’s first questions.

‘Oh very well; as lively as usual, and gone to the office long ago.’

‘Long ago! why it is very early; not yet eleven o’clock. I came early, on purpose to catch you before you went out.’

‘Your ‘early’ and our ‘early’ mean very different hours, Emma.

Harry's profession is a laborious one; and with only one woman and the boy who let you in, I have a good deal to attend to. So we breakfast at seven, that we may have a long day before us.'

'Why what in the world can you do, Clara? How can you manage with but one woman?'

'Better than you could imagine, Emma. By keeping every thing in its place, seeing every day that nothing is omitted which should be done at the right time, there is not much to be done. Then I go every day in the kitchen to give my directions, and frequently teach the cook how to dress properly whatever we may have for dinner; for I choose, small as our dinners may be, that they shall be well cooked, hot, and neatly served. In short, that Harry shall not find in his 'small house, few comforts and no pleasures,' as you once threatened me.'

'Well then, I suppose when Harry comes home you tell him how smart you have been, and he admires you?'

'No, I never bore Harry with my household details. We are not run so hard for conversation yet; and I do not mean that he shall ever associate me with the idea of 'household drudge.' He does not tell me of the plagues of his business; it would be hard indeed if I were to tease him with my house-keeping. No, I have always something pleasant to tell him, and a cheerful parlor to receive him.'

'Very good taste that, my dear, and good sense too; for men so soon get used to seeing their wives manage and economize, that he might expect it after the necessity for it had passed away.'

'I am not afraid of that.'

'Well, well; you are on the safe side; and there is no use in spoiling even Harry. But Clara, if he is doing well in his profession, why did he take such a wee bit of a house as this?'

'We preferred a small house and plainer furniture, with the few hundred extra dollars he could afford spent upon the little pleasures and luxuries that we must forego if we took a handsomer house. You know Harry loves music as dearly as I do; and when he has been weary with a long day's hard work, a couple of hours at the opera delights and refreshes him. Then we can give ourselves the new books; and indeed Emma, you can hardly conceive the numerous little indulgences we are enabled to enjoy in consequence of taking this 'wee bit of a house.'

Emma's carriage was before the door, and she asked Clara to pay some visits with her. They talked much, and as Clara thought at the time, freely; until she remembered afterward that all freedom of communication had been on her side; that her sister had only talked of general matters; made but slight allusion to her own affairs, and none at all to her husband. She felt uneasy at this reserve, which was not natural to Emma's character, and happiness is ever communicative.

Alas! what could Emma have to communicate? As to her establishment, she had already ceased to think of it. The absence of the elegance and luxury which now surrounded her had been

felt as a grievance, it is true. But does it follow that their possession was positive enjoyment? Not at all. It was merely the absence of pain, and nothing more. And of her husband could she talk? Formerly her mortifications and sorrows had been of a kind which she could detail to Clara, ask her sympathy, and receive her consolations. But not even to Clara could she now unbosom her heart. They were of a class she had scarcely contemplated before, or never at least that she should feel them as she found she did. She could not dwell upon the ignorance and narrow-mindedness of her husband; upon the innate vulgarity that betrayed itself in almost every tone and word when not under the constraint of his 'company manners:' (odious term!) In society he said little, and that little slowly, that he might be sure his phrases were grammatical, and could pass muster before they escaped his lips. But was this constraint to last always? By no means; the man was mortal, and indemnified himself at home for the efforts he made abroad. Emma had too high-toned a mind and too proud a heart to complain of her husband; and there necessarily arose a reserve between the sisters that had never existed before.

In the course of the following week the Howards dined with Emma 'en famille.' Trusting to the prudence of her husband's usual manners in society, she had invited a couple of gentlemen, one of them a foreigner of distinction, to meet them. Conversation was general and became animated, until even Mr. Brown caught the spirit; and rarely did his words come so fast, and sadly were they misplaced, and misapplied in a manner that brought the quick color more than once to the cheek of his beautiful wife.

Some slight allusion was made to a very second-rate novel which it seemed some of them had not read, but which unfortunately Mr. Brown had. It was an unusual circumstance for him to read a novel, and when he did, it was slowly and leisurely done; every incident was of importance, and stamped itself on his memory as a fact. And now to Emma's confusion he entered on a detail of the one in question, with a prosy minuteness suspending all other conversation, that made the blood tingle to the tips of her pretty fingers. Emma made up her mind as she left the dining-room, that it was the last time she should gather two or three agreeable men round her table. Henceforth her entertainments should be confined to those on a large scale. But she soon found that her husband was willing to give one or two grand dinners in the course of the winter, and perhaps a ball; for it gratified his vanity to display his wealth, and assure himself occasionally that he could command the beauty and the fashion of the city to his fêtes. He had no idea however of expending so liberally the money which for so many years he had toiled to gain, and which nothing now but his vanity could have induced him to spend at all.

And thus Emma found that she had judged most erroneously in supposing when she married that she was to have society, at least, on her own terms. She also found, as time wore on, that though her husband was proud of her in society, and chose to see her

magnificently dressed, yet she had no command of funds. He was one of those men who never trust their wives with money. All her accounts must pass through his hands, that he might judge for himself that there was no unnecessary expense, and above all no giving away; and humiliated and indignant did Emma feel at being schooled and treated like a child. Vanity was his only weakness, and that alone could combat meanness: all the other points of his character were strong, or we should rather say *hard* ones. The perseverance in business that had crowned his efforts with success, degenerated into pertinacity in the little details of life, which made his wife give up as hopeless any opposition to his plans and projects: the rest of his mind was multiplication, addition, and subtraction. Those tastes too which she had looked forward to gratifying, music particularly; what sympathy could there be between them there? And what he did not like, and what cost money too, she must go without. True, he followed always in the wake of fashion; and if an Italian troupe arrived, or Signor N.'s music, 'which more than talks along the walls,' threw the gay world in a fever, he took Emma *once* to hear them because they were the fashion. But *once* must suffice.

Books too were a forbidden pleasure; at least she must not buy them. He had indeed a very handsome book-case, with some of the old standard works elegantly bound, Johnson, Pope, etc.; big names and big books; but the new works, the periodical literature of the day, she might borrow of Clara or go without. In short, he had no sympathy in her tastes, and no indulgence to supply the place of sympathy. If Emma had thought herself 'cabined, cribbed, confined,' before her marriage, because she had wanted the means to indulge those elegant accomplishments that her parents had delighted to cultivate, what were now her emotions when she knew that *the will* only was wanting to gratify her? Emma had not loved her husband when she married him, and her heart closed against him still more coldly and haughtily now. She was too high-principled and high-bred not to treat him always with the respect due to him as her husband; yet he could not but feel the truth, and resent not being loved, although he was doing nothing to gain that love; and his eye grew cold and hard as it turned to her, and his first impulse was rather to refuse than gratify her. A less keen sense of her own superiority and his deficiencies on her side, or a more liberal and indulgent spirit on his, and they might have felt very differently toward each other.

Chafed in spirits, sick at heart, and weary of the dull monotony of the life she led, Emma took advantage of her husband's absence from the city to spend a long day with Clara. The cheerful air of the house, the gay tone of her sister's voice, the happiness that beamed in her eyes, formed as strange a contrast to Emma's listless air and dissatisfied countenance, as did her elegant demi-toilette to Clara's plain morning dress and the Scotch carpets of her little parlors. She looked indeed like the creature of another sphere, a star that had lost the path of its orbit. The new books that lay scat-

tered around, the snug look of the little back-parlor, now converted into Harry's library, and more than all, the animated conversation of her sister, gradually revived her drooping spirits, and they talked and laughed as in other days.

The hours flew by so rapidly that both sisters were surprised when the dinner-hour arrived. Harry came home bringing a couple of friends with him; men whom Emma had occasionally seen as lions at some literary *soirée*; but from whose friendly greetings and easy tone she perceived were constant visitors and intimate friends at the Howards'. The dinner was simple and small; but so well dressed that daintier persons might have eaten with appetite. Conversation was easy, and occasionally warmed into brilliancy; *bon-mot* flew from lip to lip; the graver subjects of literature were lightly touched on, and even science glanced at. And Emma observed with surprise that Clara joined with interest in their discussions; that she seemed to have kept up with her husband in the 'march of mind;' and that while her eyes flashed with pride at the stores of information and eloquence he poured forth, it was the pride not only of the admiring wife, but the keen appreciation of the intelligent companion, that lighted up her sweet face. Emma, who at first felt sadly behind the day, soon caught the excitement of the hour. Her mind was too quick and had been too highly cultivated, to lose its powers, as she sometimes sadly imagined, for the want of mental food; though dormant her higher capacities had certainly been, during this year of her marriage. When she left the table, it was with a sense of exhilaration to which she had long been a stranger. There had been no husband to blush for, no dread of mortifications to check the flow of her spirits; and she said to Clara, while assisting her to pour out coffee:

'You are a happy woman, Clara.'

'Happy,' replied Clara; 'oh Emma! I only sometimes fear that it is too great to last; that mortals do not merit it.'

'Yes, dearest! your happy tempers, your upright economy and constant industry, assure it to you. Enjoy it without trembling.'

After coffee the piano was opened. It was the only article in the house that could be deemed extravagant; but Harry was too much of a lover to economize there. His wife was a highly cultivated musician, both as a vocalist and instrumentalist. A professional gentleman of merit happened to drop in, and the evening closed with music rarely heard in private circles.

The talents of the two sisters had received the most careful culture, but Emma, the most brilliant in all else, had rather surpassed her sister in music. She now found however that she had lost much of her powers from want of practice; and not having kept up with the musical world for the last year, the few songs she could recall were already out of fashion. And again was she surprised to find Clara discussing the new operas, the distinctive merits of the different artists, and all that world of melody which she had once so delighted in herself, but which she had almost believed existed no longer for any one, certainly not for any married woman.

How sombre did her own magnificent establishment strike her that night as she returned from Clara's nut-shell of a house, that had been so full of wit, and melody, and mirth !

CHAPTER III.

'I KISSED it, and repressed my sighs
Its father in its face to see.' BYRON.

'I LOVE and shall be beloved! O Life!
At last I feel thee! Glorious spirit!'

At the close of the second year of her marriage, a new era of existence opened before Emma in the birth of a daughter. She pressed it to her heart, and as she kissed its baby-brow, felt that the treasures of a mother's love were still left her. The child was a feeble, puny infant, with pale blue eyes and sandy hair — a miniature of its father; and when it twisted its little features in its baby pains, had as much of Mr. Brown's expression when asked for sixpence as one could possibly imagine in a thing so small.

When Emma's friends flocked around her to sip their caudle and look at her child, the first exclamation was: 'How like its father!' But recollection or the expression of Emma's countenance generally changed the sentence into: 'No, I don't know who it takes after. Nurse, who does it look like?' And Nurse invariably answered: 'Sure an' it's the pictur' of its mamma.' The father's heart opened to the child, and he poured forth that love upon it that he had never bestowed upon its mother. And now the parents had a mutual subject of interest that inspired kindlier feelings toward each other than they had ever yet experienced. The stock too of Clara's happiness received the crowning cup of bliss in the birth of a son.

The delicate constitution of Emma's child, and indeed her own health, which had become much enfeebled, permitted her the excuse of passing the summer in the country; where, fortunately for her tranquillity, Mr. Brown's business prevented him from following her.

'Where do you mean to go this summer, Clara?'

'No where,' replied Clara.

'What! remain in town! Are you not afraid on account of the child?'

'No; my boy is very healthy; and should he be unwell, I can take him for a few days to Staten-Island. Nothing less than its being absolutely necessary for him would induce me to leave Harry all alone for the summer.' Clara said no more, for Emma was going; and in her case she was not surprised that she should; although she had always wondered in her heart how the young wives of her acquaintance could flock off to the country for months together, leaving their husbands to pass their long evenings in their lonely, untenanted houses; if indeed, fair Clara, they do pass them there, which we sometimes are inclined to doubt.

Time wore on, and Harry (he is a favorite, and we still call him by his Christian name, though his years are beginning to demand more respect,) rose in his profession, and obtained reputation, and its inseparable accompaniment, increasing income. Children gathered round them, and Clara had now three fine boys and one pretty, intelligent girl. Emma had but two: her daughter and a noble boy. He was a superb child. His brilliant eyes flashed with intelligence, and his generous temper, high spirit, and bold bearing, gave back to his mother the key of her own nature, which she had never fully comprehended till she recognized it reflected upon her in her own beautiful child. To say that she loved, idolized him, can hardly convey the idea of the intensity of her affection. Her whole existence seemed bound up in the little being whose character already betrayed the seeds of qualities strong either for good or evil. Mr. Brown could not but be proud of the child, though the little girl continued to be his darling. There was a natural sympathy between their dispositions, as in their appearance. She was diminutive in form and insignificant in air; a gentle little thing, who never offered to divide her play-things, nor yet refused to do so when her mother wished it. Emma and her husband were on kinder terms since the birth of these children. She had ceased to struggle after the unattainable, and centering her heart in her children, had found more tranquillity than she had once thought possible.

One of their first differences about them was on the subject of their education.

'Mr. Brown,' said Emma, 'if the children are to learn French and music, it is time they should commence. My sister has engaged Mr. L. and Signor A. for *her* children. They are the first masters in the city.'

'What are their prices?' asked her husband.

Emma mentioned their terms.

'Surely children of their age do not require such masters as those! Inferior persons will answer as well. How on earth can Howard afford to throw away his money so?'

'He can afford the first advantages to his children; and their education is the last point on which my brother and sister would economize. If teachers who perfectly understand **themselves** are ever of importance, they are most so in giving the elements. If the foundations are wrong, you can never right them. No, Mr. Brown, it is no disgrace to be ignorant of French or music; but bad French and poor music are contemptible indeed. If the children are to acquire them at all, let them have the best teachers or none. Of course the best can always command the highest terms.' Emma spoke boldly and fearlessly, for her spirit was roused; and for once his sense of his own ignorance and Emma's superiority conquered.

'Well,' said he, 'at least Charley needs no music. We don't want to make a fiddler of him. French he may want; so engage Mr. L. for them both, and Signor A. for Anna.'

'I think,' added Emma, more gently, 'you make a mistake in not

letting Charley learn music too. It appears to me that one of the great misfortunes of our young men of wealthy families is want of occupation, which very much arises from their uncultivated tastes; and frequently mere idleness leads them into dissipation.'

'If,' said Mr. Brown, kindling with anger till his little gray eyes fairly snapped, 'if ever a son of mine thinks he has nothing to do but spend my money on his own idle pleasures, he will find himself mistaken, I can tell him! No; he shall work as if I had not a sixpence to give him!'

Emma's heart beat fast, and she trembled; but she knew from experience that opposition or discussion only stereotyped on her husband's brain what she hoped might otherwise pass away and be forgotten.

†

CHAPTER IV.

'Mr boy, thou speakest as I spoke in sin
Before thy birth. Let me not see renewed
My misery in thine!'

BROWN.

'CLARA,' said Howard, 'we must take a larger house next May. Even your prudence must be satisfied that I can afford it now.'

'The house is certainly small for us, Harry; but if we move, we must have some new furniture.'

'Certainly. I suppose a couple of thousand dollars added to what we have will be sufficient.'

'Oh, amply.'

And consequently the following May they moved into a handsome house in a pleasant part of the city. And never was a woman happier; for even Clara was not insensible to appearances, nor the discomforts of having no pantries on her first floor.

She had not long been settled, when her husband came home at an unusual hour, looking pale and agitated. Clara started:

'For Heaven's sake, Harry, what is the matter?'

'Your brother William, dearest, is ill; and you must go to him immediately.'

Clara's youngest brother, a captain in the army, was stationed at Buffalo. His wife had died two years after her marriage, leaving him an only daughter; and it was the illness of this youngest and dearest brother that Harry came now to announce.

'I cannot go with you, my love; but you will not mind travelling alone?'

'Oh no; and I shall feel easier if you are with the children.'

'God grant, dearest, that you may find him better! But should he be as ill as from this letter I fear he is, relieve his mind at once from that which I know presses most heavily upon it—his child. Tell him she becomes our child when she loses him, to share alike in every advantage in my power to bestow upon her. Of your love and tenderness toward her he can need no assurance.'

Clara burst into a passion of tears, as she threw herself into his arms, and could only say: 'My noble husband!'

‘ You have but an hour, my love ; the boat leaves at three. I shall write this afternoon to Mrs. Brown, as I find she is still out of town.’

Clara arrived in time to see once again that beloved brother ; to take the load from his mind that oppressed it, and tranquillize his heart, beating with tender apprehension for his orphan daughter. Could Clara love her husband better than she did ? The gentle tenderness with which he received poor William’s child made her feel that in the ‘ lowest depth ’ of her love there was still a ‘ lower deep.’

Emma had returned to the city before Clara had got back, and the two sisters mingled their tears together ; but there was bitterness mixed with Emma’s grief. With her small family and immense means she had no power to serve the child of the brother she had loved so well. All must fall on the Howards.

‘ And so Howard has not brats enough of his own, but he must adopt another ? ’ was her husband’s feeling ejaculation on the subject.

‘ Yes, Howard has taken my poor brother’s child.’

‘ And I suppose she is to learn music and French ? ’ rejoined he, sneeringly.

‘ Certainly ; when Harry said she should ‘ eat of his bread and drink of his cup,’ and share in all things with his children, he did not mean to bring her up as a domestic drudge, a kind of upper servant,’ replied Emma, with spirit. ‘ No ; Harry Howard is truly noble, truly generous.’

Mr. Brown opened his eyes, and held his breath with astonishment for a moment ; for the idea of *educating* a ‘ poor relative ’ had never passed through his brain, except by way of a sneer. He only muttered something about ‘ Howard’s being a greater fool than he had thought him, and that he could never comprehend him.’

No, Emma knew he could not. True generosity and nobility of soul were beyond the limits of his comprehension. The adoption of this child seemed to vex him. He could not get over it. He seemed to feel it as a personal reproach. The first time he saw Harry, he said to him : ‘ I cannot think, Howard, that you were called upon to take that child. Why did you not let the mother’s relations keep it ? ’

‘ I do not know that they can afford it,’ replied Howard ; ‘ and I do not see but that it has as strong claims on its father’s family as its mother’s. At any rate, none of them came forward, and William Crawford’s child shall not beg a home while I have a roof to shelter it.’

‘ You knew him then ? ’

‘ We were at school together.’

‘ Ah, that makes a difference,’ rejoined Brown ; and he seemed much comforted and soothed by the idea that he had never seen the father, and consequently the child could have no claims on him.

A few days after, Howard read with a smile, among the list of donations to the ‘ Orphan Asylum,’ ‘ One hundred dollars from B. Brown, Esquire.’

The current of Emma's life had not run so smoothly for some years back as when we last adverted to her. Her darling son, as he grew out of his first childhood, grew also out of his father's favor; either through some feeling of jealousy of the mother's idolatry, or because he felt already a longing to see him at work, or probably both feelings combined. At any rate, his manner became stern and severe to the boy; and instead of forming a link between the parents, he became the cause of farther estrangement. As we have said before, he inherited his mother's nature with her talents. He was as proud as he was ambitious.

'Dear mother, try and persuade father to let me enter college. Let me be a lawyer, like Uncle Howard. I was in court yesterday when he pleaded for that poor man; and oh mother! how I wish you could have heard him! Let me enter college. I don't want to go in the counting-house.'

'Dearest boy, I will do all I can, but I fear your father is quite decided on that point.' And then in all the fulness of her perfect love she tried to reconcile him to what she feared was inevitable; to turn his enthusiasm into another channel, and to talk to him of 'merchant princes' and the 'Medicii.' But it would not do. To give up his studies and college for the ware-house; no! no! Despair was in the thought. Emma used all her powers of persuasion and reasoning with her husband; but the decree had gone forth, and change was hopeless.

One of the points on which Emma and Mr. Brown disagreed, was on the propriety of making Charley an allowance of pocket-money. 'No; he thought it would make him extravagant. What did a boy of his age want with money? He had never had pocket-money;' and he seemed to remember his own boyhood only to be indignant at the superior advantages that his son possessed.

Emma consulted her sister as to her management with her boys in that respect: 'Certainly, Mr. Howard gives them an allowance; not much; but he says boys ought always to have a little change about them; that they like to fish and boat on Saturday; and that it is tempting them to run in debt or sponge on other boys, which Heaven forbid that ours should do, if they have none.' No; again Emma found her husband impenetrable. Once when Charley came in, flushed with excitement, and placed in her hand the highest prize he had just won at school, she turned to Mr. Brown and said: 'He has been an industrious boy; I think he merits some reward.' The liberal father put his hand in his pocket and drew forth a sixpence, which he pushed toward his son. The proud boy colored to the forehead, but did not touch it; and as poor Emma put out her hand to reach the piece, for from her she knew he would refuse nothing: 'No! no!' said her husband; 'if Master's stomach is too proud for that, there take it, Sis;' and he tossed it to Anna, whose little fingers clasped tightly over the silver.

Charley was now fourteen, and Mr. Brown insisted that he should lose no more time, but enter the counting-house at once; and it was done. The boy had not been there a year, when his mother found

that his discontent and gloom, instead of diminishing, increased. 'My dearest son,' said she, 'what is it that depresses you so?'

'Mother, if I must be a merchant, why did not my father place me with such a man as Mr. B., or Mr. C., or any body that is a gentleman, which Mr. Q. is not? And then he is such a mean man too; and mother, I do not like what I see of a merchant's life. Princes one day, and running like mad after their notes the next.'

'My darling boy, all professions have their toils and draw-backs, and all men think their's the hardest. Would you try to be better satisfied if your father placed you with Mr. C?'

'Oh, yes, a thousand times; almost perfectly happy.'

Once more did Emma appeal in her child's behalf. But 'No, the fellow's always grumbling; let him stay where he is,' was the reply.

Thwarted at home, dissatisfied at the ware-house, Emma found to her alarm that her son was beginning to stay out late; that his brow had a feverish glow that came not from healthy excitement; and that little bills were sent to her husband. High scenes and coarse invective were bestowed upon the youth, which he bore in sullen silence, but which produced no change of conduct, except that, dreading the storm and taunts he must encounter on his return home, he absented himself more than ever. His mother expostulated with him earnestly and affectionately, and it had its effect for the time. He dearly loved her, and could not bear to see her look so sad. But youth and strong passions were more powerful than love in that young heart. The gloomy home, the stern, harsh father, the absence of all that could attract a naturally gay and spirited lad, were more than he could bear; and he broke loose again more wildly than before.

'Clara,' said her sister to her about this time, 'what does Mr. Howard mean to do with the boys? Has he decided on their professions?'

'He has left the boys free to decide for themselves. He says if they work against the grain, they never work heartily. Harry has entered his father's office, and Tom received yesterday his warrant in the navy. Willy is yet too young to think about the matter.'

'The navy?—and does that satisfy Mr. Howard?'

'Yes; it is a gallant, honorable service, and was the boy's ardent wish. He is of that adventurous, hardy character, that will make, I think, a fine officer. Emma, I am happy in my children. My boys are fine, generous creatures; and my girls, for Charlotte is almost as dear to me as Augusta, all I could wish them.'

'Ah! Clara,' said her sister, and she sighed deeply, 'your children have had a happy home, and you and your husband are reaping the reward of your judicious indulgence.'

It is useless to dwell upon the anxieties and anguish that were corroding Emma's heart; or how she prayed and reasoned with her husband, to induce him to adopt a new course with his son. 'Surely his only object must be that son's happiness.' No; it absolutely seemed as if obedience to himself was the first grand object; all

else must be secondary to his will. And thus things went on from bad to worse, until at last Mr. Brown worked himself up to such a pitch of passion, as to declare one evening that if Charley staid out that night beyond half-past ten he never should darken his doors again.

Then, and then only, for the first time since her marriage, did the mother and the woman, in the full force of her natural character, burst forth. She turned her flashing eyes fully and boldly on her husband, as she said resolutely, but with deep emotion:

‘When you banish Charles for venial faults from your house, you banish *me* also. The home from which he is driven forth to wander houseless and go to destruction, shall no longer be *my* home.’

Her husband quailed, but added sneeringly:

‘And may I ask what you propose doing in such a case?’

‘No matter what,’ she cried, passionately; ‘I have acquirements that will always enable me to take care of myself. Only you mark my words!’

The man was conquered; for he saw that she spoke with the energy of truth and passion, and was capable of acting up to her declaration. Perhaps he had hardly meant the threat when he uttered it. At any rate, it never was repeated.

‘Ah!’ cried Emma, giving way to the intense anguish of her spirit when she was alone; ‘am I never to know peace? Here, where I had treasured up my heart, my only freight of happiness, is *that* too to be shipwrecked? Are the consequences of my wretched ——’ She stopped; ‘marriage’ was the word upon her lips.

Ah! who can tell the end of misery entailed by one sinful act! Yes, we say one sinful act; for the woman who pledges her faith before God and man to one who in her heart she despises, *sins*, and bitterly will she be punished for that sin. This world is not all dollars and cents, and the home that is destitute of affection must be desolate and wretched indeed.

But cheer thee, unhappy mother! Yes, thou *wilt* yet have peace. Thy devotions and thy prayers have not been poured forth in vain for thy heart’s idol. Sanctified and guarded by a mother’s love, he will again return to thee; and in full gratitude for thy unwearying patience and undying love, he will be once again the pride and glory of thy maturer years, the comforter and soother of thy declining age!

F. B. F.

WHAT IS IT.

My first is a short and convenient term,
Denoting one part of a mercantile firm;
My next takes a vow ’gainst each am’rous pretender,
And always belongs to the feminine gender;
My third, when the fight waxes deadly and hot,
Invigorates fools to march up and be shot;
My whole put together is what, without doubt,
You at this moment are puzzling your brains to find out.

Savannah, May 5, 1842.

J. B. F.

The Rime of Sir Thopas.

BY J. RHEIM PIERSON.

CANTO III.

ARGUMENT.

SIR THOPAS through some doleful news
His future glory clear sees;
He eats a mighty dinner, after
Which he very fierce is:
Against the Dragon points his lance,
But hits a mark much higher;
And after having cleared the mud,
He jumps into the mire.

SOMETIMES well fed, and sometimes fasting,
O'er hill and dale our wights were hasting,
Yet nothing worthy found, in dale or
Hill, to experience their valor.
Till, sad that their researches throve ill,
They reached one eve a wretched hovel;
Whose dame, with poor fare and worse grace,
Offered to act the Boniface.
Now drew gray Night, Day's chamberlain,
Her shadow-curtain o'er the plain;
Behind the roofless old cow-shed
The drowsy sun had gone to bed,
And, like a choking face, his track
Began to turn from red to black.
Beside, for many miles around
No other lodgings could be found;
So here they're fain to spend the night,
And stay perhaps their appetite.

The poor crone busily bestirred her,
And emptied for her guests her larder;
Though sooth its bill of fare was slender,
And none of't either young or tender.
Sir Thopas' jaw-teeth ne'er did play 'pon
More unaccommodating capon,
And the Squire's bacon was as rusty
As, by his side, his hanger trusty:
But mighty Hunger soon proved able
To digest food unpalatable;
And when the stock of victual *was* up,
She filled deficiencies with gossip.
She asked the Knight if he had heard
Of what had happened? 'No, not a word.'
'Alack-a-day!' she cried, and straight
Began to weep and curse her fate:

And named, as fast she plied her 'kerchief,
The very thing he was in search of.
Now 't is well known that woman's tongue
By Nature is created long ;
But when 't is stretched by grief and trouble,
Its length is multiplied by double.
Therefore I cannot give, *verbatim*,
Facts as the old crone did relate 'em ;
But what here follows, without fail,
Is the pith of her long-winded tale.

She said a beast of Dragon brood
Infested all the neighborhood,
Whose cavernous and dreary den
Was on the borders of a fen
Which lay some twenty miles or more
To the northward from her cottage door.
That he, before the break of day,
Of late, to her hut took his way ;
' With one whisk of his paw,' she said,
' He knocked the roof from off the shed ;
And before I my sons could rouse up,
The beast had eaten both my cows up ;'
Here, except some sad moans and mutterings,
Her grief completely choked her utterance,
And tears as fast ran from her eyne,
As milk from th' udders of her kine.

' No farmer near,' continued she,
' Has any ' critters ' more than me ;
Cattle can safely keep their stalls
Nowhere but in the castle walls ;
And thrice in person Lord Pangolpho
Has valiantly attacked this tall foe ;
But he and all his warlike train,
Thrice foiled, have hastened home again :
While, each time they attacked the beast,
He caught some two or three at least,
And, without slacking in his course,
Made but two bites of man and horse !
' To think of such a horrid crow full,
I vow ! is positively awful !'

Much more she told as true, though for 't
The only voucher was report ;
And when at last she was exhausted,
They went to bed : she in the straw staid.

But Thopas was so pleased to think
O' the news, he could not sleep a wink.
That lovely female figure meant sure
To put him just on this adventure :
The beast with one proud thought did fill him,
That *he* was preordained to kill him !
The long-drawn hours of lazy Night
Passed in imaginary fight ;
And as the white moon slowly sunk west,
High rose his brilliant dreams of conquest.
In thought, as he tossed from side to side,
He laid shrewd blows on 's leather hide :

At last, quicker than I can tell ye,
He stabs him in the soft-skinned belly,
And straight the outlandish monster, slain,
Rolls his huge bulk prone on the plain !
Then all the neighborhood assemble,
With plausible shouts the earth doth tremble ;
Then his night-visiter proves to be
A high-born, wealthy, gay Ladye,
Who heals the wounds he got in fight,
And loves and weds the conquering Knight !

By the time he 'd wedded his Ladye,
The sun got up, and so did he.
Fiercely he roused Jock, bade him speed,
And saddle quick his warlike steed ;
Then off he started, in such haste
That he forgot to break his fast ;
Nor did hungry Jock remonstrate, sith
Th' old crone had nought to break it with.

Now, though impatient was Sir Thopas,
His horse persisted in a slow pace.
In vain he pushed his rowels all up
In his lean sides, and made him gallop :
Soon spent what speed his broken wind held,
Down to a walk the gallop dwindled.
Thus many dull hours slowly past, till
At length they reach Pangolpho's castle,
Where, faint and hungry, they alight,
But not without an appetite.
Nor while such empty, fasting plight in,
Felt Thopas in a mood for fighting ;
Though without doubt his lack of mettle
Was owing to the want of victual ;
And if interpreted aright would
Imply no slur upon his knighthood.
For doctors and dinners both decide,
Valor and Victuals are allied
So closely, that the want of fother
Always insures the lack of t' other.

But Lord Pangolpho, spite of dragons,
Had cellars stored with dusty flagons,
And larder loaded with good cheer
Enough to last for half a year.
So down they sat to dinner, where
Our Knight did justice to his share ;
And after two-hours' meal began,
Well-pleased, to feel his inner man,
Erewhile so empty, lean, and limber,
Now stiffly braced with belly-timber,
Brimful of beef, beer, pork, pies, porridge,
Chops, chicken, custards, cakes, and courage,
He inly felt himself about able
To cope with champion so redoubtable.

Just as he 'd finished the last taste,
A scout announced, in dreadful haste,
That the old Dragon might be seen,
Coming, far off, across the green :

Switching his tail with such dire rigor, as
 Foretold his appetite was vigorous.
 Instanter, with impatient speed,
 Sir Thopas arms and mounts his steed ;
 Lays his long lance in rest, and so
 Rides out to meet th' advancing foe.

Across the green and level lawn
 The scaly Hell-brood thundered on,
 Crossing above his snout, swift fly
 Young lightnings when he winks his eye :
 And clouds of mist oppress the breezes,
 Mingled with sparks, whene'er he sneezes.
 He like a l—e had six long paws,
 Armed with excruciating claws,
 That from the meadows he passed over
 Tore up the tender grass and clover :
 And brazen wings, that loud did rattle
 Over his head in march or battle,
 Like gongs in th' Astor House, whose chime
 Tells boarders it is dinner-time,
 Wide opened he his maw tremendous ;
 Ye ministers of grace defend us !
 ' Why, were there many teeth there ? ' Ay, Sirs !
 And red as blood were his incisors !
 His many-pointed molars too
 All wore the same deep gory hue,
 And 't is supposed they all grew red on
 The kind of provender they fed on ;
 Like pigs, whose bones grow red and redder,
 The more their swill is mixed with madder.
 But chief his tail caused consternation,
 'T was moulded in so dire a fashion :
 In size it was full twice the length
 Of's body, and of wondrous strength ;
 Knotted and knobbed to make it stout,
 Like lash of cruel Russian knout ;
 Or, as we read in the Almanac,
 Like the great Nahant sea-serpent's back.
 Now with this tail he lashed his side,
 And struck fire from his scaly hide ;
 Now, furious, scourged the groaning ground,
 Far scattering grass and gravel round.
 The stars, scared at his mad career,
 Became invisible from fear ;
 And mild young Cynthia's silver tip had ease
 Only by flying to the Antipodes !

From turret, tower, and battlement
 All eyes on Thopas were intent ;
 Whose gallant steed, in swift career,
 Now to the Dragon brought him near.
 The combatants, ere the first blow,
 Each darkly frowned upon his foe,
 While kindling bright with flashing ire,
 Each fixed eye burned with livid fire ;
 When suddenly Sir Thopas' steed
 To a dead halt changed his headlong speed ;
 And under thumps, spurs, kicks, and curses,
 His stubborn stand-still only worse is.
 Loud shouts and cries, curses and clatter,
 Burst from the lips of each spectator :

The foe himself his speed represses ;
Behind, his long tail motionless is,
His eyes stopped winking, nose stopped sneezing,
His wings awhile their loud din ceasing,
And all to satisfy his doubt
As to what the horse could be about.
Yet rider's spurs, spectators' cheers,
And Dragon's stare, inspired no fears,
Nor made this brave old steed relent,
Nor waver in his stern intent ;
But calmly, like a horse well bred,
He stretched, and — and — then rode ahead !

But straight the scaly foe perceives
A strange perfume upon the breeze,
Unsmelt before ; whereat his nose
Indignant waxed, like Trinculo's,
At this solution of his doubt,
Contemptuous, he turned up his snout ;
And as the foe now galloped near,
The Dragon turned his dreadful rear,
And 's tail, deliberately slow,
Aimed at the Knight a deadly blow.
Now, that he might so hard a thump shun,
Required considerable gumption ;
Much more, 'faith, than Sir Knight possessed,
When straddling such a wayward beast ;
And while debating some queer crotchet,
By which his nimbleness might dodge it,
The knotted tail, whistling for slaughter,
Just struck him between wind and water ;
Which means, say sailors, 'twixt breast-bone
And eighteen inches farther down.
The blow came with such wondrous force,
It whipt him up from off his horse,
And through the air swift whizzing on, it
Sent him like cannon-ball or comet :
Which aëry journey took so long,
There 's full time for our humble song
To tell what luck the courser found,
Before Sir Knight can reach the ground.

When from his back our Dragon bold
Had whisked the rider, as I've told,
Appetite prompted to proceed
And make a dinner of the steed ;
But when he saw his age, his tail,
His ribs, and hips — they turned the scale,
And proved the hack, beyond all question,
Too old and tough for his digestion.
So leaving him upon the plain,
To hobble, *solus*, home again,
He in a new direction sought
The involuntary aëronaut.

Sir Knight, with lance still couched, in fear
Traversed the ambient atmosphere ;
And so swift was his onward force,
Birds had no time to clear the course ;
Thus many an untimely capon
Was spitted, unplucked, on his weapon.

An eagle dodged him quick as wink,
 But he pierced Tom-tit and Bob-o'-link :
 An old owl, much to his surprise,
 Found himself stuck between the eyes ;
 And, *en passant*, his heels gave knocks
 To a heron and two sparrow-hawks.
 Then, when his long course culminated,
 And down he steered with speed unbated,
 A black storm-cloud as he passed through,
 He split a thunderbolt in two ;
 Whose fragments, scattered far about,
 Did put three Jack-o'Lanterns out ;
 Thus saving barns, with kye and hay,
 Which that bolt would have swept away,
 And sparing hinds a horrid frightening
 At seeing their hay-stacks struck by lightning.
 At length, after a four-mile heat
 Made his parabola complete,
 Swift down he plumped, like old King Log,
 Up to his middle in a bog.

Should now my readers make objection
 To the extravagance of fiction,
 Them I remind 't is my intent
 To err not without precedent.
 A rhymed romance who e'er did know so
 Fine as 'Orlando Furioso ?' *
 And yet its author, called 'divine,'
 Somewhere in Canto XXIX,
 Of Rodomont he doth affirm it,
 He jerked three miles a harmless hermit !
 And his chief hero, stranger still,
 Kicked a poor ass a mile up hill !
 Although while he thus played the fool,
 His wits were gone a-gathering wool,
 A trait which some, who judge too hard,
 Might say he borrowed from the Bard.

Now if you keep it well in mind
 That these two were of human kind,
 Whereas the feat you quarrel with
 Was done by a beast who had more pith
 And marrow in his tail alone,
 Than any hundred men could own ;
 You ought not, ye who cavils bring,
 If still displeased that every thing
 Like probability is lost, to
 Blame me so much as Ariosto.

Now let Sir Thopas settle matters
 With mire, mosquitoes, alligators,
 And lizards, for a month ; about
 Which time our verse shall help him out.
 A promise we intend to stand to,
 And will redeem in our Fourth Canto.

Savannah, Georgia.

* OR who e'er knew so great a goose as
 JOHN HOOLE, for meddling with the Muses ?

A LADY-SUFFERER ON 'DOMESTIC SERVITUDE.'

TO THE EDITOR OF THE KNICKERBOCKER.

SIR: Among the phrases which may be considered characteristic of this philanthropic age, there is one which in its literal signification is used I believe principally in enlightened England, but which is sometimes also found useful in the metaphorical language of our own country. I allude to the expression, 'establishing a raw.' This is an idea which is sometimes called up even in the mild encounters of our milk-and-water politicians, who congratulate themselves upon having found or formed a peculiarly tender spot in an opponent's character or temper, as affording the means of improving him by the application of home-touching remarks.

Beside this kind of 'raws,' there are some which are so thoroughly established by circumstances, that any approach to a touch awakens the sufferer to a sensitiveness which appears scarcely comprehensible to him whose withers are unwrung. Your correspondent 'H. F.', by a mere flourish of his pen, has called my experienced housewifely nerves into such quivering life, that I must throw myself upon your indulgence for a corner in your Magazine, in which to give very limited utterance to an overflowing soul. O! how eloquent I *could* be! But I forbear. Yet you will not deny me the privilege of a short preliminary view of the ground.

There is undeniably a great deal of work to be done in this world—a great deal of coarse, dirty business. The very necessities of life—putting luxuries out of the question—the bare necessities of life require daily labor of a character uncongenial to any thing like refinement of habits. The grand struggle, ever since Babel, has been who should *not* do this work. Those who have had the power have always found somebody on whom to put it off; and it would be hard to show that those who have been induced to undertake it have been made miserable by the mere labor. Where they have been an unhappy class, the cause must be sought in the evil tempers of their employers, and not in the bare accident of position. Involuntary servitude is of course a condition in whose favor nothing can be said; but voluntary labor, in the shape of floor-scrubbing and dinner-cooking, is no more oppressive or degrading in itself than the building of houses or the tarring of ropes. As to rank, performing a mechanical business for which one is paid as surely excludes you from the supper-parties of your employer, as would the preparation of the dainties there displayed; and why? Because the man to whose comfort or pride you contribute, and who in his turn assists to support your family, despises you? By no means. But his associations are different—we say not superior; that shall be either an open or a relinquished point—but different; and an attempt to force union where separation is instinctive

would be productive of pleasure to neither party. Yet each, *in proportion to his mental enlargement*, feels abundant respect for the good qualities of the other. And I can perceive but little difference between this **case** and that of one who is hired to perform certain services in a family. A comfortable support, (not 'small wages,' my good 'H. F.,') a comfortable support and kind treatment are the proper return for the activity and probity which the well-principled domestic feels to belong to his part of the compact. If there be a difference in the cases, it is only that the household *employé*, being by closer contact more continually reminded of the distinction between the employer and himself, is under greater temptation to the weakness of false pride and the sin of envy, and has therefore a claim to a greater measure of forbearing kindness.

The philosophy of life is nowhere so complicated as in the United States, where people have one set of maxims for theory and another for practice; where they maintain most vehemently doctrines akin to those of the Stoics, yet find Epicurean habits essential to their happiness. What plausible and shining webs are woven from the axiom that all men are and forever should be equal in all things! How easy is it to show (on paper) that distinctions in society are neither necessary nor proper; that it must be a reprehensible pride which would make any difference between the laborer and the artist, the philosopher and his butcher, the architect and the hod-carrier! Fine-spun theories like these may be so cunningly devised that no flaw shall be discoverable to the logician, yet one touch of plain, practical common sense shall send them flying like a disturbed reverie. The moment we assent to the proposition that there shall be no distinctions in society, we decide that every body shall be engaged in menial labor. To have a class for that purpose is a contradiction in terms. Menial labor implies soiled clothes, coarse fingers, a stout and tasteless dress — a mind occupied with petty details. This at once annihilates all exterior refinement; and whatever does this, extinguishes the arts, and reduces man to the condition of the savage. And this is the state of things which your correspondent recommends to our complacent contemplation!

Nations, like individuals, have their weak points, and this is ours. It is the duty of good citizens not to encourage national delusions, but to contribute if possible to the general enlightenment. The diffusion of the better kinds of knowledge is directly calculated to abate the evils which have arisen in the relation of master and servant; and I contend that those who present this subject in the light in which it is viewed by your correspondent, are contributing to retard the progress of the philosophy of life in a very important particular. I think those who hold the ready pen would be more usefully employed in showing that the contract between the *hirer* and the *hiree*, in the matter of domestic service, is a definite bargain, two-sided like any other, binding both parties with equal force, and no more authorizing hatred and envy on one side than haughtiness and rudeness on the other; than in informing the damsel who

glances at the KNICKERBOCKER while she is dusting the parlor, that 'far from exacting-servants being a cause of complaint, they should be looked upon as indications of a happy and prosperous condition of human affairs!' And we are called upon too to be thankful that 'we live in a land where men must be their own servants, since every man can and will be his own master!' As rationally might a watch-maker rejoice that he lived where men were too independent to make springs and balance-wheels, since they could and would show their good sense by making dial-plates and hands only! We used to believe in the advantages of a division of labor, and there is a musty proverb which says, 'Order is Heaven's first law;' but the school-master has been abroad in our land, and '*nous avons changé tout cela!*' 'H. F.' seems disposed to invest with *l'air noble* the silliest blunder we have ever yet made. He not only says things are so, but that they ought to be so! Precious doctrine this! It is not the fashion to talk of 'incendiarism' at the North, but if it were, I know not what a jury of housewives would call the Bæotian philosophy of 'H. F.' The contents of the coffee-pot under the administration of poor crazy Margaret would make him as palatable a beverage as we should be disposed to award him for three calendar months, at the very least. By the by, we are given to understand that none but the poor maniac behaved decently; of course any girl who would condescend to do housework well must be crazy. (*Three groans.*)

O! my dear Sir, (for one can feel regard for even an abstraction so agreeable as the KNICKERBOCKER,) in the name of all the abused and hard-working ladies in the community, Mrs. 'H. F.' inclusive, let me beseech you to use your influence with your correspondent! Tell him that potent and valuable as are closet sages on many of the great points connected with the order and happiness of the world, there are some subjects which should be handled only by the practical; and that gentleman can hardly be supposed such, even although they may have cooked one breakfast. Our friend's benevolence shines in every line of his agreeable tract, and he no doubt thought himself fully qualified for the discussion; but if he is determined to fit himself thoroughly for an enlightened contemplation of this most important of all the domestic relations, (excepting perhaps that which makes dinners necessary,) I can point him to a region where 'help' claims the *pas* in all things; where the mistress holds the baby while the 'help' takes tea first, by way of improvement upon the daily practice of eating and drinking in the closest juxta-position; and where, if the table be not of patriarchal dimensions, the children of the family must wait, in order that the hired men and maids may eat with their employers. This is the true college for the instruction of such theorists as 'H. F.;' and I shall not fail to leave my name and address at your publication office, in order that your correspondent may show his sincerity by coming at once into training. After one year's experience under my own eye, I shall be willing he should write again for the KNICKERBOCKER on the subject of what he is pleased to term 'Domestic Servitude.'

NO THEORIST.

T H E I N D I A N ' W I F E .

BY MRS. MARY E. HEWITT.

THE glittering dew on leaf and blade
Flashed bright in Morning's beam,
When an Indian wife unmoored her skiff,
And launched upon the stream.

One hand, as 't were instinctively,
The paddle, listless, plied;
The other clasped a dark-browed child
All closely to her side.

Afar the foaming cataract
On her dread pathway lay;
Her gaze was on the arch that seemed
The portal of her way:

And a song was on her pallid lip,
And a wild light in her eye,
As the current bore her swiftly on
Adown the stream, to die.

' There 's a dark-eyed fawn in Maquon's lodge;
Will he miss the Bounding Doe?
Will the hunter's foot be on our trail
To the land where our spirits go?

' How could I brook that another there
In my own fair home should rest?
That my warrior's head should pillowed lie
In sleep, on another's breast?

' That another's lip should welcome him
All gladly from the chase;
While my heart grew faint once more to meet
His clasping, fond embrace?

' That another there her mat should spread
Beside our wigwam fire;
That another's babe with mine should share
The love of his warrior sire?

' I have borne thee forth, my noble boy!
From thy couch of panther's skin;
When the chief returns he will know the hawk
In the eagle's nest hath been!

' I have launched our birchen-bark canoe;
We are journeying to the west,
We are bound to the happy hunting-grounds
In the Islands of the Blest.

‘ Droop’st thou, my child ? Thy cheek is pale,
Thy lips their hue forsake ;
Dost thou *fear* to pass the waterfall,
Ere we reach the Silent Lake ?

‘ Hear’st thou not soft spirit-voices call ?
And mid the glittering spray
Seest thou not where bright Manitou stands,
And beckons me away ?

‘ I come !— I come !’ A shriek rose high
Above the cataract’s roar ;
And the echoing hills gave back the cry
From the forest-girdled shore.

T H E F A I R I N C O N N U .

AN AUTHENTIC SKETCH.

ABOUT four years since, on board one of the steam-boats, on her passage from New-York to Albany, three strangers were observed ; an elderly man and woman, with nothing about their persons to distinguish them from other passengers, and a much younger female, who might have passed for their daughter but that something in her appearance and movement occasionally marked her as of superior rank. The elder couple, with very few words of conversation, promenaded the upper deck, while the boat was passing through the interesting scenery of the Palisades and Highlands ; and their companion kept pace with them, except when some object drew her to the railing on either side, the better to gratify her curiosity.

Among the many loungers on the benches, some beguiling time with the newspapers of the day or engaged in conversation, a gentleman of prepossessing appearance reclined at his ease. Having no companion, it was natural that he should particularly notice not only the points of attraction constantly presenting themselves on the shores of the majestic Hudson, but also the motley collection of travellers who surrounded him. The young female already mentioned certainly could not suppose herself the object of any one’s curiosity, being as plainly habited as those to whom she evidently belonged, for all might reasonably have been set down as unassuming citizens of the middling class. She nevertheless had drawn a greater share of the lone gentleman’s notice than he bestowed on others. He arose and walked the deck ; they came frequently in contact, as each appeared intent on a common object ; but so delicate was his conduct that suspicion of design could not be imagined. Common civility induced an occasional remark on the gentleman’s part ; the young woman’s polished manner of

acknowledging such trifling attention excited his desire to ascertain who she really was, for he felt assured that she must be of a rank above what her own plain habiliments and the bearing of her companions bespoke her. With these, her only communication was by monosyllables, and her air toward them seemed rather habitually commanding, while on their part the deferential could not be kept under.

Urbanity naturally begets confidence among cultivated persons. That the gentleman was such unquestionably, his companion felt sure; and she had no reserve in the intercourse which in the ordinary course of steam-boat travelling she expected could last only a few hours. She therefore freely asked information of much which she desired to know, and he was competent to satisfy her utmost inquiry. The theme naturally reverted to events of the Revolutionary war, as they passed by the fortresses, conjuring up the reminiscences of the unfortunate ANDRE and the traitor ARNOLD. It was now plainly to be perceived that the questioner was an English woman, possessing a mind of unusual strength. West-Point here appeared in the distance, and the gentleman had much to explain of the military academy, the cadets, the burial-ground, the accommodation for visitors, etc.

When they neared the landing-place, the young woman, as if gratefully impressed by the kind pains the gentleman had taken to enlighten her curiosity, gracefully observed, that here their journey together terminated, and turned toward her companions, to whom she was overheard saying: 'I mean to stop a day or two in this place.' This was not in the tone of one asking a favor, but rather of a person used to dictate. The good man took up his valise, the wife her band-box, while she with a light hand-basket trudged with them toward the gang-way.

The young woman might not have had a face formed to captivate every beholder with its loveliness; she might have possessed a figure that was totally unnoticed by all the other passengers, except the gentleman who had so condescendingly spoken to her; but there was an indescribable *something* about her that excited him to know more. His determination was instantly taken; and with his little carpet-bag, he landed at the same moment. The trio were stopped, as customary at West-Point, by the sentry on duty, and directed to enter their names on a slate which he presented for the purpose. Wherefore should our gentleman desire to learn their names more particularly than those of more fashionable-looking people going through the same ceremony? Thus it was, however; but he observed nothing more inscribed than simply, '*Mr. Williamson, wife, and niece.*' The modest party let their betters pass onward, following at a moderate distance; and when the gentleman had scrawled *Mr. Anderson* as his cognomen, he went in pursuit.

That he should take the same road with the young woman's party was by no means extraordinary, there being as is well known but one. Neither was there any thing remarkable in his overtak-

ing them, the elder couple not being over alert, and their protégé apparently unused to the gait of a farm-house girl or pert waiting-woman. With a respectful bow of recognition he might have passed them, but for a graceful wave of the younger person's hand, and a good-natured observation that this 'was a pleasure altogether unexpected.'

Something singularly interesting about this mysterious young woman compelled Mr. Anderson to slacken his pace, and offer his arm, which was accepted with the freedom of an old acquaintance. The hill being tedious to ascend, many were the opportunities of turning round and animadverting on the delectable surrounding scenery. Surely nothing can equal the charms of West-Point in the much-vaunted inland views of England! What the lakes of Westmoreland and Cumberland present in miniature, are seen on a grand scale through the whole length of the Hudson. So fascinated did the young person appear, that if, as Mr. Anderson suspected, she had an incognito to observe, she was thrown completely off her guard. He saw in the plain girl with a close straw bonnet, which a milliner's apprentice would disdain to wear in Broadway or Chatham-street, a superior mind, cultivated to an extraordinary degree. He listened to her remarks with astonishment, and frequently glanced inquisitively from her to the elder couple, as though he would say: 'Tis deception; she cannot be their niece!' At one moment she exclaimed: 'Here I shall stay at least a week: I must sketch some of these beauties!' 'So she is an artist!' said Anderson to himself; 'I must find out who she is.'

Well, to Cozzens', that prince of gentleman-like inn-keepers, they got at last, and again Anderson consulted the book of entry, but with the same success as at the landing: nothing met his eye but '*Mr. Williamson, wife, and niece.*' At dinner-time, a vacant chair by the niece's side afforded him a farther opportunity of observing character; and he felicitated himself that chance had brought him acquainted with a female far above the coquetish arts so usually adopted by pretty women. But if Anderson was pleased with the old couple's niece, she on the other hand could not fail to be so with him. His address was free from that licentious boldness which the mustachioed dandies of the present day assume in their ordinary intercourse with females; nor was there any thing that savored of levity in his discourse with them; while yet no pedantry of manner stamped him vain-glorious.

Love was entirely out of the question between the parties at the juncture we commemorate; but certainly, of the host of individuals then under Cozzens' roof, these two preferred the society of each other to all others. They possessed similar tastes, had nothing in common with the pleasure-hunting crowds visiting Catskill, Saratoga, and Niagara Falls; and in whatever spot they found themselves temporarily placed, they could extract from the objects presented to their view, themes of gratification, amusement, and edification. Thus the first afternoon was delightfully passed rambling together throughout the precincts of the Military Academy; witness-

ing the exercises of the Cadets, listening to the band, and discussing until night such topics as intellectual companions would naturally select. Before parting, Anderson remarked :

‘It is rather awkward that I should be permitted to enjoy your society, while ignorant by what name to address you.’

‘Names signify nothing,’ replied the other ; ‘they however have their uses. Call me *Selina*, if you please ; it is indeed my name.’

‘Might that not be verging on the familiar?’ asked Anderson ; ‘I observed your worthy uncle booked as Mr. Williamson ? May I presume the same to be *your* name ?’

‘Not at all,’ was the reply ; ‘my name is, as I informed you, *Selina*. Now yours, if you please.’

‘I am commonly called ‘Captain Anderson,’ he replied, respectfully bowing. And they parted for the night.

How during two tedious days Anderson missed his agreeable companion, need not be inquired into ; but that not meeting her was a sore disappointment, may sanction the idea that there is such a thing as being ‘*love-struck*.’ The long dining-table, though crowded, seemed to him empty. It might be thought that the Captain was on the sick-list ; for he ate little and drank less. At first he feared the party had quitted West-Point, but his apprehension was quieted on learning from a servant that the uncle had gone in the morning boat to New-York, and that until his return his wife and niece would be waited on in their private apartment.

On the return of the uncle their acquaintance was renewed. I shall pass over the minutiae of what succeeded during the space of a month ; the young lady’s time being chiefly occupied in transferring those exquisite views for which West-Point is so renowned. And certainly Anderson was not less agreeably employed ; for by some secret sympathy the spots selected by the fair *inconnu* were precisely those he preferred ; and she was not so tenacious of privacy as to make a mystery of the manner in which she intended to occupy herself the succeeding day. They met constantly, and spent much time in each other’s company ; nor did the presence of the old folk at all interrupt their harmony ; for whatever was beginning to be the private feelings of the one or the other, so perfectly regulated was the well-ordered mind of each, that not a word or action could escape, that might not have been ‘emblazoned to the assembled world.’

Here we may as well as in any other place lift the veil in respect to Anderson. He was an opulent Southern planter ; not of very juvenile age, but still a bachelor. According to custom, he was wearing away the summer season in northern journeyings, without any specific object ; and his duration of abode in any one place depended altogether on circumstances. That the plainly-habited *Selina*, though no beauty, and of an age to choose her own guardian, that is to say a little under thirty, was the magnet attaching him to Cozzens’ Hotel, must plainly be seen ; without doubt she herself felt it, and probably with gratification ; for she had the tact to discover his true character, and the good sense justly to appreciate it.

But in spite of inclination, so warm in most men as to stifle caution, Anderson could not repress suspicion, lest he might be hurrying on a deed involving future misery. He was at his wit's end to discover the true standing of the young woman, who evidently was so far in disguise that she was not the niece of the persons she termed uncle and aunt. Her plebeianism could not be maintained; her whole bearing was of the highest order, while their demeanor declared them of a station greatly inferior. In her intercourse with them the utmost respect was invariably observed; but in theirs toward her, there was less of the confidence of parental rights than of deferential subserviency. The uncle made more than one excursion to the city; for plain as was the attire of the females, they did not affect simplicity to that degree as always to appear in the same dress. The old man's errand evidently had some connection with this, for he returned with extra luggage.

Anderson, suspecting that he might again be subjected to solitude, resolved to accompany the uncle on his next visit; and as the only mode of clearing up his doubts, intended on the passage to obtain if possible the secret from the old gentleman. But although met by him with the utmost cordiality, he found that he had been too strictly schooled to divulge more than that the young lady was no widow, and was yet single; that her parents, who had been able to give her a decent education, were both dead; that she had a competency to keep her above want, and had volunteered to accompany her friends to America, it being their intention to settle somewhere in the United States as farmers.

'I have hitherto only known the young woman by the name of Selina,' said Anderson. 'Have you any objection to tell me her other name?'

'Names,' replied Mr. Williamson, 'are of little consequence. We call her Selina only, and she likes her friends to call her by no other. The very word *Miss* is ill applied.' The conversation then turned on some other subject, and the travellers on their arrival separated to their respective lodgings. Anderson, indulging in sage reflections, made up his mind to propose marriage without farther prelude, on his return to West Point.

Being welcomed by the lady with unfeigned pleasure, he easily found an opportunity the same day. He intimated that it would naturally be expected he should give some account of himself; he was therefore ready to furnish references to persons of the first respectability in New-York; but supplicated that due diligence should be used, that his happiness might not be delayed. Selina did not hang down her head, look sheepish, or answer evasively, as many silly women think it pretty to do on such occasions. She replied honestly, that the encouragement she had thought it not improper to give Captain Anderson must have assured him that the proposed union would not be rejected. She supposed, she added, that reciprocity must be expected of him, and she lamented it, should he insist on its necessity. 'I ask but your name,' interrupted Anderson, 'and that you say if you are indeed related to these good people!'

‘You may well say ‘good,’ she replied; ‘they are truly a most worthy couple, who for their excellence I have chosen as guardians and confidential friends; but we are not indeed related, and I am an orphan. You, Captain Anderson, I should have taken without inquiry who you are, other than what my own penetration has found you to be, or what you may be beyond what I believe you, a man of honor and merit. That I am not destitute, is all I shall declare: the expectation of support in marriage I need not contemplate. What I am in other respects you have had sufficient opportunity to discover.’ Farther than this, the lady would not, if she could, give reference. ‘Family names,’ she continued, ‘avail nothing in my case. What mine is may only be of use to attest my faith at the altar; but elsewhere would I wish to decline divulging it in this country.’

Something in the shape of interrogation was suggested, as to what might be the desire as to future residence. So wise was the lady’s remarks as to the propriety of ‘leaving weighty matters to be settled when occasion should call them up,’ that no more was urged on the subject.

The parties returned to the hotel, of one accord in all things. A most amiable understanding subsisted between them, which resulted in a determination to marry on a given day near at hand. The Captain himself thought proper to communicate his design in a despatch by mail to an intimate friend in the city, in words something to this effect: ‘When least looked for, my dear friend, I have found that which I have fastidiously been seeking many years. Repair by Friday’s boat to the Military Academy at West-Point. You will just be in time to witness a contract of which I am not ashamed, although I ally myself to a nameless orphan, without other attractions than striking sense and unpretending simplicity.’

Friday came, and on the boat’s appearance Captain Anderson, habited no otherwise than usual, presented himself at the landing-place, and smilingly extended his hand to his expected friend. Opportunity for explanation was cut off, as several passengers were ascending the hill at the same time, and the conversation became general. Two gentlemen in particular addressed themselves occasionally to the Captain’s friend, though it evidently appeared that they were but acquaintances of the moment.

‘Joseph,’ inquired Anderson, when at a suitable distance, ‘who are those persons? There is something in their appearance superior to the ordinary class of travelling gentlemen.’

‘I know nothing farther,’ answered his friend, ‘than that they are English gentlemen of rank, as those liveried servants take their orders. They have been quite sociable with me on the way up, and I understood one of them to say that they expected to meet an acquaintance at the hotel.’

Very short was the conversation on the immediate subject of the meeting, as they had now reached the house. The Captain left his friend to his own train of imagination, and went to join his betrothed. Not many minutes afterward, the young woman, hanging on the

arm of the supposed uncle, whose inseparable companion was at his side, made her appearance, being no more gaily attired than usual, and with a graceful wave of the hand pointed forward, pleasantly remarking: 'We ought not, Captain Anderson, to keep the Reverend Chaplain waiting: *our hour is come!*' And she moved onward to the parlor.

'Joseph,' said the Captain, 'I see I must postpone a formal introduction; but how are you impressed at the first glance? Do you imagine her a milk-maid or a milliner? Nay, speak out, my good fellow, I entreat you. On first acquaintance I thought no more highly of her myself.'

'Anderson,' replied the other, 'the general physiognomy bespeaks any thing but *common*; to answer you, therefore, I must use your own words: 'There is *something* in her appearance superior to the ordinary class of travellers.'

And now the assembled party were at the chaplain's quarters, and were soon duly arranged. The clergyman took his station, and gravely, in a set speech, descanted on the divine origin and duties of the marriage state. Among the lookers-on were the two English travellers; but as their presence was attributable to an excusable curiosity, no offence was of course given. One of them however, to the astonishment of Anderson, beckoning the supposed uncle to his side, put into his hands a paper, which he handed over to the clergyman, who considered it a while very deliberately.

'Your name, Sir,' said the minister, smilingly addressing the Captain, 'is required.'

Taking a card from his pocket, Anderson respectfully gave it, and again resumed his position.

'Now,' continued the chaplain, after a short pause, 'I desire both of you solemnly to consider what you are about to do. If, Anthony Anderson, on your part, and the LADY SELINA, COUNTESS OF B —, IN GREAT BRITAIN, on yours, are aware of any just cause why you should not be joined together according to law, I adjure you to declare it. You, Anthony Anderson, have solemnly plighted your faith to her whom you hold by the hand; and you, the Lady Selina, have done the same to him to whom you have given yours. I therefore in the presence of these assembled witnesses pronounce you man and wife. 'Whom God hath joined together, let no man put asunder!'

Whether or not the astonished bridegroom saluted his bride, we are not expressly informed; but we are told that the two English travellers were no strangers to the newly-married lady, and had been summoned on the occasion. Familiarly approaching, she extended her hand to each, which they respectfully kissed, as did the hitherto supposed uncle and aunt.

'Your ladyship is indeed an extraordinary character!' jocularly remarked one of the gentlemen; 'not less eccentric in your own way than the Lady Hester Stanhope in hers!'

'My lord,' she replied, 'I have pursued my whim successfully. I have been wooed neither for title, rank, or wealth, but for myself

alone; and if I have practiced any deceit, I trust I shall atone for the small fault by the future tenor of my conduct.'

Perfect good humor closed that eventful day, and the next forenoon the select party left West-Point in the Albany steam-boat. Between Albany, Saratoga, and other stopping-places for travellers, they were lost sight of; and as nothing certain has been learned of them since, it is natural to conclude that the British Countess in her own right has had an opportunity on her own territory of submitting her splendid rent-roll to the jurisdiction of her republican lord and master.

T. B.

' W H A T I S T H Y T R E A S U R E ? '

I.

WHAT are the treasures I may say,
With fond exulting joy, are mine?
What, as I marked it fade away,
Would soonest tempt me to repine?
In what choice good have I a part,
That lost, would leave a bankrupt heart?

II.

I have a brother, sister, friend,
Whose sweet communion still I crave;
But life, if not their love, will end,
Nor can they keep me from the grave:
My heart's best tendrils may not cling
To any frail uncertain thing.

III.

I have a mother: thanks to God!
That *such* a mother o'er me prayed;
I love her—but I know the sod
Must soon upon her form be laid.
Gray-headed saint! I could not pray
To keep thee from thy crown one day!

IV.

I have a wife, a tender wife
Who lives and loves for me alone;
My hope of youth, my joy of life,
My daily partner near the throne;
But, if a nearer place she fill,
I have my one chief Treasure still.

V.

I have a SAVIOUR, on whose arm
My faith rejoices to recline;
Not Death nor wreck of worlds can harm,
Or fright my soul, while HE is mine.
Be earth one tomb, the sky one pall,
I still am rich, for CHRIST is all!

F. W. C.

NOTES OF LIFE IN HAYTI.

NUMBER EIGHT.

THE ILL-FATED CITY.

WHAT a frightful calamity has fallen upon the unfortunate Haytiens! Who can read unmoved the dreadful accounts which come by every arrival from the different ports? Whole towns crushed without a moment's warning into a mass of unsightly and misshapen ruins; fathers, mothers, brothers and sisters, the old man and the strong man, the young men and maidens, and the smiling children, buried in their homes; some crushed to death, some grievously wounded, and some uninjured, though enclosed in a living tomb! The terror-stricken wretches who have been spared, fly to the neighboring hills; and if some are bold enough to return, what must be their wo, as they trace their way with difficulty to the spot where but an hour before stood their dwelling! How must they have wrung their hands in utter anguish of heart, after gazing on the chaos which held in its vague realm all that was dear to them on earth! No pen can describe, no tongue convey an adequate conception of the horrors which must have attended the overthrow of Cape Hayti; a city which, under the name of Cape François, was half a century ago the most luxurious and opulent town of the new world. The reader will agree, before finishing the sketch of its history which we are about to pen, that it merits preëminently the title we have here given it — 'THE ILL-FATED CITY.'

In the year 1791 it was at the height of its prosperity. The fertile plain which extends behind it into the interior was in the highest state of cultivation. The lively green of the sugar-cane filled the landscape through boundless fields, or if the hue of the vegetation was changed, it was by the plantations of indigo and coffee. All these products commanded enormous prices; the planters lived in princely magnificence, and the merchants of the prosperous colony vied with them in their display of wealth. Many of the former had handsome houses in town. The port, being the principal one from which the foreign commerce flowed in secondary channels to other parts of the island, was crowded with shipping, and every thing presented the appearance of a great emporium. In the midst of all this splendor however the citizens had not been without some significant rumblings of the great moral earthquake which was destined to dash them from their high places, but which they treated with contempt.

The first act in the terrible tragedy (in which this city had a large proportion of suffering) occurred on the night of the twenty-second of August in the above-named year. On this night the

slaves on a plantation of the plain left their huts in a body, in open insurrection. Setting fire to the cane, which is very combustible, the signal was answered by a general outbreak, and each party applying the torch as they rushed forth to join their brethren, the whole heavens were soon illumined by the vast conflagration. They grew wild as they gazed upon their work, and gathering confidence as their numbers increased, all the pent-up hatred of long years burst forth, and they rushed upon the defenceless planters and their families, and butchered them in their burning houses with fiendish howls of delight. Throughout the night the work went on. Every white person who fell into their hands was instantly massacred by the demons, without regard to age or sex; and so active were they in their destruction that by day-light one third of the whole plain was in ashes. Dr. BROWN in his interesting History of the Island says: 'On the following day the inhabitants of Cape François knew nothing of the disasters around them save by the smoke that obscured the horizon and the fugitives who were pouring into their gates. Petrified with horror and panic, they quickly fastened themselves in their houses and locked up their slaves.'

Overweening pride and a haughty self-sufficiency, which had never before received a check, began to give way at last before the terrible realities which had burst upon them. The trembling fugitives who had the good fortune to escape the general massacre in the plain, brought the tidings that the slaves had risen *en masse*, and the lurid flames plainly told that their wealth was melting rapidly away. The negroes themselves, collecting in large bodies on the neighboring heights, showed by their furious gestures the doom of the devoted city.

But their time for vengeance on the city had not yet come. Though they made preparations for the attack, during which 'their Obies performed the *Oangah*, or mysterious rite to their demons, by which the imaginations of the multitude were heated and strained to the utmost degree of tension, and the women and children danced an accompaniment to the ceremony, with howlings and outcries that savored of Pandemonium;' yet they finally retired to the back country, and the insurrection settled into a series of cold-blooded massacres on both sides, equalled only by future atrocities on the same soil.

Thus passed the first act of the tragedy. The next opens on the morning of the twentieth of June, 1793. It is necessary to premise that France had sent out three commissioners to act for the government, and if possible restore tranquillity. The next year an officer of the artillery was despatched, charged with the duty of putting the colony in a proper state of defence, particularly against the fleets of England. Between this individual (Galbaud) and the Commissioners there soon grew up a quarrel, founded on mutual jealousy. The latter having the strongest hand, ordered Governor Galbaud and his brother to retire on board the fleet, and remain there a prisoner in the harbor. The policy of the Commissioners

was to conciliate the mulattoes; and if this course had been carried out to the extent of placing them on an equal footing with the whites, St. Domingo, instead of being now emancipated Hayti, would have been a French colony to this day. The sympathies of the whites on the other hand were with Galbaud, who was a strong republican. The crews of the vessels were continually involved in broils with the colored inhabitants, who had assumed an air of importance which the whites regarded as insolence, and which was as irritating to their overbearing spirits as it was new. Partisans of Galbaud, or the Governor, as he was styled, were constantly occupied in keeping alive this partiality for him, and in cultivating an enmity toward the Commissioners.

At length a quarrel having taken place between the officer of a ship and one of the colored magistrates, and the former having sought in vain for the redress he demanded from the Commissioners, reported the circumstances, probably with some embellishment, throughout the fleet; and the seamen, brimful of wrath toward the despised mulattoes, and perhaps longing to vary their monotonous life by a 'bit of a row,' deposed all their captains and admirals, and placed Governor Galbaud, an artillery officer, in supreme command of the fleet!

On the morning of the twentieth of June a detachment consisting of nearly the whole body of seamen landed with their Admiral-Governor at their head, with the intention of having every thing settled with the Commissioners to their satisfaction. They proceeded straight to the government-house, of which they took possession, as well as of other public buildings. The mulattoes rallied quickly for the defence of the Commissioners, and a savage conflict ensued between the two parties, which lasted through the day. Every street became a battle-field, and the gutters ran with blood. During the whole fight, the troops of the line, uncertain whose cause they ought to espouse, espoused *neither*, but remained idle spectators in their barracks.

The next morning hostilities were renewed; and when it is considered that their mortal foes, the insurgent slaves, were sufficiently near almost to witness this mutual destruction, the affair seems to take a hue of insanity. The troops of the line having at length been won to the side of the Commissioners, Galbaud and his party were defeated; whereupon the sailors immediately dispersed in every direction through the town, (for their opponents for some reason or other had retreated to the neighboring hills,) entered the houses, obtained intoxicating drinks, and abandoned themselves to excesses which created a panic among the citizens.

Now was the time for the Commissioners to commit a deed full of malignity. These Frenchmen retiring first to a place of safety with their troops, in order to quell the disorders of the now drunken seamen, whom they seem to have been afraid to encounter themselves, and as is probable, to be revenged on them for siding with Galbaud, determined to *arm the slaves!* To understand the dreadful consternation of the townsmen when this was announced to

them, it should be borne in mind that the blacks and whites every where outside the walls were carrying on a war to the knife, while in the town the slaves were watched with the utmost jealousy, and locked up every night. Such however was the ruthless resolve of the Commissioners, notwithstanding the peril attending it; and not only were the slaves armed and sent against the rioters or partisans, but the prisons were opened and vomited forth a band of desperadoes but too willing to join in the work of death.

But this was not all. An invitation was sent to Pierrot, one of the insurgent chiefs, to come to the rescue with his hordes of blood-thirsty negroes. How eagerly he accepted the invitation! It made no odds to the negroes whom they attacked, so that their adversaries were French; for they stood between them and liberty. On they came like a hurricane, and poured into the hapless city with terrible shouts, which drowned the noise of the combatants, and sent terror to every heart! Then were seen the frantic inhabitants rushing to the sea-shore to avoid an enemy utterly relentless, and to escape butchering in the streets: multitudes were drowned in their attempts to reach the fleet. Every boat was in requisition; but there seems to have been in this case a lamentable carelessness or surprise, or a dogged resolution on the part of the citizens, which cost thousands of lives in the progress of the revolution.

The thick smoke rising above the roofs in different places gave notice to the wretched fugitives who had gained an asylum on ship-board, that their beautiful city was about to share the fate of the plain. To the shouts of their victorious slaves and the shrieks of their dying friends was now added the roar of the conflagration. 'The town presented the picture of an immense volcano. The flames having spread and communicated to vast quantities of oil and pitch then in the store-houses of the merchants, a column of dense smoke illuminated by a glare of flame immediately shot up to a vast height.' Whites perished by the hands of whites, and in the bloody struggle for ascendancy among the agents of power, they consummated the ruin of a colony which they had been intrusted to protect. This most afflicting catastrophe, the offspring of hatred and recklessness, cost France many hundred millions, destroyed the brightest gem of its prosperity, and annihilated the hopes of many millions who lived upon the riches of St. Domingo. Thus ended the second act, like the first, in ruin, flames, and blood.

Governor Galbaud, after witnessing the destruction occasioned by his struggle for power with his own countrymen, sailed away with the fleet, on board of which were ten thousand fugitives, masters and slaves; and in fourteen days these wretched exiles were landed at Norfolk in Virginia. They were hospitably relieved by the federal government and by several of the States, those of Virginia, the Carolinas, Pennsylvania, New-York and Massachusetts, especially. Many of these were afterward induced to return to the island, where they generally fell victims in future disturbances; but not a few settled in different parts of the United States, particu-

larly at the South. 'My father,' said a son of one of these exiles to me a few days since, 'escaped the massacre by leaping from a wall fifteen feet high upon the sea-shore, and though he broke his leg, he escaped by swimming to a boat.'

The first act of the Commissioners after the sailing of the fleet was to proclaim liberty to the blacks; and to convince both them and the whites that henceforth they were to be upon a par, they were ordered out together to bury the dead, and perform such other duties as the prostrate city demanded. Pestilence and famine followed close upon the foot-steps of the other calamities; and after these had passed away the whole country remained a theatre of tumults and bloodshed. After a lapse of two years, an arrival from France brought the appointment of General Laveaux, then in command at the Cape, to the rank of Governor-General. The original leaders of the insurgent slaves, Jean François and his principal officers, had given in their allegiance to the King of Spain, (for to add to its troubles, the city was on the frontiers of the Spanish part of the island,) and having received many honors from the monarch, they left their brethren to finish the work, and went to Madrid, from whence they retired to Ceuta, a town opposite Gibraltar.

One of the black chiefs, a comrade of Jean François and Blassou, had deserted from them and the interests of Spain, to join himself to those of France. This individual General Laveaux made Lieutenant-Governor, the blacks being now *united* with the French in a contest with Spanish, English, and Mulatto forces in different parts of the island. This black, for fifty-two years a plantation slave, became in his old age the champion and guide of his race, and merits well the title which he gave himself in a letter to Napoleon: 'The First of the Blacks to the First of the Whites.' Toussaint L'Ouverture received little less than adoration from his color, though he was not the perfect being depicted by Miss Martineau in a recent work of which he is the hero. The surname which he gave himself in the beginning of his career he explained as signifying 'an opening' to Liberty.

Soon after his appointment, Laveaux was elected a Representative of the Island to the National Convention at Paris, which result Toussaint is said to have been very instrumental in producing, in order that no one might stand between himself and the highest military rank in the colony. And the turn which affairs took showed his sagacity. Having exerted himself with good effect, and evinced much military skill in a campaign against the South and its English allies, he was on the 5th of May, 1797, invested by the Commissioners with the dignity of General-in-Chief of St. Domingo. Thus in the proud city where six years before a black dared not raise his voice in presence of the meanest white, one of the down-trodden race now lived in state, lord paramount over the highest as well as the lowest of his former masters. Holding his court alternately at the Cape and Port-au-Prince, Toussaint maintained his followers in magnificent style, though simple and abstemious in his own habits.

But the mother country did not relish so much power in the hands of a black; and they soon sent out General Hédouville to succeed him, and Toussaint withdrew from public life and went to live upon a plantation.

Every thing in which Cape François bore a share in the great tragedy, seemed clothed in a peculiar garb of terror. Soon after the reins of government passed from Toussaint to the French General, the turbulent blacks again became discontented, and assembled in the plain, where, in the midst of their excesses, Toussaint suddenly appeared among them, and putting himself at their head, led them to the city around which they silently encamped in the darkness of the night. They were discovered by one of the outposts, who raised the alarm by the discharge of a single cannon; and the citizens, always in a state of trepidation, were roused by the solemn sound to wait in fear and trembling for the events of the coming day. When day-light appeared, the environs of the city were seen to be swarming with blacks; and to prevent a repetition of the horrors which the unfortunate place had so recently suffered, the French General found his only resource to be, to embark at once for France. This he accordingly did, and he was followed in his desertion by some fifteen hundred persons of all colors, who despaired of ever seeing tranquillity restored to the country. On the retreat of their enemies, the negroes instantly became submissive to their great leader, who thenceforward had boundless sway over them.

It does not enter into our plan to dwell upon the sanguinary warfare which now commenced between the blacks and the mulattoes; but in recording the series of disasters to which this doomed city has been subjected, we come now to the year 1802. In an incredibly short space of time, prosperity and even opulence had been restored. Notwithstanding the rapid vegetation of the tropics, the plantations had not yet been converted into entangled thickets: the negroes were compelled to work by negro masters, and the officers of the army, having fine estates for their share of the booty, had sharp eyes to their own interests, and kept the agriculturalists at work at the point of the bayonet. General Moyse leased his property to some merchants at twenty thousand Spanish dollars per annum, while Dessalines might have had for his three or four times as much. True, this iniquitous system did not last many years, but it was a strange reverse to see the wealthy planters who had not fallen victims, pining in poverty in foreign lands, while the negroes were revelling on their property. It should be observed likewise, that beside the fertile territory in its neighborhood, the Cape was the great port of entry for foreign vessels in the north part of the island.

In this year Bonaparte, having leisure to turn his eyes from Europe after the peace of Amiens, determined to reduce the rich and rebellious colony to its old allegiance. He had scores of thousands of soldiers whose 'occupation was gone' in Europe, and in part of his armies he had not implicit confidence, particularly

that which had been under the command of Moreau. With the usual energy of his administration, an immense fleet was equipped, which sailed for the shores of St. Domingo, with twenty-five thousand troops on board; the whole under the command of General Leclerc, his brother-in-law. The black army at this time consisted of some twenty thousand men, whose commander-in-chief was Toussaint L'Ouverture. His most distinguished generals were Dessalines and Christophe, one of whom had been a plantation slave and the other a head-waiter in a coffee-house at the Cape. They both died kings.

In February, 1802, that portion of the fleet which was destined to the attack of the Cape appeared off the harbor, and a summons was sent to the commanding officer to surrender the place to the arms of France. This officer was Christophe, Toussaint being absent. He was either really disposed, or made such pretence, to receive amicably the new comers. The streets were swept, the barracks put in order, and the populace, both soldiers and citizens, gave themselves up to rejoicing. At this critical moment, big with the future destiny of the island, Toussaint arrived, and though singularly enough he kept out of sight, the aspect of things was totally changed. Several messengers were sent from the fleet reiterating the summons, and the citizens crowded round the black General, and besought him on their knees and with flowing tears to submit to the mandates of the mother country, (for up to this time in this strange history all parties bore arms in the name of France,) and save them from the impending ruin. Christophe however was immovable. He avowed his determination to burn up the very soil if the fleet entered the harbor. He permitted however a deputation to proceed on board, one of which body was the American consul. All was without effect. The troops were now assembled in the public square, where they pledged themselves to conquer or die in the approaching struggle for liberty.

And now succeeded another day of consternation in the ill-fated city. Peremptory orders were issued to clear the town of all the population excepting armed men; and soon were seen the women and children and old men hurrying away with distraction and anguish stamped on their faces; and as they went forth they encountered hordes of negroes rushing to the defence, or driven in by the approach of another division of the French, who under the command of Rochambeau had landed in the vicinity. Such a position of things portended fearful events. A hostile fleet cruising in front of the harbor, a hostile force advancing rapidly by land, the town itself swarming with the ferocious insurgents, and the inhabitants flying to the neighboring hills, from whence was soon to be witnessed the same spectacle which many of them had seen from the same heights but eleven years before.

They had not long to wait. A fort in the harbor opened its fire upon a ship which had approached near, and upon this signal the torch was deliberately and methodically applied to the houses, particularly to the public edifices, commencing with those farthest

from the shore, and the strong land-wind carrying the flames from house to house, swept every thing before it until its progress was stopped by the sea, and bearing the cinders upon its reckless breast to the very decks of the enemy. The awful conflagration made 'the night hideous' as well to the unfortunates who were rendered homeless, as to the invading force who were confounded at their terrible reception. Twenty millions of dollars is the amount set down as sacrificed by this event upon the altar of liberty.

The next morning the wretched spectators on the neighboring heights looked down upon the smoking ruins. Along the shore was drawn up the black army, while the fleet was approaching as fast as the wind would permit. As they neared the land, their opponents retreated; but the French, who had anticipated making their head-quarters in a handsome city, were fain to retire from its ashes. The striking similarity of circumstances connected with this event forcibly recalls the burning of Moscow in presence of another French army, a few years later. The French however soon after took possession of the place, which they held until they evacuated the island; but during the progress of the war their troops often entered its gates, pursued by a victorious enemy, though sometimes their **own** banners bore the laurel. Christophe, Dessalines, and finally Toussaint himself were at length subdued, and surrendered themselves in the city to Leclerc. Phœnix-like, the city had again risen from its ashes, and appearances indicated that the island was again subjugated, when another calamity visited the French in the city, which proved even more cruel than the desperate blacks.

During the summer months the yellow fever broke out and carried off the soldiers by thousands. From the ships died whole crews, and the hospitals were crowded with the victims on shore. The death-carts went round by night to collect the bodies of the dead, which were conveyed out of the city and consumed on vast funeral piles. It was a 'City of the Plague.' In the midst of the ravages of disease, the tumults again commenced. Dessalines, Christophe, and Pétion, the future dignitaries of the island, deserted again from the French, and raised once more the standard of insurrection; and General Leclerc was besieged in his head-quarters. A thousand blacks in the city, who were friendly to him, were sent on board the fleet for safety; and the crews, either panic-stricken or mad with the dangers of every kind which beset them in a land whose very air was poison, cast them all into the sea!

In sketching the principal events of which the Cape was the theatre, it is necessary to record a succession of horrors. Many an atrocious deed which in less distracted times would have shocked a world, has been neglected among still greater outrages, and their very memory has passed away. It was now the first of November, 1802. But nine months had elapsed since the arrival of the army which was to subjugate the island. Out of thirty-four thousand men who had been landed upon its shores, twenty-four thousand were dead, and seven thousand unfit to do duty. Surrounded by a few hundred only of all his brave troops, General Leclerc breathed

his last, a victim to the pestilence which had so cruelly thinned his ranks. The solemn embarkation of his remains, followed by Admiral Latouche, the commander of the fleet, and by the widow of the deceased, was a sad spectacle to the miserable remnant of his troops.

Rochambeau succeeded to the command, and receiving some reinforcements, he prosecuted the war with the utmost rigor; and the struggle was marked with more cruelty and ferocity if possible than ever. He put his black prisoners to death by hundreds; and the blacks retaliated by showing no mercy to their captives, and by murdering the French inhabitants who still continued exposed to their violence, hanging round their old homes with a perseverance which was little short of downright fatuity. Rochambeau, a native, and once a rich proprietor, though filled with hatred of the blacks, was a brave soldier. Toussaint had been conveyed to France to die in a dungeon, and his mantle had fallen upon a most atrocious villain, Dessalines. He was victorious throughout the district, and in the succeeding month of April we find the city again besieged by the blacks, and the prospects of the French General gloomy enough. On the blue sea before him he could see cruising an English fleet, who were capturing all his supplies; in short, blockading the port; and if he turned his eyes landward, they fell upon the bayonets of the black army. He remained thus beleaguered until November, when Dessalines prepared to attempt the capture of the city by storm. Finding his position hopeless, the haughty commander was forced to capitulate. The terms were, that the garrison should retain their personal effects, and embark on board the ships, and that the sick should be taken care of by the victors.

All the whites evacuated the city with the French troops; and on the thirtieth of November the standard of the insurgent slaves floated for the first time from the walls in open defiance of the power of France. From this time until 1811 the city enjoyed some respite, excepting when marred by the massacre of all the French residents by the order of Dessalines. His coronation as Emperor had taken place at Port-au-Prince, between which city and the Cape he resided alternately. After a short and cruel reign, he perished by an ambuscade. His monarchy being elective, it was reserved for Christophe, his successor, to found at Cape François the first *hereditary* black monarchy out of Africa of which history furnishes an account. He founded also an hereditary order of nobility, with a *personal* rank which was not transmitted to a descendant. 'King Henry the First' died by his own hand at his palace of 'Sans Souci,' in the environs of the Cape, on the eighth of October, 1820. He was at the time hotly pressed by the President of the South, Boyer, who succeeded in bringing the two governments into one state, of which he has ever since been the head. The short-lived monarchy of nine years' duration expired with its founder, and the titles of his nobles also became extinct under the republican form of government. 'Having established tranquillity and confirmed his power in the North, Boyer returned to Port-au-

Prince, where he fixed the permanent seat of his government. He was followed to his capital by the widows both of Dessalines and Christophe; the one an ex-empress, the other an ex-queen. The latter, finding her situation ambiguous and embarrassing, if not positively dangerous to her present safety, soon embarked with her daughters for France; and she at length took up her abode in Italy.'

Although the Cape since the death of Christophe has been considered the place most to be feared for revolutionary outbreaks, it has still been comparatively quiet, and has always maintained a position second only to Port-au-Prince in commerce and population, until the last fatal blow on the seventh of May, 1842. Whether it will ever again rise from its present ruins is very doubtful. The inhabitants of warm countries have an unconquerable dread of earthquakes, and this feeling may have the effect of quelling any desire to rebuild the city, notwithstanding its fine harbor, and its splendid position on one of the boldest and most fertile coasts which the world can produce.

ST. CROIX.

' G O O D N I G H T ! '

TRANSLATED FOR THE KNICKERBOCKER FROM THE GERMAN OF KÖRNER.

I.

Good night !
 Let every care and fear be hushed ;
 The quiet day is waning fast,
 The hour of active toil is past :
 Until the sky again be flushed,
 Good night !

III.

Go rest !
 Shut up in sleep your weary sight ;
 No noise disturbs the lonely streets,
 Except the watch-guard as he beats
 The slow hours of the passing night :
 Go rest !

III.

Good night !
 Slumber till the dawn-lights break !
 Sleep calmly till the morning air
 Brings on its breath the new day's care :
 Fear not ! our FATHER is awake !
 Good night !

EDWARD ALFORD AND HIS PLAY-FELLOW.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "WISDOM CONWORTH."

CHAPTER TENTH.

A LONG JOURNALS OF YOUTH AND LOVE. PLEASANT.

ALTHOUGH the time of Tom's present contemplated visit to Mary Nailer was not very distant from that morning when he hastened with beating heart toward her father's dwelling and met with such overwhelming disappointment, enough of its space had elapsed to give scope to a very considerable change in his character. It is not time that changes us so much as the events that occur in it. The maturing and decaying of the body has much to do with character, certainly; but hardly enough to be noted except in spaces of years. One event sometimes does more for the mind and heart than the steady lapse of years spent in study and effort can effect. And this one event, which does so much for the individual, becoming as it were the rudder of his voyage of life, may to a looker-on seem the tritest thing of the day. The peculiarity of it is, its exact adaptation to the mind and character to which it happens: it may to one be the falling of an apple, and to another the loss of a fortune.

A series of circumstances had denied Tom the sight of Mary for several months — she with whom he had lived for years in the greatest freedom — and had added to this pain a spice of jealousy to make it torture. Again and again at his anvil had he gone over the story of his sufferings and doubts and hopes. These thoughts obtruded themselves even in his prayers; and if he waked in the night, they were the first returns of consciousness. By dwelling long upon the subject of what he owed to Mary, and might hope from her, he had come to a pretty fair idea of the matter, and while he learned justice, he was forced to endurance. His character deepened finely and manfully.

And we cannot say but he owed quite as much to his independent situation as master of a shop and director of its work, as to any thing. Labor is good for the body if the strength is judiciously laid out; but it is not the mere labor that gives the dignity to the mind. It is rather the responsibility and judgment which labor supposes that does this great thing for humanity. Toil is not progress; necessity is not invention; labor alone does not purify and elevate and strengthen. A steam-engine knows as little at the end of its daily route as at the beginning; and is rather the worse for the wear into the bargain. Hence all hired labor, that which a man or woman does for a stated price in a stated manner, if it does not degrade the mind does little good for it. Other considerations coincident with this hired labor may make it a blessing to the

character; as the support of a family, the education of children, means of charity, philanthropy and independence; but the labor itself of this kind without responsibility is to be avoided if possible.

It must be contended by every lover of man and his rights, that little good ensues to those who labor in the kitchens of the rich, by their employment. How can it be that another can do advantageously for himself what ought to be done by ourselves? He who does for us that which we ought to do for ourselves is an abettor, *particeps criminis*, of the mischief, and must necessarily suffer. The bribe he receives under the name of wages, instead of making the case better for him only makes it worse. If he should do the work without earthly reward, it would become benevolence, disinterestedness; the reward stamps the act as base.

We speak now of that labor which is done at the beck of another; which that other directs, guides, and disposes; which involves no responsibility except that of industry; which makes little or no demand upon the judgment, and merely employs the physical strength. Such labor is drudgery indeed. But give the worker an interest in the task; let him also be the contriver and director, and what was painful becomes pleasant. Few men work harder than eminent lawyers and physicians; do more manual labor and undergo more bodily fatigue. The medical faculty are called up in the night; are out in all weathers; are deprived of rest and regular food; and yet the pride they take in their profession, in their skill, ingenuity and diligence, enables them to bear easily what would kill another doing the same amount of labor, with the same interruptions of regularity of sleep and food, but who is unsustained by this mental stimulus.

What weary studies employ the politician, the statesman, sometimes the merchant! They undergo unusual fatigue when they have deep stakes at issue; and the mind, the heart, gives vigor and health to the body. But we need not stop to argue the matter. It is a law of nature that the mind and hands should work together. The heart must work with the head, and then they mutually relieve and assist each other.

A few months then of independence had given to Tom a manliness, of which he was hardly aware himself; others saw it better than he did himself; and when he knocked at the door of Robert Nailer's house, he was in character five years older than when he last intended to pay his respects there. Then he was a shrinking, doubtful lover, who hardly knew his own mind; now he came by special invitation, with the certainty that one person at least would be glad to see him. In short, he felt himself of no little consequence.

Mary opened the door herself; and being quite taken by surprise, had no time to arrange her feelings for the meeting, any more than she had her dress. She looked the sweeter and behaved the prettier for both; and so, as nature taught her, she met half way the outstretched arms of Tom, who also forgot all rule and ceremony, and the speechless lovers were locked in a pure and warm embrace.

Perhaps neither had ever felt bliss before. A few such moments, blissful moments, are granted to mortals, but they are 'few and far between.'

We cannot afford to go into heroics on this occasion, important as the crisis may appear. We are telling sober facts, and merely register events as they occurred. It may however be said for the information of all old bachelors from choice, economy or ambition, that the happiness of the first kiss of love is something so exquisite that no human language can describe it. You may put it into verse, set it to music; but no studied contrivance of words or sounds can reach it. Every honest and true heart may feel it once, and only once; but the memory of it will last for ever. Should any of the aforesaid old bachelors, induced by our description, endeavor to taste this bliss by turning from the error of their ways and applying for a wife, we are bound to state, that if their motive is thus selfish, the charm will be lost. Love is the desire of another's happiness, not our own. 'He who would lose his life shall save it.' If you can, unhappy man! come to the noble determination of devoting your remaining years to the good of some virtuous female, and if you have this sincere desire, and can convince her that such is your determination, then she will love you, and your withered lips may yet glow with this maiden kiss, and the strange and subtile electricity of love may yet tingle in your veins! But it is to be feared that the day of your salvation from your selfish, solitary joys is past, and that you must continue strangers to that state ordained by Heaven for man; which, if it has some trials, has many rewards for the obedient which cannot be so well described as enjoyed.

The family had not yet taken their morning meal; and Robert in coming in from the shop surprised the lovers in their meeting; but far from showing any displeasure in finding Mary in the young man's arms, he burst into a loud shout of congratulation, and complimented Tom upon doing up his business 'on short notice.'

'Come, sit down with us, and let us feel like old times again,' said Robert; 'it seems an age since we've had you at our table. Why, come to look at you, how you've altered! You look older and taller and better too than you used to; though for that matter looks is of no consequence to a man.' And Robert as he spoke gave a triumphant glance at Mary, now seated at the head of the table, all smiles and blushes.

It is hardly fair to state that that young lady poured the coffee into the sugar-bowl, and reached the slop-basin to her father when he asked for cream; at all which mistakes he laughed heartily, and told Tom it was all his work. Amid jokes and unusual glee the old fellow got through his breakfast, and left the young folks to themselves. And now came the more difficult part poor Tom had to perform. When under the influence of his feelings our hero did very well; but the moment he began to consider how he ought to act and what he ought to say, he was covered with confusion. Mary relieved him in part by asking questions upon matters she really wished to know; of his father, mother, and brothers; the

people on the Plains, etc.; so that he soon found himself seated cozily by her, her hand in his, talking as they had been accustomed.

By degrees, Tom found he had a great deal to say, many questions to ask; and Mary gave him a long account of her accident, of her acquaintance with Edward Alford, and his abrupt dismissal; all of which were matters of deep interest to Tom. Heart openeth heart, and in turn Mary listened to the whole history of what he had thought about her, what he had dreamed about her, how he longed to see her, even his jealousy and wretchedness; and Tom became quite eloquent in saying that which he had thought over so often.

'And now, dear Mary,' he said, in conclusion of his late sad experience, 'it's all over, and we are as good friends as ever. I have been very foolish, and you have done very right in liking the conversation of young men who have been educated. I am sure I wish I had their opportunity of improvement.'

'Why don't you take it, Tom? What is to prevent you from study? You need not work all the time. Why not devote a part of every day to books, and fit yourself for college as you work at your trade? I'm sure some of the most learned scholars in the world began their education after they had become men.'

The hours fled rapidly by, as the young people were laying their plans for the future. Not a word was said of engagement and marriage, and yet it was well understood by both that each loved the other. It was nearly twelve o'clock when Tom rose to take his leave, and with the promise to come soon again, he departed. As he rode to the city, the words 'Why don't you take it, Tom?' were often in his mind; 'and surely,' thought he, 'father and mother are well off, the boys are getting a good trade, and I am laying up money. Why *can't* I get an education as well as Edward Alford?'

For many days after this visit, Tom's parents and brothers observed him to be more thoughtful than usual. They almost feared he had met with some misfortune in business; for thinking is a great mystery to those who are not accustomed to it. And indeed the young man *was* thoughtful. He had discovered in his last interview with Mary that she had tastes far higher than his own; that she would not be happy with one whose mind was uncultivated; that she was anxious he should improve himself. The great object he now had in view was how to secure the affection of Mary. He had a right to consult his own happiness, and was bound in duty to regard the wishes of her who was giving to him her youth and worldly prospects as a charge to keep. He did not think of marriage as a convenience; as giving him the right to the services of a woman to keep his house, and nurse his children, and save him hired labor. Though only a mechanic, and having nothing but a common school education, he had higher views of the matter than these.

We cannot help remarking here that the influence Mary seemed

to have on the course her lover should pursue, shows strikingly the influence all women might have if they were better educated. With due deference to the opinions of our fathers, we cannot help the conclusion that they were entirely wrong in their means of bringing about the education of the whole people. They gave the common rudiments of learning to boys and girls, and if either received any thing more, it was the boys. Almost all the interest of the past in education has been given to the males, while the female part of the population, the future mothers of American citizens, have spent their precious youth as milking-maids, cooks, chamber-maids, factory-girls, and washer-women. Of those who have not filled these offices some have become the dress-blocks for milliners, the supporters of circulating libraries consisting of trashy novels and immoral plays; others have spent their time in acquiring flimsy accomplishments, and been educated in that school which teaches that *to get married* is the great business of a woman's life.

Now it does not require the mind of a sage to see that to woman is intrusted the early years, the forming years of the mind; that these early impressions are the important ones in the intellectual youth; that the mother puts her stamp upon her offspring; that if we would have an educated people, we must see to it that the mothers are educated. Let the mother be educated, and the children will be so of course. But we have gone just the other way. The boys have been cared for, while the girls have been neglected. Colleges have been built for the male sex, institutions endowed and scholarships founded; while woman has been left to pick up her education as she could find it. And worse yet: the majority of the sex, being unlearned, have heaped ridicule upon those who have been learned among themselves, and in envy have called them *blues*; thus appearing to glory in their shame.

It is a notorious fact that almost all remarkable men have had remarkable mothers. The truth perhaps is that the child gets his physical nature from the father, his moral and intellectual nature from the mother. And yet with all these facts before us, we have suffered and still suffer the chief attention to be paid to the training of our boys, to the neglect of the girls. Sisters are often put out to service that a brother may be carried through college, and be made a minister or a doctor, or some other uncommon personage. It is said that many among a very respectable class of females employed in the Lowell factories have educated brothers for the ministry out their own earnings. What a pity it is that the sisters were not included, or if necessary, preferred, in this noble act!

Educate the women, we say, and the men will be ashamed to remain illiterate. They will then have the double motive of the love of learning and favor with the sex to spur them on to self-culture. The mighty influence which woman has wielded in war, politics, and manners, will not fail her in favor of educated lovers. At any rate, we shall see that it had great influence over the destiny of Thomas Towley.

CHAPTER ELEVENTH.

'I love not the crowd,' returned the Secretary, with a lively emotion; 'but these fireside pastimes you may praise them with your most prodigal speech and still fall short of their just meed. We have no holyday finery there to make proud the eye, nor glozing speech to set up perfections which we did not own, nor studied behavior to win opinion by; but what we were we seemed, and what we felt we said. There is more virtue in these hearth-side communings than you shall find in a hemisphere of shows.'

KENNEDY: 'ROB OF THE BOWL.'

WE presume the reader has not forgotten honest John Towler and his wife Jane; and that he will be glad to learn that they prospered in their undertaking. John drove a market-cart to the city every morning in the summer, and came home, his pockets full of loose change, and his memory well stocked with the news he had gathered here and there. To this latter Jane like a true woman lent a willing ear; the former John carefully laid away in a strong box, whose contents were known only to himself. Few people were happier than this honest couple, who had no ambition beyond gaining a comfortable livelihood; who had no itch to get into high society; no envy of the more prosperous, and — the truth must be told — no great sympathy with those who were more poorly off than themselves.

Tom soon taught his brothers the mystery of his art, and could safely leave them in charge of the shop. This gave him leisure to put his plans into execution; plans which he mentioned to no one for fear of failure.

The reader must allow two years to elapse, while the young black-smith is working part of each day and spending the remainder in a way known only to himself and the clergyman of the Plains, to whose house he regularly repaired three times a week with a book under his arm. We may tell his friends that during all this time he was a diligent student of Latin and Greek, and other studies preparatory to college. His previous training had prepared his mind to receive instruction. Study was his rest from labor, his delight; and his progress astonished his tutor. With what interest did he learn algebra, which explained to him all the puzzling rules of arithmetic! What light his Latin shed over the darkness of English grammar! Already he began to apprehend the beauties of style, and to feel the meaning of logic.

Every few weeks found him a visiter at Robert Nailer's. Mary acknowledged to her father a wonderful change in her lover, and was not a little perplexed to find out the cause of this new refinement of speech and manner. Tom began to have the look of a student about him. His eye had more meaning, and the secret power of mind was manifest in his walk and gesture. His words of love now came with an added pathos; and the student of Virgil began the better to understand his own heart.

Two years were sufficient to prepare him for college, and during this time our hero worked enough to pay his expenses. His purpose was to present himself for examination, and if found qualified, to make such arrangements with Robert that he might pay his expenses through college by working in his shop in Cambridge.

When all was settled, if successful, he would explain his course to Mary.

Parson Greaves, proud of his pupil, gave him a letter to the President, and at the appointed time Mr. Thomas Towley, so soon to be deprived of the *Mr.*, a man of twenty-two, presented himself as a candidate for the honor of being a member of the Freshman class in Cambridge College, North America. He took his seat among young lads from fourteen to eighteen years of age; perhaps one or two others were in a similar predicament with himself in point of age; but Tom cared little for appearances. He was conscious of a noble effort, and was prepared for the humiliation, if humiliation it be, of being instructed by tutors perhaps younger than himself. But he wanted the knowledge, the education, not the appearance; and it mattered little to him how he seemed to others. The examination passed much to his credit, and he was matriculated accordingly.

Robert was glad to have Tom in his shop again. The young man still kept an eye upon the interests of his brothers, who conducted the establishment on the Plains for their own profit. The young student worked in the shop four hours of each day, and at such times that his labor did not interfere with the other work in the college. He brought to his hours of study a fresh mind and a strong heart; a mind rendered vigorous and healthy from a real and useful occupation, which enabled him to get the college lessons in half the time they would have required had he passed from pleasures, as they are called, to study.

It need not be said that Mary was delighted with a plan which placed her lover so near her; not that such a girl thought much of the improvement she could herself make in studies which were never at that day taught in young ladies' schools, but which many intelligent females learned privately — such studies as Latin and mathematics. And now with a tutor to whom she was not ashamed to acknowledge her ignorance — for women like to be dependent upon those they truly love — she hoped for great advantages. Had Mary been like most girls of her rank, anxious to exchange her condition for marriage, at any rate; curious of being a wife, and ambitious of a house of her own, the distant day when such an event could take place by Tom's new mode of life would have caused her feelings of disappointment. But it was not so. It was a deep and fervent love that Mary felt for Tom; and love delights in sacrifices. No sudden girlish preference inspired her. She had a respect for the character of the young man. He had been tried and never found wanting. She respected him in the first place for his honesty, sincerity, and real kindness of heart; and she admired his bravery, his perseverance, and manliness of soul. The society she lived near, if not in, the excellent religious instruction she received, the books she read, had given her a sense of what is noble and worthy; and when she heard that her lover was devoting himself to learning, her first thought was, 'What a noble nature upon which to build a fine intellect!' She did not think of herself,

of wedding-clothes, of a wedding party and a gold ring; and she forgot for the moment that she had any part in the matter.

The reader, curious of love-passages, who delights in pictures of quarrels and reconciliations, of scenes where lovers are represented as wandering in the woods and by the river's margin, saying soft nothings to each other; they who are looking for sudden separations and unexpected meetings, frowning uncles and aunts, duels and despair, we fear will be disappointed in these pages. We might tell 'where they sometimes met, what she said to him, and what he said to her; what was the consequence, and what the world said;' but this would only take time and feed an idle curiosity, without at all advancing the illustration of the principles which we suppose the facts in the lives of our two heroes make manifest. Were we disposed to go into particulars, we should select the domestic circle of a Sabbath evening at Robert's house; when the worthy old man, neatly dressed and cleansed of the marks of his occupation, except that strength and independence of bearing which are almost invariable characteristics of his trade, sat in his parlor, his daughter on one side and Tom on the other, singing the old melodies of New-England. How sweetly the soft treble of Mary fell upon the father's ear, while he poured out his own sonorous bass, which the flute-like tenor of Tom softened down to harmony! And then perhaps Robert would ask Tom to read some of the Old Testament history out of the family Bible which had belonged to his mother. And the old man would become a child again, as he listened to the story of Joseph or of Ruth, or the music of the Psalms; and the memory of his own youth would come so distinctly to his mind, that he would seem to be looking about for that mother's face at whose knee he was once a listener to those self-same histories. Oh! blessed book, the family Bible! The word of God, the register of death, of birth, and wedding; between whose sacred lids our parents and children, that we have lost, seem to be buried! We go to it again and again to read the loved names of those whose bodies moulder in the earth, but whose immortal part is still with us, united with all our religious emotions, and most intimately connected with our faith in the future life! How much significance is there in the old New-England custom of keeping the family register in the Sacred Book! What reverence does it not bespeak for its pages! And how fitting is it, that the page which contains the birth—as solemn a fact as death, when rightly considered—the death or marriage of a human being, should lie near to the Word which tells us the purpose of life, its duties and destiny!

And the working student and Mary had their hours of romance and youthful hope, confiding in each other all their thoughts, some of which, were we to tell, sensible and high-bred ladies and gentlemen would pronounce silly. But none the less real and blissful to them were these waking dreams. There is nothing in after life can compare to such hours. The success of the politician, the merchant, or the orator, come not up to them. The raptures of the artist

approach them, and perhaps religious enthusiasm comes the nearest of any thing to the delicious trance of early, successful love. But there was not so much of this high-wrought ecstasy as to weary the mind; for the necessary occupations of each gave but few opportunities for it, and their intercourse was of a more healthy kind. Often they read together, and the student imparted to his mistress and pupil the knowledge he himself gained, and the notes of the professor's lecture were carefully reviewed in the little parlor of Robert.

Nor was it all smooth water with Tom. At times he felt the peculiar relation he held to the students of his class—a man among boys; and the thoughtless jests of some of the young freshmen upon his age and employment for the moment pained him. But then he considered that his object was to acquire knowledge, and not to enter into competition with his fellow students. And beside, he found himself ranking lower in point of scholarship than some youngsters hardly in their teens; and this was a mortification which he had to reason himself out of.

Then he was called the *learned black-smith*, the workey, and other epithets, which those who used them thought hard names. In short, he learned the painful truth, that a man may not do right in any unusual way, without calling down upon himself the invidious remarks of the world. Society is ever too ready to crucify its teachers, because they show it too plainly its own ignorance. Hence the reformer is but another name for martyr.

However, all these circumstances helped him upon the whole, as they kept in his view the great object for which he was striving, and taught him the value of that self-respect upon which he had fallen back in many an extremity.

We must here leave him for a time to pursue his studies and carry out his plan, while we glance at the youth by whose side he commenced life under so many disadvantages.

CHAPTER TWELFTH.

'YOUTH might be wise We suffer not from pains,
But pleasures: it is from them we suffer most.'

'FESTUS: A POEM.'

EDWARD ALFORD and his man Looney travelled over England; and saw all the lions in due form. Without making any decided impression, the young American passed into Scotland and then back again to London; and so from London to Paris; always at the top of his speed. His letters home were mostly occupied with accounts of the rate at which he passed from place to place, how he rested, what he ate and wore, and what the fashions of dress were in the great cities. The young man travelled to travel, and not to learn. He started with no enthusiasm, and therefore journeyed with no profit. He exemplified the truth that no man can see other countries with advantage, to whom his own has been a dead letter.

And how can one form opinions of manners, customs, and character, without some standard with which to compare his impressions? If it be asked then how one can travel in his own country, we say he has a standard in this case. His patriotism, his love of the soil that gave him birth, will force him to have an ideal of what his country ought to be, by its own declared principles. If he lives in a republic, he will see how the different States carry out the experiment by themselves, and what each contributes to the stability of the whole. He will look at every thing as furthering or retarding the great law of social equality and freedom; and his own home, the town or village where he was born or bred, will give a point from which he may start. If he have not a love and knowledge of his own home, it matters little what he does; he may travel or stay at home; he will never be wiser. And so too the man who loves not his own land well enough to examine it, to become acquainted with it intimately and heartily, will be likely to be chiefly occupied with the post-routes, the inns, the eating and drinking and wearing apparel of foreign parts.

The strongest argument foreigners can bring against the permanency of our government is the little love we seem to feel for it ourselves. We are more and more suffering our Fourth-of-July celebrations to be diverted to other purposes; and we barbarously permit things, good in themselves, like the Sunday-School Union and the Temperance Society, to foist themselves into notice by using a day which ought to be a high festival to every American, for their comparatively paltry pageants. If these societies and projects are good for any thing, (and none will deny it,) let them have days of their own on which to celebrate their victories and successes.

There is no method of education so expensive as travelling; none so high, and requiring more preparation. For the descriptions which the home-student reads the traveller sees; taking his knowledge at the very source of it, and nothing at second-hand. The ideas he obtains are as much clearer than those he might get from books, as the sparkling mineral waters drunk at the rock from which they gush are superior to the same beverage transported over some hundred miles of land, though put up never so carefully. Beside, one in calling for Congress-water at our hotels is never sure but he is drinking an artful chemical imitation of them; and so in reading a book of travels, one never knows whether or not he is reading the words of a man who is in love, or suffering with dyspepsy, or full of prejudice and malice; some of which predicaments might color his pictures too highly, while some would shade them too deeply. There is no school-like reality.

Our theme is worthy of a treatise rather than a passing remark, when so many go abroad, and for want of the preparation of which we speak, can see only the gloss and tinsel paraded before them to hide the rottenness of a social system and a political system which they return home to laud as superior to their own. They mistake novelty for excellence, and their own excited feelings for true enthusiasm. Their improved health, caused by change of air and

unusual exercise, is attributed to the climate ; their enormous appetite they set to the account of better cookery ; and a few dollars' difference in the price of a coat, bought in a country where starvation of the laborer is no novelty, completes the charm which weaves the shallow opinion that life to be enjoyed must be spent abroad.

Our travellers were in Paris waiting for remittances. The luxuriously-nurtured son of Mr. Charles Alford knew for the first time in his life what it was to want money. The father had in his letters of late enjoined economy upon his son, and hinted at parting with Looney, to avoid the expense of his passage home.

Things were at this pass when Looney presented himself at the morning toilette of his master, to assist him if necessary. A year or two of travel had given Looney quite a distinguished appearance, and had they been dressed alike, it would have been difficult to say which was the master and which the man. When Looney spoke, the servant was conspicuous. His propensity for words rather increased upon him with age and experience. His extensive vocabulary had double its usual effect in that country, remarkable for the taciturnity of its inhabitants, probably from the general paucity of ideas. In France his volubility stood him instead of knowledge, and commanded the respect of people who have so many ideas that they never imagine a man to speak without having more to say than he can express.

On this morning he came with a bright face, bearing a packet in his hand, which he presented to his master. Edward as he read looked sadder and sadder ; his color came and went, and at last settled into a look of despair. 'All gone ! Can it be possible !'

'What, Sir ?' said Looney, 'may I use the temperament to inquire.'

'Oh nothing that concerns you, Looney. I shall leave for New-York by the next packet, and if you can find service here you had better stay. I can give you an excellent character.'

'Stay, Sir !' said or rather sobbed the faithful fellow ; 'and never more see Margaret, your honored father and superlative mother ! Never again to eat fried cod-fish and lobsters ! Oh no, Sir ; I can't think of it, if you go.'

'It is doubtful if my father can continue to employ you if you do return,' said Edward. 'He purposes to make some changes ; you may do better here than in America.'

'How can that be, Mr. Edward ? Here, yesterday, a countryman of mine offered me five pounds, and he is servant to an English lord too, if I would secure him as good a place as mine in the States.'

'Perhaps he is a bad fellow, and can't find employment here,' said his master.

'No, Sir ; a regular bred servant, with forty pounds and livery ; his morals are irreclaimable, and he bears an exceedingly salubrious reputation. It is not money the people want, Mr. Edward, so much as a chance to rise in the world. Ever since my cousin was made a judge at the West, all my relatives expect I shall one day be governor ; for I can read and write, and he can't. The servants are crazy to get to America, Sir, because they think they shall be turned into gentlemen and ladies at once.'

It was in vain that Edward tried to induce the man Looney to seek employment in England, and the very idea of returning to the bogs and potatoes of Ireland made him sick at heart. He preferred to return with him to the land of newspapers and fresh cod-fish, and take his chance of a place.

The reader may suppose some great change had taken place in the affairs of Mr. Charles Alford. The truth is, he had for many years been a loser. He was one of those who having enough to live handsomely upon, embarked in manufactures. He even borrowed money to invest in factories. He was a large debtor to Mr. Gross, who kept his capital in ships and bank-stock. This was a time when merino sheep were sold for hundreds of dollars a head, and a periodical madness upon the subject of the tariff took possession of the wise heads of the nation.

Things reached their level at last, and Mr. Alford found he was not worth a penny. The son had just got the news of his failure, and was ordered home accordingly. As far as the young man was concerned, this was the most fortunate thing that ever happened to him; and from this point we may hope to see him rising, by that strength which self-reliance always produces.

THE BUFFALO HUNTER'S BRIDE.

I.

THE sun is sinking in the west,
A-weary with his race;
But he my spirit loves the best
Yet lingers with the chase:
It is a gallant thing to see
His form at morn bound on;
But 't is a mournful thing for me
At eve to watch alone!

II.

Stranger! his step upon the track
Is like a prince's tread;
Why comes not that fleet footstep back
To glad my humble shed?
His proud eye wears the eagle's look,
His cap, the eagle's plume;
When late his presence past, it took
The sunlight from our room!

III.

A wild and tameless soul he hath,
A fearless heart, and free;
His step upon the Indian's path
Is told in victory!
He loves to fill the ancient woods
With his wild battle-shout;
He loves to stem the giant floods,
When storm and wind are out.

IV.

He joys to scour the prairies wide
Upon the Bison's trail ;
To pierce his dark and shaggy hide
With darts that never fail.
His is the lion's strength in war,
In peace, the lion's rest,
And the eagle hath not flown as far
As his fame throughout the west.

V.

I am the mighty hunter's bride,
I, that am weak and frail,
That tremble, even by his side,
At every passing gale.
The dark oak whispering to the flower,
The eagle to the dove,
So seemed it, when those lips of power
To me first spake of love !

VI.

Unmeet am I to be his mate :
Yet I the wastes have trod,
With none in wilds so desolate
Save my husband and my God !
But deep love gave me strength, and might,
Who else had died away,
And the hope to meet his smile at night
Sustained me all the day.

VII.

Now my soul darkens with the fall
Of evening's gathering shade :
My hope, my love, my lord, my all,
Oh ! why art thou delayed ?
Is the wild cougar on thy way,
Or some disastrous blast ?
I've dreamed of *thee* the live-long day —
Oh ! haste thee home at last !

VIII.

Thy food is on the glowing hearth,
Thy seat and board are spread ;
Return ! the night-winds chill the earth,
And fill my soul with dread :
Oh ! love like mine hath lonely dreams,
And clinging hopes and fears ;
And watchings till the prairie seems
Dim to the eyes of tears !

IX.

Hark ! stranger — hark ! The hunter's bound
Upon our path I hear !
The manly tread that o'er the ground
Falls rapidly and clear :
Joy cometh with the evening sun,
Though lone the forest be ;
For when the daring day is done,
The Hunter comes to me !

ELLEN PERCY.

THE QUOD CORRESPONDENCE.

The Attorney.

CHAPTER XXVII.

WHEN the physician had been led by Bolton from the room in which Wilkins lay ill, as mentioned in a previous chapter, he suffered himself to be conducted down the stairs and into the street without remark; Bolton keeping at his side, and endeavoring to employ his thoughts on other subjects than that of his patient, until a long distance of gloomy streets and many a high dingy house intervened between them and the scene they had left. Then on the pretence that he had urgent business to attend to, he left him, and making a short circuit, returned to Wilkins, as has already been narrated.

No sooner however was he gone, than the Doctor stopped too, and watched him until his figure was hid in the gloom of the streets, raising his finger and shaking it slowly in the direction which he had taken, partly in warning and partly in menace. Could any one have observed his face at that moment, he would have seen suspicion, dislike, and anger all stamped upon it. He did not stir from the spot, but folding his arms stood for some time musing, with the red flaring light of a lamp flashing over his features, and giving them a harsh, uncouth expression. At last he said in a low, stern tone:

‘I have seen hundreds die; ay, go howling to their graves; and I have stood by while mother, children and friends were begging me to give life to a worn-out carcase, as if life and death were in my gift; and when the breath was gone, I have had them turn upon me and revile me because I could not step between the Almighty and his decrees: and I have borne it all without flinching, for I knew that it was human nature. Yet never have I seen any thing so horrible as the look of that sick man this night. He must die—he *must*; but,’ continued he, in the same stern tone, ‘he must not be *murdered*; and if ever being had the look of an assassin, it was the man whom I found there; and if ever an eye *looked* murder, his did, as that wretched criminal cursed and accused him. As sure as I’m a living man, there was murder in that look. I’ll see to it!’ And turning short about, he once more sought the sick man’s room.

His heart beat quickly, and something like a shudder passed over him, in encountering a man darting with headlong speed from the building; for dark as it was, he yet detected a resemblance to Bolton in his figure, as he dashed into the street.

On entering the room, a glance showed him that Wilkins was lying there, apparently dead; and although there was nothing to

justify a suspicion that he had met with foul play, yet that suspicion was in his mind; and at the same instant came the hope that he might have interrupted the murderer before his work was accomplished. The idea, and to act upon it, were simultaneous. He went straight to the bed, opened Wilkins' shirt, and placed his hand upon his heart. He had held it there for some moments, when he felt it beat. Then it stopped, fluttered as if in doubt whether to cease its labor for ever, then it beat again. In a moment his lancet was out, a vein was opened, a few simple applications, such as were ready at hand, were made, and Wilkins slowly opened his eyes and looked about him.

'You may thank God, my poor fellow, that He put such suspicions in my head as never came into it before, or your last breath would have been drawn ere this!' said the Doctor, kneeling beside Wilkins, and supporting his head on his breast, and bathing his temples with something which he took from a cup at his side. 'If ever you uttered thanks to God, do it now!'

Wilkins stared about him; but at first his mind wandered. He had no connected recollection of what had happened; and the few words which he uttered were vague and indistinct. He knew that high words had passed between himself and the lawyer, and that then they had a scuffle; but he could recall nothing more.

'Can you remember nothing else?' said the Doctor, earnestly.

Wilkins passed his hand feebly across his brow, and shook his head. 'He could not.'

While this was going on, the door of the room opened, and a sharp, frightened face was thrust in, while a tremulous voice inquired:

'How is he? Did he kill him?'

The Doctor looked up at the face, and then told it to come in and tell him what it meant.

The man to whom the face belonged hesitated. Before venturing in, he looked behind him to see that the door was open, so that there might be no impediment to a rapid retreat in case of necessity; and then accepting the Doctor's invitation, advanced toward him, displaying at the same time the rest of his person, which bore evident marks of decay and shabbiness.

'Well, what do you mean by your question, and what do you want to know?' demanded the Doctor, who had laid Wilkins in the bed, and now stood up. 'You ask if that man,' said he, pointing to Wilkins, 'is killed. Who wanted to kill him? Did you?'

The thin man replied in not a very firm voice: 'No; but I saw a man that was trying to.'

'You did, eh?' said the Doctor.

The stranger nodded.

'Then why the devil didn't you come over and help his victim?'

The thin man made no reply to this question; but contented himself with quietly brushing a remarkably old hat with the sleeve of a coat which was not a little the worse for wear, although there was

not the slightest probability that either article of apparel would be benefited by the process.

‘Do you know the man?’

‘Not his name,’ replied the man, adding variety to his proceedings by rolling his hat into a very small compass, though for no other apparent purpose than that of unrolling it, which he did instantly.

‘Well, *I* do,’ said the Doctor. ‘That will answer as well. But first of all, tell me what you saw.’

The stranger paused, and having cleared his throat, and felt in his pocket for a handkerchief which he did not find, said that he was at the window of his house on the opposite side of the street, when his attention was attracted to what was going on in Wilkins’ room, which he could distinctly see, as there was a light in it, while his own room had none. The man described the scene which had taken place between Wilkins and the Attorney; and frankly confessed he had been so much excited and frightened at what he had witnessed that he lost all presence of mind; and it was not until the Attorney took to flight that he thought of giving the alarm.

‘You will swear to all this at the police-office, will you?’

‘Yes; to-night, if you choose.’

‘Very well, you shall,’ replied the Doctor laconically. ‘Do you know any person who will stay with this man? He must not be left alone, for that fellow may return.’

‘Get me some one, for God’s sake!’ exclaimed Wilkins feebly, and clasping his hands together. ‘Oh! don’t leave me again in his power!’

‘Be quiet!’ said the Doctor; ‘you shall be taken care of, even though I should be obliged to remain here to do it myself. Who will stay here?’ inquired he, again addressing the stranger.

The thin man stole on tip-toe to the window; thrust his head out, and bellowed in a voice which had wonderfully increased in power within the last few moments: ‘Tom Stubbs! Tom Stubbs! Tom Stubbs! I say. He’ll answer by and by,’ said he, jerking in his head, and awaiting a response with great patience and composure. But he was mistaken in his conjecture; and after a pause he was again obliged to thrust out his head: ‘Tom Stubbs! Tom Stubbs! you infernal low-lived vagabond! where are you?’

‘Here!’ responded a faint voice, which sounded as if it came from under a distant barrel.

‘Well, why didn’t you say so at first? Bring yourself over **here**, will you? — and be quick!’

That Tom Stubbs made a response of some kind was evident from the fact that certain uncouth sounds were heard from the opposite side of the street, which must have been something of that nature, unless Mr. Stubbs was addicted to soliloquy. But whatever it was, it did not impede his operations; for in a few minutes Mr. Stubbs brought over a little oily fellow with red cheeks and fat legs, whom he introduced as himself, by simply saying:

‘Well, old fellow! here I am. What do you want?’

‘Do you see that man?’ said the thin one, pointing to Wilkins.

‘Well, suppose I does?—what then?’ inquired Mr. Stubbs, anxious to investigate results before committing himself; ‘and suppose I doesn’t!—what *then*?’

‘Some one has been mighty near giving him a walking-ticket to see what sort of lodgings the sexton keeps.’

‘Whew!’ whistled Mr. Stubbs; ‘licensed or unlicensed?—physic or murder?—which?’

‘Murder!’ replied the other; ‘murder the most foul!’

Mr. Stubbs looked about the room; an examination which seemed very cursory, but which had embraced every thing in it before he answered:

‘Well, cuss me! if I see any thing that was worth the risk. It must ‘a been a grudge.’

‘It was,’ interrupted the Doctor, impatiently; ‘it was. An infernal scoundrel, taking advantage of his being ill and unable to help himself, attempted to murder him. And I want you to watch here, lest he should come back and complete what he left unfinished. I’ll pay you for your trouble.’

‘Well, that’s honorable,’ said Mr. Stubbs, ‘and I won’t even insinuate the propriety of handing over the dust afore hand. Oh no! I wouldn’t think of it!’

The Doctor put his hand in his pocket and drew out a silver dollar, which he flung to him.

‘Well,’ said Mr. Stubbs, ‘I had no idea of sich quick returns for my investments. But punctuality is the soul of business; and I won’t make you feel unhappy by refusing. Oh, no! It is not in my natur, it isn’t. My heart is all milk, Sir—all mother’s milk. I’ll watch him like a babe; and if that there chap comes agin, blast my eyes! but I’ll wring his neck! If I don’t, damme!’ And by way of illustrating his words more fully, Mr. Stubbs looked ferociously at the wall, and seizing himself by the cravat, twisted it round till he was black in the face; all the time grating his teeth with a kind of savage satisfaction at the idea of performing the pleasant little process in which he was engaged, even though the subject of it was his own respectable self.

‘There, Sir,’ said he, relaxing his hold when he thought that he had sufficiently demonstrated his meaning by bringing himself to the very verge of strangulation; ‘that is what I’ll do to him! I might **have** carried the experiment farther; but it wasn’t safe. Another **twist** might have been a little too much, Sir. One very respectable gentleman of my acquaintance found it so. He was in the habit of diverting himself in that way; twisting his cravat till his face was black as ink. But one day, Sir, he carried the joke so far that he couldn’t bring it back **again**, and cuss me if he didn’t choke his self in real earnest; affording a sad example of the mutability of earthly events, and of the danger of trifling with the human wind-pipe by means of red silk pocket-hankers.’

Having thus completed his illustration, and delivered himself of his opinion, Mr. Stubbs took a seat on a small stool which stood in

the room, and commenced adjusting his neck-cloth, which the fervor of his previous demonstration had very much discomposed.

‘You’ll look after him, will you?’ said the Doctor, after eyeing him as if in doubt whether to leave Wilkins in his charge or not.

‘To be sure I will,’ said Mr. Stubbs, still continuing his toilette.

‘He must be kept quiet; no talking.’

‘He sha’n’t open his mouth,’ said the other, resolutely.

‘He mustn’t get up,’ continued the Doctor.

‘If he *does*, I’ll knock him down,’ replied Mr. Stubbs, in a determined tone.

‘You mustn’t hurt him.’

‘Oh no! in coorse not. I’ll knock him down gently, very gently.’

The Doctor paused.

‘Any physic to be took?’ asked Mr. Stubbs. ‘Don’t be afear’d. If it’s to betook, say so. Cuss me if he sha’n’t swaller it! You say the word, that’s all.’

‘No, not to-night.’

‘Oh! very well. You can go now as soon as you please. I know what’s to be did, and *did* it shall be.’

The Doctor gave one or two directions to Wilkins, and impressing it upon him to keep quiet, at last went out, accompanied by the thin stranger.

Mr. Stubbs followed the Doctor’s advice to the letter; for no sooner was he gone than he seated himself on the floor, and placing his back against the door so that it was impossible to open it without awakening him, in less than one minute was completing a sound nap which had been interrupted when he was summoned to perform the duty in which he was now engaged.

The result of the complaint of the two personages who had just retired has already been shown, in the arrest of the Attorney, whom we left accompanying Mr. Tike to the tombs, and to whom we must now return.

Bolton had been locked up for the night; but he had previously learned to his great relief that he had not succeeded in his attempt upon the life of Wilkins. The idea of the gallows had haunted him incessantly; and now he looked upon imprisonment as a trifle scarcely to be regarded. But still it was a wretched night for him. Pacing his room like a wild beast in his cage, shaking his fists at the bare walls, and cursing and blaspheming, he passed the lagging hours until the dim light breaking through the windows told him that it was day.

Early in the morning the door of his room was unbolted, and Mr. Tike walked in. ‘Come, Sir,’ said he, ‘the Justice is here, and you’ll be disposed of in short order. You’ll be ’zamin’d, and I suppose afore breakfast you’ll be bailed. This way, this way,’ said he, leading the way along an entry, and descending a flight of stairs. ‘A very comfortable place this is, when once you’re accustomed to it. A little morsel dampish; but that you know is quite nat’ral, considering that it’s built over a quagmire.’

Bolton made no reply, but followed him into the police office. It

was a large room, partly railed off, and with a bar running across it to indicate which were the justices and which were the criminals; the main distinction between the two being that the former sat behind the bar, and the latter stood before it.

The former of these positions was occupied by a tall, stout man, with iron gray hair, and a pair of spectacles surmounting a nose which from the excessive modesty of its owner had acquired a blush of which it was impossible to divest it. He was administering justice in small doses to vagabonds, and in large ones to thieves; and having got through with the accumulation of the night, called 'Bolton!'

The Attorney walked up to the bar. 'I should like to know with what I am charged,' said he.

'Harvey!' said the Justice.

'Sir!' exclaimed an elderly man, in a foxy wig, who was dozing beside the Justice, with his head resting on a large book with a red cover. The Justice nodded toward Bolton, and said: 'Complaint against him?'

'Oh!' said Mr. Harvey, sitting up and rubbing both eyes with his knuckles. 'We'll oblige him — we will. What's his name?'

'Bolton,' replied the Attorney, sternly.

'Oh! ah!' said the man, fumbling among a number of papers which were lying in front of him. Stykes, that's not it; Booney, nor that; Smith, nor that; Horpins, White, Arnold, Higgins, Tra-ney, Jones, Bolton. Ah! that's it! Reuben Bolton; the last one — sure to be the last one; always the way when a man's in a hurry. I would swear to it. Shall I read it?'

'Yes!' said Bolton.

And Mr. Harvey, after having cleared his throat several times, and taken a very moderate sip of water, which he distributed over his lips, ingeniously using his tongue as a trowel, proceeded in a deliberate tone, and with an utter disregard of stops or punctuation, to read the affidavits and examination of the Doctor and the thin gentleman, setting forth the facts of the attempt against the life of Wilkins.

'Is the complainant and his witness here?' demanded Bolton, calmly.

'They are in there,' said the Justice, pointing to a small room adjoining the office.

'Will you oblige me by examining them at once? The whole thing is a trick or a mistake.'

The magistrate stared, and then said: 'You'd better come in, there.'

Bolton made no reply, but followed him into the room and took a seat at the table. A single glance told him that the Doctor was there, and had his eye on him; and he did not venture a second one; but as the Justice called the Doctor, he said without raising his eyes: 'Let the other witness leave the room.'

An officer approached the thin man, and whispering a few words in his ear, escorted him beyond the door; after which he returned for the purpose of hearing what was going on.

The magistrate seated himself at the table, drew an ink-stand toward him, and clearing his throat, and shaking his head for the purpose of removing all obstructions, both physical and intellectual, commenced his examination.

Bolton sat for the most of the time with his head leaning on his hand, his brow knit, occasionally suggesting a question as the examination proceeded. When the depositions had been signed, the red-nosed man turned to Bolton:

‘You are aware that it is now my duty to examine you, and that you are at liberty to answer or not, as you please.’

‘I am aware of that,’ replied the lawyer, ‘and shall avail myself of the privilege which the law gives me of being silent. So that it is not necessary to send off the witnesses,’ said he, seeing that an officer was preparing to lead them out.

‘Very well,’ replied the Justice, folding up the papers and taking off his spectacles.

‘It’s too early to look for bail now, so I must trouble you for an hour or two longer,’ said Bolton: ‘beside, the bail in this case is a matter which the circuit Judge must settle, I suppose.’

The magistrate said that ‘it was,’ and nothing more; and Bolton, finding all attempts to open a conversation with that functionary unsuccessful, got up and followed an officer to his ‘room,’ establishing himself in his good opinion by giving him a dollar, and ordering a good breakfast and a barber.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

EITHER the blood-letting which Wilkins had undergone proved beneficial, or his disease took a favorable turn; for on the following day, contrary to the predictions of the physician, he awoke much better. His first impulse was to get up, but this Mr. Stubbs, who still performed the combined duties of nurse and watchman, prevented by unceremoniously thrusting him back in the bed, and telling him to keep quiet, according to orders. Wilkins at any other time might have felt disposed to resist, but he was too feeble to venture upon any thing of the kind then; while Mr. Stubbs, to show that he acted with full impartiality, stretched himself in a similar position on the floor, and maintained it until relieved from duty by the appearance of the Doctor.

Now that the strength of his disease was broken, Wilkins began to improve rapidly. The following day he was able to sit up, and in a short time to go into the street and breathe an atmosphere which was pure when compared with that which stagnated in his own room.

One fine morning, as his strength began to increase, Wilkins prepared to go out. He had hitherto been very slovenly in his dress, for he was wretchedly poor; and but that Higgs quietly supplied him with food, he might have starved. Drawing his tattered clothes about him, for he felt a little cold, he set out, carefully avoiding the

thoroughfares in which he was in the habit of walking, and slinking through by-streets and narrow lanes, toward his old home. Since his illness the thought of that old place had fairly haunted him; and a tide of old recollections and feelings and affections which seemed long since dead had sprung into life, and were flooding his heart, overflowing it until pride, resentment and shame were all swept away. Back he *would* go to the old spot, and look at it once more, for it had been the home of his wife; and his heart was full of love for her now; and a faint and scarcely defined hope shot across him, that she might have returned to it; and desolate as it was, might he not find her sitting there, watching for him? He inwardly prayed that it might be so, and that her glad face might be the first to greet him as he knocked. His heart beat violently as he came in front of it, for the same screens were hanging at the window, through which he observed a fire burning within, and that the room was occupied. He went to the door and opened it noiselessly. Every thing there was strange. A rough-looking woman was sitting near the fire, and a child was playing on the floor. He closed it in the same cautious manner that he had opened it; and leaning his head against the wall, the hot tears streamed down his cheeks, and heavy sobs burst from him, such as had never escaped him in all his troubles. He left the house with a careless, reckless air, and wandered back to his abode; and sat down with his head bowed on his knees and his hair hanging wildly over his face. The door of his room opened suddenly, but he did not move until a hand was placed on his shoulder, and the voice of Higgs said:

‘George! I’ve news for you.’

Wilkins looked up, and as he did so he observed that Higgs was much excited, and that his cheek was pale. He demanded hastily, ‘Well, Bill, out with it! Is it good or bad?’

‘You’ll think it good. I think it d—d bad!’ said Higgs, laconically.

‘Good news is scarce; let’s have it,’ said Wilkins, impatiently.

‘Well, you’ve *one* trouble less in your way; your wife ——’

‘What of her?’ demanded Wilkins quickly; ‘what of *her*, I say?’

‘She’s gone!’

‘Gone! Where?’

‘Dead — dead and buried!’

The yell that burst from the unhappy man at this communication might have awakened the dead. He sprang to his feet, and then leaped upon Higgs like a wild beast, seizing him by the throat. ‘Is this true? on your soul?’ shouted he. ‘As you value your life, don’t trifle with me!’

‘It is.’

‘Who told you?’

‘I heard it from Phillips, who is searching the whole city for you. You’ll find him at his rooms. But you’d better not see him now, for on my life I believe he’ll murder you.’

Wilkins flung his comrade from him, and rushed from the house. Turning neither to the right nor left, but hurrying on with an impet-

usosity which attracted the attention of hundreds whom he passed, he instinctively made for Phillips' house, for there was little reason left to guide him. He knocked at the door, and no sooner was it opened, than without a single question he darted up stairs, and went into Phillips' room.

Phillips was sitting at a table opposite the door, with a book in front of him, but he was not reading; for his head was resting on his hand, his eyes were directed toward the floor, and altogether he had the air of one buried in deep and unpleasant thought. He did not look up as Wilkins entered.

Wilkins went to a chair which stood close to him and seated himself, and touching Phillips, said in a quick, husky tone:

'Jack, where's Lucy?'

'So you've come at last!' said Phillips, slowly rising until he stood his full height in front of him, and looking at him as if he would wither him with his glance; 'and to inquire after *her* whose happiness you blasted, whose life you cursed, and whose young heart you trampled on; whose name you branded, and whom you drove from your door as if she had been the outcast that your lying lips dared to call her! And now that she is dead and in her grave, you ask where she is! George!' said he with a strong effort, mastering the fierce emotion that shook him from head to foot, and slowly clenching his fist in the very face of Wilkins, 'but for the memory of old times, and for my promise to *her*, I could feel it in me to dash your brains out as you stand! I can scarcely keep my fingers off you!'

Still Wilkins did not move; and the fierce excitement of Phillips seemed to have no effect upon him; for he merely repeated his question: 'Jack, where's Lucy?'

'Where your infernal villany sent her before her time!' exclaimed Phillips, hesitating to strike a man who made no resistance, and yet burning to revenge the wrongs which he had inflicted upon his wife; 'in her grave!'

Wilkins started up, pressed his hand upon his heart as if a sudden pain had shot through it, and then sat down. A sharp hysteric sob escaped him, but no other sound.

'If you would see her,' continued Phillips in the same stern tone, 'go to the church-yard.'

Wilkins looked at him as one stunned; one who observed what was passing, who heard the words, but did not take in their meaning.

'Do you hear me?' demanded Phillips.

Wilkins stood up, smiled vacantly, and said, 'Yes, yes; *I'll go there!*' Then pressing both hands to his temples, he said in a low, plaintive tone: 'My head's very wild; I can't think any more. All's confused and strange. Where did you say Lucy was? Nothing has happened to her?' He took Phillips by the shoulders, and held him off at arm's length, and gazed in his face. Then with a slight laugh, he said: 'I see — it's all right. I was afraid that there was something wrong.' And he sat down. 'There can't be any thing wrong. No harm can have happened to her — can there?'

Even Phillips was unnerved by the look of deep anguish of the broken-down man who crouched before him and looked so wistfully up in his face.

‘Go on, George!’ said he; ‘tell me all; what she **said**, what she did, and where she is. There is something wrong **here**!’ said he, touching his head; ‘but I can listen when you talk of *her*. Go on, I say.’

Phillips thus adjured, and recollecting his promise to Lucy, told him all that had passed, without reserve.

Wilkins sat motionless in his chair, with his hands clasped around his knees, his chin resting on them, and his wild eyes gleaming like two stars from amid his dishevelled hair.

‘Is that all?’ said he, when Phillips concluded. ‘Tell me every thing. Don’t be afraid. I’m seared *here*,’ said he, again pointing to his head; ‘and my heart won’t break. It’s iron.’

‘You’ve heard all, George; her last words were a blessing on you.’

‘Yes, yes!’ said he, rising to his feet, and looking vacantly about him. ‘Yes, yes; I know that. Poor Lucy! Well, they buried her, didn’t they?’ And he looked Phillips earnestly in the face, and paused until he was answered.

‘That’s all right. Where was it?’ said he, in the same vacant manner, and pausing as before for an answer.

Phillips mentioned the place, and Wilkins stood for a long time with his fingers twisted together, dreaming it over, and in his mind conjuring up the memory of the past, and tracing out old scenes.

‘She was a child then,’ muttered he, ‘with her long black hair playing in the wind, and those laughing eyes! How merry her voice was! Her laugh went to one’s heart; yet it was soft, too. She was very gentle, and as tender-hearted as a child. After that I didn’t see her for a year or two; and she had grown up quite a woman — and I married her.’ He paused, and then looking mournfully at Phillips, he said: ‘Jack, I came to see you about something; but I’ve forgot what it was. It’s a sad thing to have a bad memory — very sad. Stop!’ He placed his hands over his eyes, and stood for some minutes in silence. ‘It was something about Lucy. What did you say of her? Where is she?’

Phillips rose and took his hands in his. He had no trace of anger against him now. He could not have harbored it for an instant against the poor brain-shattered being before him.

‘Sit down, George,’ said he, ‘sit down; and I’ll tell it all again. Do, there’s a good fellow.’

But Wilkins impatiently repeated his question: ‘What was it? What was it? Where is she? Don’t worry me, Jack. I’m very feeble. Where is she?’

‘Poor fellow!’ exclaimed Phillips.

‘Oh! Jack, this is not right!’ said Wilkins, earnestly; ‘it’s not right to keep her away. Where is she? Let me know the worst.’

‘I have already told you, George.’

‘Yes, yes; I know it: but tell me again. Where is she?’

Phillips’ answer was almost a whisper, as he said, ‘In the grave!’

Wilkins shrank from him; and then with something like a shudder he attempted to draw his coat around him, as if attacked by a sudden cold. The next instant, without noise, almost like a shadow, he passed from the room, and was rushing through the streets with desperate speed.

ON the second night after Wilkins' interview with Phillips, a man was passing through the village where Lucy was buried. He walked feebly, and once or twice paused and looked up at the clear sky, and said something in a low tone, and then went on.

Pale, emaciated, with hollow eyes and sunken cheeks, none would have recognized Wilkins; yet he it was. Disease and remorse had done their work, and the wild glassy eye which glittered in the pale moon-beam like a living flame, showed that the spirit within was burning brightly — too brightly for reason.

Once or twice he observed persons coming from the opposite direction, and he shrank into the bushes, and crouched there until they had passed, and then resumed his course toward the church. Sometimes he paused, stared vacantly about him, then placing his hand to his forehead, dashed hastily forward, and went on muttering as before.

Arrived at the gate of the edifice, he stopped, and as if altering his mind, he quitted it and went to the front of the church and tried the door. It was not bolted, and opened with a melancholy creak, which echoed up the empty aisles. Wilkins listened, shook his head, and said: 'No, no! that was not her!' And then he began to wander listlessly up one aisle and down another. At last, coming to a pew-door, he opened it, entered, and sat down. Before him lay a small prayer-book, much worn and stained, but on which a name was still legible in gilt letters. He took it up and held it in the moon-beam, where he read in the indistinct light the words *LUCY WATERS*. It was the name of his wife before he married her. Without noise or cry he laid the book in its place, and bending his head forward against it, groaned audibly. 'Lucy!' whispered he; 'Lucy! dear Lucy! Do you hear me? Pray for me, Lucy!'

He listened, as if expecting an answer; then turned and gazed timidly about him. 'Lucy! Lucy! I say;' exclaimed he more loudly; and pushing back the matted hair which hung over his eyes, and staring wildly around the church: 'No, no; she isn't here!' Getting up, he went along the aisle to the door communicating with the burial-ground. This he flung open, and strode out, keeping on until his eye rested on a simple tablet at the farther end of the yard, newly-erected, and the inscription on which was plainly legible in the moon-light. He stopped and read: '*Lucy, wife of George Wilkins.*' 'That's me! that's me!' muttered he; 'that's me!'

He crouched on the sod. 'I've found her at last! *Here she is!*' He bowed his head to the earth; thick-crowding fancies, mingled with all the phantasies of madness, came sweeping upon his brain. The present was forgotten. Again he was a boy; again the bright days of youth and purity were before him: his past life was a

dream. She could not be dead! That warm confiding heart which had loved him so well, could not be cold for ever! It was a dream—a wild and troubled dream! He shouted loudly to **awake himself**; *but he awoke not*. He clutched the dank weeds in **his hands**; he knelt down upon the grave; he laid his cheek to **the cold** earth that shrouded her, and whispered her name. He **whispered** it again, in those low gentle tones which in the days of their early attachment she had always loved, and always responded to. He **whispered** it again. ‘No answer!’ muttered he. ‘She’s gone! she’s gone for ever! or she would not have been silent now, when my heart is broken, and all the world is against me. Lucy! Lucy! *dear* Lucy! do you hear me? Answer, oh! answer me now!’

The wretched man stretched himself at full length upon the cold earth, and sobbed like a heart-broken girl. The past came fierce and furious upon him. In one instant the wild fit was over. He remembered the hot angry feelings between himself and his wife; his taunts, his bickerings, his sneers; and last of all the *blow* which had separated them for ever. Then he thought of his tempter—of Bolton. Revenge was now uppermost. Frantic with fury, he sprang from the grave, rushed through the church-yard, flung open the gate, and hurried down the road as if life and **death** depended on his speed.

S T A N Z A S

WRITTEN AFTER VISITING MOUNT AUBURN, NEAR BOSTON.

’T is a sweet, tranquil spot,
Where they have lain thee, brother! in thy sleep;
The world too soon thy faded form forgot,
But we who loved thee, linger there to weep.

Years in their rapid flight
Have passed since thou wert left to thy repose;
Morn steals upon us with its chastened light,
But thou shalt never more thine eyes unclose!

Spring with its genial breath,
Hath robed thy narrow dwelling. Thickly spread,
The forest leaves adorn the realms of death,
And breathe a low, sad requiem round thy bed!

The portals of the tomb
Have closed upon thee, leaving life and light.
Without is gladness, but within, the gloom
Curtains thy slumbers with unbroken night!

Farewell! a long farewell!
Since earth no more shall echo to thy tread:
We softly breathe thy name; but who shall tell
The love we cherish for the holy dead!

L I T E R A R Y N O T I C E S .

FOREST LIFE. BY THE AUTHOR OF 'A NEW-HOME.' In two volumes. pp. 484. New-York: C. S. FRANCIS AND COMPANY: Boston: J. H. FRANCIS.

MISS SEDGWICK must not only acknowledge 'a rival *near* her throne,' but she must make room for a sister *on* it. The author of that charming and widely popular work, 'A New Home,' has followed up her successful *coup d'essai* in the world of literature with the volumes before us; and when we say that they fully sustain the promise of their predecessor, we say all that is necessary to secure at once the attention of our readers. Mrs. CLAVERS here presents us with a continuation of her sketches of forest life, interspersed as before with one or two admirable love-passages, in which, by graphic descriptions of nature and character; by interest vividly excited and curiosity adroitly stimulated; she contrives to diversify her canvass with a full and yet not a crowded composition. These episodes, if we may so call them, are delightful. We can hardly conceive of any thing more interesting in its way, for example, than the sketch of pretty Candace Beamer and her humble lover, Lewis Arden; and the wayward course of the stream of love, in their case running roughly, through the machinations of an envious old maid, Keery Dunks, *alias* 'Miss Duncan.' Right glad were we to find her mischievous designs frustrated, and to see her rough old father walk into James Beamer's parlor, and 'taking off his bowl-crowned wool-hat, and smoothing down his hair with a great knotty hand,' expose his ill-tempered daughter's ridiculous pretensions. There is another story of the heart upon which we shall not trench, but leave it entire to the enjoyment of the reader. We cannot however forego the pleasure of presenting a few extracts from other portions of the work.

To relieve the painful monotony of the 'fever-nager,' Mrs. CLAVERS accompanies her husband and 'the childer' on a short tour into the interior of her woodland empire; and the history of her progress is enlivened by many very pleasant pictures of natural scenery in that sylvan region. A sudden shower compels the travellers to take shelter in a log-cabin of the poorer sort, where, the rain continuing, they are fain to tarry for the night. The good woman of the cottage, whose husband is ill of the ague, apologizes for the lack of comfortable accommodations; adding that there *had been* a time when she could have entertained them more decently:

"But those days are gone by," she said, with a sigh: "trouble has followed us so long that I don't look for any thing else now. We left a good home in York State because my old man couldn't feel contented when he saw the neighbors selling out and coming to the West to get rich."

And we bought so much land that we had n't enough left to stock it, and improve it; but after a while we had got a few acres under improvement, and begun to have enough for our own use, although nothing to sell; and we had to part with some of our land to pay taxes on the rest; and then we took our pay in wild-cat money that turned to waste-paper before we got it off our hands. And my husband took on dreadful hard upon that; and we all had the ague; and then his eyes took sore, and he is almost blind — too blind to see to work more than half the time. So we've been getting down, down, down! But I need n't cry,' said the poor creature, wiping her eyes; 'for I'm sure if tears could have bettered our condition, we'd have been well off long ago!'

'Here was an apology for poverty, indeed! How many complain of poverty, sitting in silks and laces at tables covered with abundance! What groaning over 'hard times' have I not heard from jewelled bosoms within these two or three years! What rebuffs are always ready for those who take upon themselves the pleasant office of soliciting of the superfluity of the rich for the necessities of the poor! 'Hard times!' say the unthinking children of luxury, as they sip their ice-cream or hold up to the light the rosy wine!'

Mrs. Gaston, the mistress of the humble cottage, is busily engaged in saving the rain that falls from the eaves; for 'as soap was pretty scirse, she must try to catch soft water, any how;' when other travellers drive up for shelter under her roof. These prove to be a pompous Englishman, his wife, and a spoiled child, an affected, proud daughter; her green silk dress, kid shoes, silk stockings, and dangling curls thoroughly drenched. They enter, with scant salutation to the mistress of the cottage; and

'After, or rather with this group, entered a bluff, ruddy, well-made young man, who seemed to have been charioteer. He brought in some cushions and a great-coat which he threw into a corner, established himself thereafter with his back to the fire, from which advantageous position he surveyed the company at his leisure.

'The luggage must be brought in,' said the elderly gentleman.

'Yes, I should think it had oughter,' observed the young man, in reply; 'I should bring it in, if it was mine, any how!'

'Why don't you bring it in then?' asked the gentleman, with rather an ominous frown.

'I! Well, I do n't know but what I could, upon a pinch. But look o' here, uncle! I want you to take notice to one thing — I did n't engage to wait upon ye. I an't nobody's nigger, mind that! I'll be up to my bargain. I come on for a teamster. If you took me for a servant, you're mistaken in the child, Sir! However,' he continued, as if natural kindness was getting the better of cherished pride, 'I can always help a gentleman, if so be that he asks me like a gentleman; and upon the hull, I guess I'm rather stubbender than you be, so I'll go ahead.'

Our western Sam. Weller soon deposits the luggage, bags and cases without end, in a corner, wondering 'what on airth any body could want with sich lots o' fixins,' and proposing to 'turn the hull bilin' on 'em right out into the shed,' to make room for 'a good big shake-down on the floor with the buffaloes and cushions,' where they can all 'bundle' for the night. All this is to the ineffable disgust of the new-comers. But after many marks of wonder and surprise and a deal of complaining on the part of the new-comers, with no little officious but kind intermeddling on that of the charioteer, and the exertions of the good woman — who, although hurt at the rude manner of her guests, has yet done her utmost to serve them — every thing seems to be arranged quite comfortably:

'When all was done, Mrs. Gaston made the ordinary cotton-sheet partition for the benefit of those who chose to undress; and then began to prepare herself for the rest which she so much needed. All seemed well enough for weary travellers, and at any rate these poor people had done their best. I hoped that all fault-finding would soon be lost in sleep. But it soon became evident that Miss Margold did not intend to become a person of so small consequence. She had disturbed her father several times by requests for articles from different parts of the luggage, without which she declared she could n't think of going to bed. She had received from her mother the attendance of a waiting-maid, without offering the slightest service in return; and now, when all her ingenuity seemed to be exhausted, she suddenly discovered that it would be in vain for her to think of sleeping in a bed where there were so many people, and she decided on sitting up all night.

'Do you think you could sleep here, my dear?' inquired Mr. Margold, from his snug nest in the corner.

'The young lady almost screamed with horror. 'Never mind, my darling,' said the Mamma; 'I will sit in the rocking-chair by the fire, and you shall have plenty of room.'

'Oh, no, Ma! — that'll never do! Why can't the woman sit up? I dare say she's used to it.' This was said in a loud whisper, which reached every body's ears — but no reply was made.

'Mrs. Margold and her daughter whispered together for some time farther, and the result was, that the lady drew one of the beds apart from the other, which movement caused Mr Gaston's little girl to roll out upon the floor with a sad resounding thump, and a piteous cry.

'This proved the drop too many. Out spake at last the poor half-blind husband and father. His

patience was 'used up.' 'Neighbors' said he, 'I don't know who you are, nor where you come from, nor I don't ask, for you were driven on o' my house by a storm. My family were willing to accommodate you as far as they could, such as we had, but you were welcome to, but we are poor, and have not much to go with. Now you haven't seemed to be satisfied with any thing, and your behavior has hurt my wife's feelings, and mine too. You think we are poor ignorant people, and so we are, but you think we have a free, like other folks, and there you are mistaken. Now the storm and the blowing of the matters, that are at risk over and the moon is up and it is my desire that you pick up your things and drive on to the next tavern, where you can call for what you like and pay for what you get. I don't keep a tavern, though I am always willing to entertain a civil traveller as well as I can.'

This truly eloquent remonstrance being followed by no demonstration of retreat on the part of his querulous guests, the speaker arouses the driver who pretends to be asleep, and tells him he is wanted to get up his horses. But he declines to 'get up the poor critters at that time o' night,' and adds: 'As to turnin' you out o' doors, this here chap an't the feller to turn any man out o' doors if he's civil. He's a little wrathful because your folks warn't contented with such as he had. I see he was a-gettin' riled some, and I thought he'd bile over. You see, that's the way with us Western folks. If folks is saasy, we walk right into 'em like a thousand o' brick. He'll cool down agin if you jist pat him a little. He's got some grit, but he a'nt ugly. You only make your women-folks quiet, get a curb-bridle on their tongues, and we'll do well enough.'

The next morning the English travellers ask for 'their bill,' but the host declines making any charge. Mr. Margold and his family however place money on the table, and leave the house without saying farewell. The money is secretly given to the charioteer, to be handed back to the uncourteous donors; which he accomplishes, with the remark: 'You see, he a'nt no hand to make a fuss, Gaston a'nt, so he jist told me to give it to ye after you got away. And he said,' added the agreeable youth, with a smile, 'that he'd rather you'd buy manners with it, if you could.'

We had marked for insertion, and are very sorry to be obliged to omit, our author's enforcement of the necessity which exists in a new country like that which she describes, of a ready sympathy and friendly contact, of a code of morals as well as manners, possessing a warmer and more human tinge than is encountered in cities and more thickly-populated districts. We commend the reader especially to Mrs. CLAVERS' remarks, in describing the temporary return of herself and family to the cities of the North and East, upon the change which had come over her estimate of the splendid accessories which are so much an object of ambition among our citizens. She had not grown so obtuse as not to appreciate in their true degree the elegances of life, but so great had been the power of habit in simplifying their wants and reducing their number, that many things which are considered essential to comfort among those who make modes of life a study and a science, appeared to 'the exiles' absolutely cumbersome and harassing.

'The true attraction lay in the aspect of society itself, in the thousand graces of manner which are unknown in rural atmospheres, in the refinement of sentiment, in the display of the roughbred intellectual power, in the taste and taste the physical contrast which is exhibited between the city and life in the woods, in the people, and not in the system of living. The great thread edified of the great city awoke in no low degree the admiration of the exiles, and her part is her sculptures, her music, her poetry, her poets, her preachers — her monuments of genius and art — these filled the soul even to the point of pleasure, and in those lay the points of difference which appeared at the time to be worthy of notice.'

How true it is, that 'one half the world is ignorant how the other half lives!' thought we, while reading the sketch of poor patient toiling 'Aunt Parshalls,' laboring to fulfil the behests of her selfish exacting, and indolent husband, leading a sort of shifting Robinson Crusoe life, doing the best she could with very

small means, and performing the parts of man and woman both. Read the following, ye self-tormenting housewives and town-complainers:

'One article in particular, which Mrs. Parshalls called her 'dish-kettle,' performed daily a round of duties which would utterly have confounded Papin's digester or the '*marmite perpetuelle*.' It cooked the potatoes for breakfast, and was then put on to heat water for washing the dishes. When this same washing process was about to commence, the dish-kettle was always hoisted to the table, since where was the use of wearing out a pan when a dish-kettle did just as well, and kept the water hot longer too? By the time the dishes were washed, it was time to feed the pigs; and then poor Aunty, being sadly scanted in pails, carried this heavy iron vessel up the rising ground, at the top of which the pen was placed. Then the kettle was scoured and put on for dinner. After dinner came the whole dish-washing process over again, and then the factotum was cleaned once more, and put on to heat water for mopping the floor—a daily ceremony. At this point of the diurnal round, I confess a discrepancy of opinion between Aunty Parshalls and myself, since I could never quite like to see the mop going in and out of the dish-kettle. But as she said in reply to a very sharp remonstrance of her lady-daughter on this head, 'Why! bless your dear soul! I sca-oured it!' I will answer for it she did, but we all have our prejudices. But the dish-kettle is not yet at rest for the night. It has still another 'sca-ouring' process, to cook the supper, wash the dishes, carry the pigs' mess up the hill, and come home to be cleaned again, in order that the beans may be put to soak for to-morrow's porridge.'

We know not when we have encountered a more affecting scene than that which describes the young opium-eating mother confessing her dangerous passion to this 'poor, rough, humly old woman,' holding that 'much-enduring mother's brown, worn-out, shapeless hand, and kissing again and again her bony neck and withered bosom.' The entire portrait indeed of 'Aunty Parshalls' is as clearly limned as that of COOPER's Leatherstocking. How distinctly the reader can see the uncouth but kind-hearted old woman standing in the gloaming on her overturned dish-kettle, on the top of the hill, her tall, scantily-draped, and skeleton statue in bold relief, as she looks round the landscape with a searching glance after 'that heifer-critter!'

If it were not for 'hevin' to hev' many other things to include in this department of our Magazine, we should be sorely tempted to present something more than half the pleasant correspondence of Mr. and Mrs. SIBTHORPE, the English settlers. As it is, we must refer the reader to the volumes themselves, and rest content with the annexed passage, setting forth the blessings of poverty. It will doubtless afford consolation to many readers, in an unpropitious era usually designated as 'these times:'

'How much is the world of art indebted to poverty benign! How many things had been left undone if all the world had been rich! While we are stupidly basking in the sunshine of prosperity, nobody ever breathes a syllable to remind us that we are wasting ourselves; that we have dormant abilities, buried talents, which ought to be thrown into the public treasury. Even as weeping skies, we are told, are requisite in order to 'bring the full spirit of fragrancy out' of the flower, so do the storms of adversity alone discover to admiring friendship the power (to help ourselves) which might have lain unsuspected and unpraised for ever, if we had needed no aid. What monuments of genius had been lost to the world, if the rich and powerful had cruelly placed their originators above want, instead of keeping them as near starvation as possible, for the benevolent purpose of bringing out their powers! Do we not put out the eyes of singing birds? . . . What a labor is that of the care of a great estate! How piteously rich men groan under their burdens, and how they will sometimes be heard to wish they 'had not a dollar in the world!' This shows their wisdom; and it must be confessed too that they usually exhibit the influence of the most exalted benevolence in not even attempting to throw any part of the weight upon others. They might often relieve themselves in this way, if it were not for fear of increasing the cares of their neighbors. The rich philosophize in words: the poor must do it in deed, which is more dignified. The *millionaire* sighs when he tells you that it is long since wealth has been competent to purchase him a single pleasure. The poor man congratulates himself as he finds his tastes and habits becoming more and more suited to his circumstances. It might be possible for the rich man to buy pleasure by trying on a small scale the game of equalization; but it may be feared that this would spoil the poor man's philosophy—so it must be better as it is!'

We take our reluctant leave of these volumes with the hearty wish that our gifted friend and correspondent may live to write many more works of kindred interest and excellence, and that our professional labors in this department may be cheered and lightened by their perusal.

SERMONS AND SKETCHES OF SERMONS. By the Rev. JOHN SUMMERFIELD, A. M. With an Introduction by the Rev. THOMAS E. BOND, M. D. In one volume pp. 427 New York. HARPER AND BROTHERS

It was never our good fortune to hear the pious and gifted SUMMERFIELD dispense the Word of his divine Master but we have often heard those who have been favored to sit under his ministrations pronounce the warmest eulogiums upon his persuasive eloquence, his glowing feeling, and sweet, winning earnestness and simplicity of manner, which was universal in its control over the minds of men. 'Wherever Mr SUMMERFIELD appeared' says Mr BOND 'there was the same eagerness in all classes of people to hear him. In Ireland, in England and in America, whatever were the characteristic differences in the taste and qualifications and even the prejudices of the hearers, all listened with the same delight, all hearts melted and all prejudices gave way under an eloquence which it was as impossible to describe as to resist.' The attitudes and action of the preacher were perfect. 'Every movement, whether of body or members, was not only exactly correct, but intuitively expressive of thought or feeling, appearing to obey some immediate impulse of the soul. There was nothing theatrical, nothing done for effect. All seemed to come unsought, the immediate, spontaneous sympathy of a body which lived and acted in obedience to the promptings of the spirit within, while the meekness, the humility, the lowliness of heart which appeared in his entire deportment, crowned the whole, and constituted him a consummate orator.' In the 'Sermons and Sketches of Sermons' before us we have many discourses in which the filling up is nearly perfect, yet we are told that the painting, the beautiful extempore coloring, are scarcely any where preserved, save in the minds of those who heard them. Mr. SUMMERFIELD commenced preaching before he was twenty years old. He was of frail body and delicate constitution; 'and when we reflect,' says his biographer, 'on his abundant labors; that he moved with the speed of a chariot-wheel down hill, till the axle-tree catches fire; preaching five, seven, and ten times a week, amounting to four hundred sermons in the first eighteen months of his ministry, beside delivering addresses on various occasions we are filled with astonishment.' If his friends remonstrated with him on his excessive labors, he was always ready with a reply; such as: 'The love of CHRIST constraineth me,' or 'My time is short, I must be about my FATHER'S business.' The 'Sketches' which are here preserved were memoranda for the speaker's eye only, but he came to the pulpit with the whole scheme which they indicated succinctly marked out in his mind, and when warmed, exalted and inspired with the divinity of his theme, his bow truly 'abode in strength,' and every shaft which he sent from the string, like the arrow of Alcestes of old, would take fire in its flight, shine through the clouds, and vanish in the immensity of heaven. Nevertheless,' says his biographer 'every attempt in the eyes of those who heard him, to present on paper the splendid effects of his impassioned eloquence, was like gathering up dew-drops, which appear pearls and jewels on the grass, but run to water in the hand the essence and the elements remain, but the grace, the sparkle, and the form are gone.' The reader of this volume however will find, in consonance with the hope of the editor, that although 'the grace, the sparkle, and the form' of the beloved SUMMERFIELD'S pulpit labors are gone, the water that remains is 'living water,' clear, pure, satisfying, as it ever issues from that fountain which springeth up into everlasting life.

PICTORIAL GUIDE TO NIAGARA FALLS: a Manual for Visitors; giving an Account of this Stupendous Natural Wonder; and all the Objects of Curiosity in its Vicinity; with every Historical Incident of Interest: and also full Directions for Visiting the Cataract and its Neighboring Scenes. Illustrated by numerous Maps, Charts, and Engravings, from Original Surveys and Designs. The illustrations designed and engraved by J. W. ORR. One volume. pp. 222. Buffalo: SALISBURY AND CLAPP.

THE full title-page to this volume, which we have copied above, sufficiently sets forth the purpose of the work. The volume is beautifully printed, and the engravings, which are numerous, are exceedingly well executed from faithful designs. The points of observation are well chosen; and in some instances, as in the view of Table-Rock from below, the effect produced is truly wonderful. Many of the smaller vignettes are scarcely less striking. While however we cheerfully render this praise to the pictorial excellence of the 'Guide,' we are compelled to say of the letter-press descriptions that they are inflated and altogether indifferently written. They remind us continually of the extatics of an amateur cicerone who followed us around while we were beholding the Great Cataract, indicating, in magniloquent phrase, the 'popular' points of survey: 'Here's the place where I've hear'n a great many say, 'Good 'Evings! what a sight!' or, 'This is the spot where visitors always exclaims, 'My God! what a awful production o' natur!'' Save these blemishes of style, the little work before us is in all respects worthy of a liberal sale, which we doubt not it will receive, it being the best if not the only elaborate work of the kind extant. We observe some new contributions to the Falls-Album in its pages; among them, some lines signed 'MORPETH,' which are really very good—for a lord. Several other scraps of verse are introduced, however, which are of the sort that 'neither gods nor men permit.'

HENRY OF OSTERDINGEN: A ROMANCE. From the German of NOVALIS, (FRIEDRICH VON HARDENBERG.) In one volume. pp. 236. Cambridge: JOHN OWEN.

IN the author of this volume, says that child of genius, the German TIECK, 'we may alike love and admire his extensive knowledge and his philosophical genius as well as his poetical talents. Many of his great thoughts will yet inspire futurity; and noble minds and deep thinkers will be enlightened and set on fire by the sparks of his spirit.' 'There are few works,' he adds, 'in which the mind of the author is more clearly and purely reflected than in 'Henry of Osterdingen.' We are told that it was natural for NOVALIS 'to regard what was most usual and nearest to him as full of marvels, and the strange and supernatural as the common-place. Thus every-day surrounded him like a supernatural story, and that region which most men can only conceive as distant and incomprehensible, seemed to him like a beloved home. He resembles among late writers the sublime DANTE alone, and like him sings to us an unfathomable mystical song, very different from that of many imitators, who think that they can assume and lay aside mysticism as they could a mere ornament. Therefore his romance is both consciously and unconsciously the representation of his own mind and fate.' These 'collateral indications' of the character of the Romance before us are all we are enabled to present at the late hour at which we receive the volume.

EDITOR'S TABLE.

MR. WASHINGTON IRVING'S 'LIFE AND VOYAGES OF COLUMBUS.' — We mentioned in the 'Gossip' of our last number that we should take an early occasion to expose the true character of certain gross charges made at different times within the last eighteen months, by a writer in the '*Southern Literary Messenger*,' against the fair fame of Mr. WASHINGTON IRVING. We say we *promised* to advert to these allegations; and we owe it to our readers and to Mr. IRVING to add, that but for this promise we should pass these anonymous charges without a line of comment, as being evidently so utterly unfounded as to require no word of refutation at our hands. Mr. IRVING'S 'History of the Life and Voyages of COLUMBUS' obtained upon its first appearance in 1828 an elevated rank in public opinion, which it has continued ever since to enjoy. It has received the meed of applause from PRES-COTT and BANCROFT, and the contemporary historians of Europe, in almost every language. Time has ratified these judgments; and the work may now be said to have deservedly attained the honor of a standard in literature, not likely to be supplanted by another attempt upon the same subject. Nevertheless, we are now told, and for the first time, that its author wears the laurels which belong to another, and that his book is an unacknowledged reproduction of Don MARTIN FERNANDEZ NAVARRETE'S collection of documents relating to the voyages of COLUMBUS; in short, to adopt the hard words of his accuser, that 'he has borrowed other men's commodities and sold them for his own.' The inventor and propagator of this tardy calumny labors through some twenty pages of the '*Messenger*' to give it a color of truth. The first attempt is entitled 'NAVARRETE on Spain,' and begins with: 'We have not at this late day taken up the work of NAVARRETE for the purpose of examining in detail the interesting materials which it contains.' Leaving the book to review itself, he proceeds directly to the object of his malice, qualified with the usual hypocritical disclaimer, 'Nothing can be farther from our intention than to disparage Mr. IRVING'S History,' etc. 'We propose,' he continues, 'merely to glance at *the history* of NAVARRETE'S production, so far as it bears upon our own literature.' This 'glance' however is neither more nor less than a silent appropriation of Don MARTIN'S own modest account of his labors and those of his associates among the archives of Spain, in collecting the various documents contained in his first and second volumes. This the critic has translated and exaggerated, in order to undervalue Mr. IRVING'S researches in a similar direction. Certain unconnected passages in the preface to his Life of COLUMBUS are selected by our censor as the object of his 'strictures;' but as they merely furnish him with a pretext to vent his spleen against the author of that work, we have

only to invite such of our readers as may have encountered the papers in the 'Messenger' to turn to Mr. IRVING's preface itself, and read it attentively. This will unmask to every honest mind the motives of the censor, and render them intelligible. Let the plain statements there made be compared with the charges of our critic, and his artifice and mystification will at once stand revealed. So far as plain English can make that preface understood, it conveys the idea that the *Life of COLUMBUS* by WASHINGTON IRVING was faithfully digested from various materials; *first*, books in various languages relating to COLUMBUS, but containing incomplete accounts of his life and voyages; *secondly*, numerous valuable tracts on the subject, which existed only in manuscript, or in the form of letters, journals, and public acts. The books, etc., were accessible in public libraries at Madrid; the manuscripts were found, where they were known to exist, and placed at the author's disposal by the liberality of their possessors. From Don MARTIN NAVARRETE he received the most obliging assistance; various valuable and curious pieces of information were communicated by him. The publication of that gentleman contained many documents hitherto unknown, which threw additional light on the discovery of the new world, and which reflected great credit on the researches of the learned editor; but as a whole, they rather presented a mass of rich *materials* for history than a *history itself*. In the extensive and curious library of Mr. RICH he found one of the best collections extant of Spanish colonial history, and many documents which he might have searched for in vain elsewhere. 'With these and other aids incidentally afforded me by my local situation,' (at Madrid,) continues Mr. IRVING, 'I have endeavored, to the best of my abilities, and the time I could allow myself, during a sojourn in a foreign country, to construct this history. I have diligently collated *all the works that I could find* relative to my subject, in print and manuscript, comparing them, *as far as in my power*, with original documents, those sure lights of historic research,' etc. 'In the execution of this work I have avoided indulging in mere speculations or general reflections, except such as rose naturally out of the nature of the subject; preferring to give a minute and circumstantial narrative, omitting no particular that was characteristic of the persons, the events, or the times, and endeavoring to place every fact in such a point of view that the reader might perceive its merits and draw his own maxims and conclusions.'*

The reader, as we have said, who shall peruse the preface, a fair synopsis of which we have given above, will be enabled to detect our censor's impudent and impertinent transpositions, interpolations, deductions, assumptions, and conclusions, and place him on the 'horn' of his own 'dilemma;' wishing him, as we do,

* THE opening chapter, 'On the departure of COLUMBUS on his First Voyage,' commences with crediting NAVARRETE's collection for the 'stately prologue to his journal, setting forth the motives and views which led to his expedition.'* 'Thus,' continues the author, 'are formally and explicitly stated by COLUMBUS the objects of this extraordinary voyage. The material facts, still extant in his journal, will be found incorporated in the present work.' Then follows the 'Note': 'An abstract of the journal made by LAS CASAS has recently been discovered, and is published in the first volume of the collection of Señor NAVARRETE. Many passages of this abstract had been inserted by LAS CASAS in his History of the Indies, and the same journal had been copiously used by FERNANDO COLUMBUS in the history of his father. In the present account of his voyage, the author has made use of the journal contained in the work of Señor NAVARRETE, the manuscript history of LAS CASAS, the History of the Indies by HERRERA, the life of the Admiral by his son, the Chronicle of the Indies by OVIEDO, the manuscript history of Ferdinand and Isabella by ANDRÉZ BERNALDEZ, curate of Los Palacios, and the Letters and Decades of the Ocean Sea, by PETER MARTYR; all of whom, with the exception of HERRERA, were contemporaries and acquaintances of COLUMBUS. These are the principal authorities which have been consulted, though scattered lights have been obtained from other sources.' — IRVING'S 'COLUMBUS:' Vol. I., p. 120.

* NAVARRETE: 'Journal of the first Voyage of COLUMBUS:' Vol. I.

'God speed!' And here we should be content to leave him, but that from a strict sense of duty we are bound to give his concluding remarks, which are somewhat in the form of a proclamation, viz.

'Those of our readers who are blessed with good memories will perhaps recollect that in our March and July numbers of 1841 we gave some little space to a review of matters connected with the Spanish nation. In our first essay we examined into the connection between the history of Columbus by Mr. Washington Irving, and the great work of Don MARTIN FERNANDEZ NAVARRERE, endeavouring, with all respect and impartiality, to strike the just balance of obligation between them. Unfortunately we found ourselves compelled to lay to the charge of Mr. Irving an absence of that spirit of full and frank acknowledgment which was demanded alike by his own reputation and the extent and value of the materials which he had pressed into his service. More than a year has elapsed, without any notice or retraction by Mr. Irving or his readers of the grave facts and collisions which our investigation elicited and established. By all the rules then which govern such cases we are bound to infer that our distinguished countryman has preferred the quiet disparagement of a judgment by default to the not more of a verdict after a trialless contest. This inference we feel ourselves at the same time to draw. Literary eminence may relieve a man perhaps from the necessity of caring for criticism upon his style or opinions, and such an immunity may be but a just reward for a life-time of labor and merit. Not so however, where the delicate question arises whether he has not without fair notice, borrowed other men's commodities, and sold them for his own. Good character is, in such a case, merely *prima facie* evidence of the weakest kind. The true issue is on the facts, without respect to persons, and no man can place himself above responsibility on such an accusation, or meet that responsibility otherwise than by a defence of the actual merits.'

From this sentence of a judgment by default, in a cause of the critic's own devising and 'predicated upon' offences of his own creation; delivered too in a style and manner 'suggestive' of his judicial predecessor in a certain island not much known in books of geography, we must beg leave to appeal to a higher tribunal. The paragraph which ensues was written by NAVARRERE, and forms a part of his introduction to the third volume of his collection of documents, published after he had read IRVING'S *Life of Columbus*.

'A conspicuous proof that our collection will not be useless in the republic of letters has been afforded us by Mr. Washington Irving in the *'History of the Life and Voyages of CHRISTOPHER COLUMBUS,'* which he has just published, and which has met with a reception as generally favorable as it is well deserved. We stated in our (first) introduction, that we did not purpose to write the history of the Admiral but merely to publish facts and materials which would enable others to write it with truth and correctness. It is fortunate that the first who has availed himself of our publication is a scholar of judgment and erudition, a really well known in his own country and in Europe by his previous interesting contributions to literature. Situated at Madrid, free from the spirit of rivalry which has divided some of the nations of Europe upon the subject of Columbus and his discoveries, with an opportunity of examining excellent books and precious manuscripts and of consulting persons we have used such matters, having always at hand the authentic documents which we had just procured, he has been able to give to his history the extension, impartiality, and correctness which render it far superior to the narratives of any who have gone before him. To these advantages he has added a methodical and excellent arrangement, a pure elegant and animated style, a notice of various personages who took part in the events with which Columbus was connected, and an examination of various questions, in which he combines the soundest criticism with earning and good taste. Notwithstanding all this however, we hope that Mr. Irving will be able, by a perusal of the new documents which we are publishing and by the reflections consequent herefrom, to correct several of his views and opinions, which having been derived from sources of less purity are still wanting in that positive exactness which is required to approach perfection.'

It might perhaps be supposed that this frank avowal of satisfaction and admiration would settle the question in dispute, and leave no room for farther objection. Not so! The critic understands the meaning of the paragraph better than the writer of it, and he indulges in sundry surmises and innuendoes which are scarcely more contemptible in themselves than are the inflated and ungrammatical passages which contain them. Precious grave facts and conclusions! these! Don MARTIN, when he wrote the 'Introduction' from which our quotation is taken, had read IRVING'S preface and *Life of Columbus*; he saw in them no juggling promises of unperformed researches; no 'outline of his work,' no evidence of a translation of it, nor of its having been used as a text-book, and yet he saw all that our critic had seen and read. He *did* see in the preface 'an

explicit avowal to the American public of the author's indebtedness to his own work.' He saw all the injuries which he had received from the hand of his friend; and yet he expresses his satisfaction that the *Life of COLUMBUS* had 'met with an acceptance as favorable as it was well deserved.' He could not discover the portentous shadow impending between his work and name and oblivion; and not being endowed with the larcenous perceptions of his defender, he saw not his own commodities borrowed and sold by his friend. Undoubtedly the 'documents' which more than twenty years of devoted labor had brought to light formed a valuable addition to the previous stock of materials relative to the personal history of *COLUMBUS*. They were not however published as 'the life of the Admiral,' but 'to enable others to write it with truth and correctness.' Mr. IRVING did no more than to avail himself of this conceded right to use them, which he enjoyed in common with every other historian; and this he gratefully acknowledges in his preface, and by frequent citations throughout his work. Nevertheless, we owe it to his reputation to state, as the result of a careful examination, that all the facts which he actually did derive from this source, not accessible elsewhere, would not, collectively, fill six of the twelve hundred pages contained in his '*Life of COLUMBUS*.' In making this avowal, we disclaim the slightest intention of undervaluing the work or the fame which has justly been awarded to Mr. IRVING's venerable friend and predecessor. In the introduction to the Paris edition of NAVARRETE's work, in 1828, the reception of IRVING's '*Life*' is mentioned, and the two are declared to be 'composed upon an entirely different plan,' IRVING having written the life and voyages of *COLUMBUS*, and NAVARRETE 'leaving *COLUMBUS* himself to relate the events of his life and the incidents of his voyage.' NAVARRETE's work is spoken of as 'the necessary appendage of that of WASHINGTON IRVING;' so that it should seem that 'his work and name *do* go side by side' with those of our own eminent historian.

But 'something too much of this,' doubtless exclaims the reader. We are partly of the same opinion. Whether Mr. IRVING would deign to repel an accusation put forth to sully his integrity both as a man and a writer, or leave it to die a natural death, we know not. *Our* apology however for devoting so liberal a space to the subject is, that we were pledged to brush away the stingless insect that had lighted upon our friend's reputation, and that wanted but *the power*, to inflict a deadly wound. How else should this malignant writer have preferred charges unsupported by a shadow of proof, and boast that his diatribes had been made to reach the press of Havana and Madrid? What save 'measured malice' could have moved him to interpose his pasteboard shield to defend one who has suffered no injury at the hands of Mr. IRVING, and with whom indeed, up to the time of his departure for Spain, he was in the most friendly correspondence? Either the unjust censor is actuated by prejudice or pique, or he is a copy of a character which SHAKSPEARE has limned to the life:

' This is some fellow
Who, having been praised for bluntness, doth affect
A saucy roughness, and constrains the garb
Quite from his nature. ' He cannot flatter, he!
An honest mind, and plain — he must speak truth:
An' if they take it, so; if not, he's plain!'
These kind of knaves I know, which in this plainness
Harbor more craft and more corrupter ends
Than twenty upright, careful observants,
Who weigh the matter nicely.'

Every now and then, says a modern writer, in effect, some mischievous iconoclast is found endeavoring to shake a popular literary idol from its pedestal. If

sudden reverses in opinion are to be thus readily brought about, what author may feel himself secure? Where is the anchoring-ground of well-earned fame, when he may thus be driven from his moorings, and foundered even in harbor? Happily, in the present instance, the iconoclast is as impotent as he is malignant. We confess that we are heartily ashamed of such an adversary; and we take our final leave of him in the belief that our readers are not less ashamed of him than ourselves.

'THE DIAL' — We have this quarterly Magazine for July, and are well pleased to find it in the main an excellent number. We have first the introductory 'Lecture on the Times,' delivered in this city last winter by the editor, Mr. EMERSON, which was reported for the 'Tribune' newspaper, and very generally and justly commended. This is followed by an admirable article upon the 'Natural History of Massachusetts.' The writer is evidently a enthusiastic lover of Nature. All her sights and sounds are to him familiar things, and all her birds, quadrupeds, fishes, are with him objects of quiet, accurate study. 'Entertainments of the past Winter' is the title of a running commentary upon the lectures and musical and theatrical performances of Boston during the winter. An article upon the Anti-Bible Convention of the 'Friends of Universal Freedom,' which assembled at Boston from the New-England and many of the Middle States, affords a precious picture of that interesting assembly of quivering deniers. It was a motley collection. A great variety of dialects and of costume was noticed, a great deal of confusion, eccentricity and freak appeared, as well as of zeal and enthusiasm. If the assembly was disorderly, it was picturesque. Mad men, mad women, men with beards, Darkers, Muggletonians, Communitarians, Grooners, Agrarians, Seventh-day Baptists, Quakers, Abolitionists, Calvinists, Unitarians and Philosophers — all came successively to the top, and seized their moment, if not their hour, whether to chide, or pray, or preach, or protest. 'The faces were a study.' No doubt, but some of the doctrines and arguments against Christianity and the Bible, proclaimed and advanced by many of the speakers were a greater study. One contended that much of the Bible was false, but to regard it with reverence 'thrilles the reason and hobbles the mind,' that 'what was spoken by some Moses, or Isaiah, or Jesus, or Paul, centuries ago, is to be received or rejected, according to the light of the present hour.' 'Is the Bible doing more good than evil?' — that is the question. 'We know not how these things may impress others, but to us they seem to the last degree revolting. No wonder that infidelity is increasing in New England, and that many of the able lecturing young men of her chief capital are seeking variety in new and strange paths. To such, and to those whose erratic faith they follow, we would commend the following death-bed monition from the faltering lips of an English gentleman of exalted rank and high literary reputation, in reply to a friend who sought to tempt to doubt his trusting mind.

'I HAVE lived fifty years, have passed through various situations in life, and have for the most part kept what is generally called good company. I have associated with kings and the companions of kings. I have seen generally esteemed a fortunate man, and as you all know, have had my share of honor, profit, and enjoyment. I have not, as some of you know, been without my afflictions.

'But of all my pleasures and comforts, none have been so durable, satisfactory and unalloyed as those derived from religion. In all my pains and disappointments, nothing was afforded so much inward support as Christian consolation. Even now, at that awful moment which sooner or later you must all experience, when I am on the point of being called into the presence of my Maker, I feel that nothing but the strong assurance of a blessed Mediator — Advocate could enable me to bear up under the terrors of death.

'Let these thoughts, my dear friends, be never wholly absent from your minds. Whenever any rash man, whether a free-thinker, a reformer, or a modern philosopher, shall endeavor to shake your faith in these potent arguments, by sneer, or by laughter, or by scoffs, as I have frequently had occasion to do. Say, I acknowledge the strength of some of your positions and the ingenuity with which you support them. I do not deny that the system to which I profess myself a devotee, it has its difficulties; but as it is the business of a Christian, doubly so of a minister, rather than to stand on question the unfathomable depths of Providence, let me ask, your hypothesis is wholly free from difficulty.

'But whether I am mistaken or not is now wholly out of the question. I have made up my mind, and am resolved to trust my present and future salvation on Christianity. I feel it replete with such excellent doctrines so powerful in its effects in correcting our conduct and purifying our hearts, and such an unflinching support in the various and severe trials of human life, that I am resolved never to part from it. Under such soothing convictions, you have too much humanity as a man of feeling, and too much politeness as a well-bred gentleman to persevere in your attempts to deprive me of that which I value beyond all the treasures on earth.

Gossip with Readers and Correspondents.—There are few of our readers who will not remember a touching story by Mrs. SIGOURNEY of a little girl who one evening, in a moment of ill feeling, declined to bring her 'poor sick mother a glass of cold water;' who retired to rest without kissing her, or bidding her good-night; and when she awoke in the morning, found her feeble and long-suffering parent 'sleeping the sleep that knows no waking.' Next to that affecting sketch, which has already appeared in the KNICKERBOCKER, we place the following record of parental sorrow, from an Eastern correspondent. Its pathos we need not say is the touching pathos of truth:

'A FEW months ago I buried my eldest son, a fine manly boy of eight years of age, who had never had a day's illness until that which took him hence to be here no more. His death occurred under circumstances peculiarly painful to me. A younger brother, the next in age to him, a delicate, sickly child from a baby, had been down for nearly a fortnight with an epidemic fever. In consequence of the nature of the disease, I used every precaution that prudence suggested to guard the other members of my family against it. But of this one, my eldest, I had but little fear; he was so rugged and so generally healthy. Still, however, I kept a vigilant eye upon him, and especially forbade his going into the pools and docks near his school, which he was prone to visit.

'One evening I came home wearied with a long day's hard labor, and vexed at some little disappointments, and found that he also had just come into the house, and that he was wet, and covered with dock-mud. I taxed him with disobedience, and scolded him severely—more so than I had ever done before; and then harshly ordered him to his bed. He opened his lips, for an exculpatory reply as I supposed, but I sternly checked him; when with a mute, sorrowful countenance and a swelling breast, he turned away and went slowly to his chamber. My heart smote me even at the moment, though I felt conscious of doing but a father's duty. But how much keener did I feel the pang when I was informed in the course of the evening by a neighbor, that my boy had gone to the dock at the earnest solicitation of a younger and favorite playmate, and by the especial permission of his school-master, in order to recover a cap belonging to the former, which had blown over the wharf. Thus I learned that what I had treated with unwonted severity as a fault, was but the impulse of a generous nature which, forgetful of self, had hazarded perhaps life for another. It was but the quick prompting of that manly spirit which I had always endeavored to engraft upon his susceptible mind, and which, young as he was, had already manifested itself on more than one occasion.

'How bitterly now did I regret my harshness, and resolve to make amends to his grieved spirit in the morning! Alas! that morning never came to him in health. Before retiring for the night, however, I crept to his low cot, and bent over him. A tear had stolen down upon his cheek, and rested there. I kissed it off; but he slept so sweetly and so calmly, that I did not venture to disturb him. The next day he awoke with a raging fever on his brain, and in forty-eight hours was no more! He did not know me when I was first called to his bed-side, nor at any moment afterward, though in silent agony I bent over him until death and darkness closed the scene. I would have given worlds to have whispered one kind word in his ear, and have been answered; but it was not permitted. Once indeed a smile, I thought of recognition, lighted up his eye, and I leaned eagerly forward. But it passed quickly away, and was succeeded by the cold unmeaning glare, and the wild tossing of the severed limbs, that lasted till death came to his relief.

'Every thing I now see that belonged to him reminds me of the lost one. Yesterday I found some rude pencil sketches which it was his delight to make for the amusement of his younger brother; to-day, in rummaging an old closet I came across his boots, still covered with dock-mud as when he last wore them; and every morning and evening I pass the ground where his voice rang the merriest among his play-mates. All these things speak to me vividly of his active life; but I cannot, though I often try, recall any other expression of his face than that mute, mournful one with which he turned from me on the night I so harshly repulsed him. Then my heart bleeds afresh. Oh! how careful should we all be, that in our daily conduct toward those little beings sent us by a kind Providence, we are not laying up for ourselves the sources of many a future bitter tear! How cautious, that neither by inconsiderate word or look we unjustly grieve their generous feeling! And how guardedly ought we to weigh every action against its motive, lest in a moment of excitement we be led to mete out to the venial errors of the heart the punishment due only to wilful crime! Alas! perhaps few parents suspect how often the sudden blow, the fierce rebuke, is answered in their children by the tears, not of passion, not of physical or mental pain, but of a loving but grieved or outraged nature!'

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WE detected the ludicrous transposition pointed out by our friend 'C. D. L.' in time for its correction in three or four thousand impressions of the sheet which contained it. It was 'just our luck' that *he* of all others—the lynx-eyed hypercritic!—should have received one of the erroneous issues. But, *n'importe*. It was not quite so absurd as the error 'in reversion' made many years ago by a messenger who brought to the good people of Hartford, (Conn.) the sad intelligence of the bursting of the boiler of the OLIVER ELLSWORTH steamer in Long-Island Sound, off Saybrook. He galloped into town at the top of his horse's speed, his eyes staring and his hair streaming in the wind, exclaiming at all corners, where 'two or three were gathered together,' '*The Eliver Olsworth has b'iled her bu'ster! The Eliver Olsworth has b'iled her bu'ster down to Saybrook!*' The inimitable HACKETT must have had this exclamation in his mind when he made his Yankee describe the difficult expulsion of the predatory pigs from his employer's corn-field: 'Every single 'tarnal pun-kin' took up a pig, and run through the devil as if the fence was after him!' . . . We remark an extended article in the Southern '*Magnolia*' Magazine for June, from the pen of its new associate-editor, Mr. W. G. SIMMS, upon the little paragraph of fourteen lines in our May issue, headed

'Southern Periodicals.' As the paragraph is honestly quoted, the comments upon it are cheerfully left with the readers of the literary periodical to which we refer. The air of the new associate is sufficiently magisterial, certainly, and his elaborate effort was intended no doubt to be especially sarcastic. But as this is a rare writer he has very differently his labor is quite lost upon us. There seems to be an impression on his mind that this Magazine is *really* opposed to Southern literature and Southern periodicals. Our pages we trust will testify to our Southern readers that this is an error. We have uniformly spoken in terms of kindness of the literary publications of the South, including the 'Magnolia' magazine itself, even down to its third and last remove, and even the remarks which we made upon 'Sectional Literature' some months since were commended in more than one literary journal at the South and South-west. Let the South support her periodicals. She owes it to herself to do so. Let Southern writers make them the medium of their contributions, for such is their duty. All this, however, as we have before remarked, is not incompatible with a wide and general literary intercommunication in a Republic of Letters. Is Blackwood's Magazine less a Scottish publication because a minority only of its writers live in the North? Or are the English magazines less English, because many of their eminent contributors are from the other side of the border? In relation to a literature exclusively sectional, we may apply the cognate remarks of a distinguished writer in a late number of the *New-York Review* to the effect, namely, that it really betrays an unworthy local distrust, when persons declaim about setting up an independent literature. It must be regarded as a device to secure an extravagant and undue consideration for their novels, and other of the least deserving efforts of our national literature. Our really eminent authors, adds the reviewer, those who have done the most for our literature, utterly repudiate any such appearances to help them to a reputation. Now, the article we are considering finds one popular Southern magazine 'too much like the *Knickersbocker*,' because 'Northern hacks' as well as local correspondents write for it, and it considers it a grievous blemish in another, that its *typographical* appearance resembles that of our own Magazine. Such narrow prejudices fortunately need no comment in any section, to be properly appreciated. We have but a word more. The new associate-editor of the 'Magnolia' may be assured that what the *Knickersbocker* may or may not say, in its notices of current publications, or on any literary theme, cannot be a matter of dictation from any quarter. Least of all, we may add, do we recognize in him a competent *arbitrator literarum*, his 'lots' of labored romances—upon which Time and the silent indifference of the public, more potent than a thousand censorial voices, are already doing their work—to the contrary notwithstanding. 'A Fugitive Reclaimed'—We had written and sent to the printer what immediately precedes, when on accidentally taking up the 'Magnolia,' we found on another page of the number a paragraph bearing the introductory words, 'A Fugitive Reclaimed,' in which was embodied the very beautiful lines that enriched our May 'Gossip,' commencing.

'My little girl sleeps on my arm all night.'

Mr. SIMMS, their author, 'reclaims them,' with the following among other remarks:

'Had the Editor of the *Knickersbocker* suspected that these verses were penned—not by his widowed correspondent, but by the Editor of the *Magnolia*, ten years ago, we should hardly have been favored with his complimentary notice in their behalf. Nay, even the 'widower' who writes such touching yet contemptuous letters would have incurred some risk of a rap across the knuckles in place of the unctuous kindness with which he is now regarded. We reclaim our offspring, we might reclaim many more who (which) find their way into the world, and with fewer, not unfrequently, where they would perhaps lose it if their true parentage were known. We have some slight quarrel with the *Knickersbocker*, and had purposed some words, if not of weighty anger, at least of a scorn which might have produced it—but the re-appearance of these lines has somewhat subdued the irascible in our feelings. We forget, as we read them, the small passions and the petty strife not merely of the literary but the ordinary world, in the remembrance of the weightier woes which distress humanity. He who has surrendered, thrice surrendered, the chud of his affections to the tomb, in the first days of its freshness, in its beauty, its innocence and bloom, when its voice was first beginning to be heard in the dearest and fondest prattle—how should he glow with petty anger, or strive in petty conflict, or fret those yearnings of petty ambition which make the head feverish and the heart unjust?'

This is nobly and eloquently said. That the assumption with which the paragraph opens does us injustice we think the reader will perceive, and the writer perhaps admit. But let that pass. We sincerely sympathize with our bereaved contemporary, for we are 'acquainted with his grief.' We are kindred at least in 'one baptism of sorrow,' and this touching record of his domestic affliction shall obliterate from our mind all remembrance of the ungracious words which reach us between the same covers, nor shall we hereafter permit ourselves to peruse a line from the writer's pen that may be calculated to change the kindly impressions with which we close these hurried and interpolated thoughts. In one respect we agree entirely with the writer of the article entitled '*Modern Language-Learners*,' now filed for insertion. One seldom hears a Frenchman ridicule the mistakes of an American acquiring his language, how absurd soever they may be. The same may generally

he said, so far at least as our observation extends, of the Italian, the Spaniard and the German. How rare is it, on the contrary, that one observes this courtesy on the part of Englishmen and Americans, toward their brethren of the modern nations, who are often discouraged in their attempts to attain a passable pronunciation of the English tongue, by the ready laughter and ridicule of those who should have more consideration for their feelings. It is some palliation perhaps of the offence, that oftentimes the misconception or mispronunciation is so particularly ludicrous that to keep a 'sober face' passes the bounds of possibility. An instance occurs to us in which laughter was certainly pardonable. A German, with a smattering of English, was drinking graciously to his host: 'Here's your goot healt', mit your family; but his pronunciation apparently turned the friendly blessing into a curse; for it sounded exactly like this: '*Here's you go to hell, mit your family!*' . . . '*The Soul's Immortality*,' we say it in all kindness, is too much like many discourses we have heard; an attempt by elaborate reasoning to *prove* what both hearer and reader could not hesitate to *admit*. And to those who mourn near and dear friends, how adscititious are our correspondent's consolatory 'arguments!' Here the *heart* as well as the *soul* speaks; it exclaims, with the imaginary German philosopher: 'O Heaven! Is the white tomb of our Loved One, who died from our arms, and must be left behind us there, which rises in the distance like a pale, mournfully-receding mile-stone, to tell how many toilsome, uncheered miles we have journeyed on alone — is it but a pale spectral illusion? Is not the lost Friend still mysteriously here, even as we are here, mysteriously, with God? Know of a truth that only the Time-shadows have perished or are perishable; that the real Being of whatever was, and whatever is, and whatever will be, is even now and for ever!' . . . If the writer of the lines on '*Turtle-Soup*' remembers our notice of Dr. HOLBROOK's '*Herpetology*,' he must perceive that it is not that we love turtle *less* but the '*OLD KNICK*' *more*, that we decline his favor. *Apropos* of his theme: 'Is he *alive*?' inquired a little boy in our hearing the other day, as he gazed at a large turtle crawling in front of a restaurant, with a bill of his own fare on his back. 'Alive!' exclaimed a fat man, who was also looking at the shell-monster with an expression of intense interest; 'sartingly, boy! He acts like a live turkle, do n't he?' 'Why yes, he *acts* like one,' answered the little querist; 'but I did n't know but he might be *makin' b'lieve*!' Is it possible that what a friend, just returned from New Zealand, tells us can be true? He says that he has many a time and oft seen a fat and tender white man lying before a cannibal eating-house, with '*Soup*' in large native characters, and the hour at which he was to be served up, inscribed on his breast. A man, says our friend, should see a sight like this, who would properly appreciate the frequent deep-drawn sigh which a poor turtle heaves while lying on his back, exposed to the rude gaze of hungry passers-by. Christian-men too, in good corporeal condition, has our traveller seen in Cannibal-land, driven around the lanes of the rude villages, their limbs decorated with parti-colored ribands, and the hour when they were to be killed marked on their backs! 'Mine Got! vat a peoples!' . . . The '*Solitary Mourner*' shall appear. It is a touching and evidently a life-like sketch. It reminds us moreover of an affecting scene which we once witnessed; a poor woman, with a dirty bank-note and some few shillings and pennies of 'change' tied up in the corner of a handkerchief, hesitating at an undertaker's in her choice between two coffins for her little boy, an only child; now counting her money, with tearful eyes, to ascertain whether the more costly one was within her humble means; weighing with a mother's accuracy in her sorrowful heart the playful wiles and endearments of her lost darling, as his *claims* upon her affection for the utmost that she could do for the final bestowment of his dear dead body! . . . Our St. Louis friend, in his paper on '*Transcendentalism*,' cuts down gnats with a cimeter. That the mania which he satirizes has had its little day, he may gather from the following extract from an article in the last Boston '*Christian Examiner*' magazine: 'The mood of mind which lately prevailed in certain circles in this quarter was too absurd and extravagant to last long, and too ludicrous to do much harm. We never dreamed of any other conclusion to the philosophical vertigo than a speedy return to common sense. Accordingly we hear but little now of the enthusiastic nonsense which a twelve-month since resounded in many a fashionable drawing-room and round many an æsthetic tea-table.' . . . We are not *answered* in the note of 'P.' touching the article from '*A young American in Paris*.' We think we smell *chaffering*. Has he *sent* it to the '*Boston Miscellany*?' If he means what he *hints*, then we have no choice; but are somewhat in the position of the traveller at a crowded inn, who having accepted the half of a narrow bed, was asked whether it 'made any difference with him which *side* he took;' to which he replied: 'Not the least in the world; I do n't care which side I sleep.' 'Very good,' said his 'partner,' as he ensconced himself between the sheets; 'you can take the *under side*!' . . . Tears were upon our cheek as we read the '*Musings at Midnight*' 'What a sweet pleasure is that of finding one's own thoughts and feelings set forth at large by another, and that other it may be an entire stranger!' And the delight of this feeling, how is it enhanced by the bond of secret sympathy which it establishes; when thoughts which had often worked in silence within our own brain, are invested with 'the light of language' by a hand which

we have never grasped in the warmth of friendship.' It is this which 'makes poets the brethren of all mankind.' When I gaze into the stars, says the thoughtful and eloquent ТЕРКЛАНДСКІЙ, they look down upon me as if with pity from their serene spaces, like eyes glistening with heavy tears over the fate of man. 'Thousands of human generations, all as noisy as our own, have been swallowed up of Time, and were remains to wreck of them any more—yet Arcturus and Orion, Sirius and the Pleiades, are still shining in their courses, clear and young, as when the Shepherd first noted them in the pain of Shinar.' 'What shadows we are, and what shadows we pursue.'—Those of our readers who have noticed the numerous signs of '*Ladies' Schools*' which may be encountered in the suburban streets and thoroughfares of our Atlantic cities, will find the following experience of a German in London recorded by THOMAS HOOD, sufficiently amusing.

'Hanz, I shall tell you my impressions when I am come first from Paris to London. De English ladies, I say to myself, must be de most best educate women—de whole world. Dere is schools for dem every where—in a hole amon a corner. Let me take some walks in de Faubourgs and what do I see all around myself? When I look de way I am on a white house's front a large board, with some gilded letters which say, 'Seminary for Young Ladies.' When I look out way at a big red house I see under bore which say 'Etablissement for Young Ladies,' by Miss Somebody. And when I look up at a little house, at a little window, over a barber shop, I read on a paper, 'Ladies' School.' Den I see 'Prosper's House' and 'Green House,' and de 'Manoir Rouge'—so many I cannot call dem names—am—am—am all schools for de young ladies. Deyschools besides. Yes, and in my walks always I meet some schools of Young Ladies, eight, nine, ten times in one day, making dere prominent, two and two and two. Den I come home to my lodging's door, and be ow de de teacher I see one letter. I open it, and I find 'Prospectus of a Lady School.' By and by I say to my landlady, 'Where is your eldest of daughters, which used to bring to me my breakfasts,' and she tell me, 'She is gone on a governess.' Next she notice me I must quit my apartment. 'What for?' I say, 'what have I done. Do I not pay you a light for a week's notice of notice?' 'O certainly, Monsieur,' she say—you are a gentleman quite, and no mistake, but I wants my whole of my house to report, for to set him up for a Lady School.' Nothing but Lady-Schools!—and de window of de teacher have one more over de street. 'Bless my soul and my body!' I say to myself, 'dere must be nobody forced in London except leeches and de'.

THE paper on '*Astronomy*' from 'T. M. G.' of New-Orleans was returned by mail, post-paid. It was only too long for an essay merely. The writer will find in a volume of 'Le Glaneur' a '*Letter from Heaven, written to a Disconsolate Husband by his Late Deceased Wife*,' an embodiment of some of his enriched thoughts. Who doubts, the writer reasons, that the inhabitants of the celestial regions feel an interest in the stories and persons they have left behind?—that strangers though they be to envy, suspicion, and tear, and a thousand vexatious emotions which trouble the human mind, they are yet not wholly insensible of subordinate affection? Is it not a sublime thought too, that there the wonders of science will be brought to light—that the geometrician and the natural philosopher may see with a naked eye, and without the mistakes to which observation is subject, the course of comets, the order of the solar and planetary systems, and discern those 'serene and ethereal spaces beyond the dread arch of mystery that bends above us in which they sweep their fatal career.' 'We shall soon know,' says poor Barnaby Rudge to Hugh, while awaiting a speedy death, 'we shall soon know how Hugh, what makes the stars shine!'

A '*Lady-Sufferer on Duelling*' in preceding pages who arrest the attention of many house-keepers, who can speak intelligently on the theme which she treats so drolly. There is a term employed in her, it is not essay the estate which is '*a fine*,' with which all our readers may not be familiar. It is a common use both the word and the thing among the ends and back-streets of London, and may best be illustrated by the remark of one of the former to a cockney whom he had favoured with a sentimental box, and the temporary possession of a whip and reins. The horse, grey, noisy, noisy, despite the repeated application of the lash by his new driver, would suddenly a very a phlegm around the animal to a rapid gallop. The cab seized the reins and resumed his whip with the significant reinforcement, 'Come, look o' here!'—and that! I let's nobody use that raw for myse. That's for Sunday's! 'C'—we parted, but we are not yet parted, waiting for a trial of '*Duelling*' at such length in these pages. Public opinion here and elsewhere is undergoing a radical change in relation to the practice. CARLYLE indicates the popular view on this theme. 'With respect to duels I have my own ideas. Few things in this so surprising world strike me with more surprise. Two little soul spectra of men, hovering with insecure adhesion in the midst of the Unfathomable, and to dissolve therein at any rate very soon, make pause at the distance of twelve paces asunder when round and simultaneously by the strongest magnetic repulsion repulse one another into Dissolution, and off-hand become air, and non-existent. Dearest, he is a spirit-fleece!' I think with old Hugo Von Trimberg, 'God first needs high-edged boots before anything be, to see his wondrous man making here below.' 'Old Fritz' of Prussia has a summary process with offenders in this kind. 'I permit my subjects,' said he, 'to fight duels. And as on this express condition, that unless one be killed, I will infallibly shoot both the combatants.' Many of our metropolitan readers will doubtless be desirous to know who 'T. B.'s '*Fair Inconnu*' may be. We are not ourselves in the secret, but the writer intimates that Mr COZZAGE, the accomplished host of the '*American*,' could and if he would divulge to edification. Perhaps he will. The entering of names on the West-Point slate reminds us of poor OLLAROP who in landing on one occa-

sion with a bridal party, was stopped by the sentry with, 'Your name, Sir?' 'Name? Ah, yes; SCROGGINS,' answered OLLAPOD, amidst the subdued tittering of his friends. 'SCROGGINS!' repeated the sentry; 'SCROGGINS? What's the first name?' 'GILES,' was the reply; 'GILES P!'. The middle-name removed all suspicion of a hoax, and 'Mr. G. P. SCROGGINS' being duly entered, passed on with his friends. . . . The '*Life of Nature*' is filed for an early insertion. It is an admirable survey of that 'circle of eternal change' which every thing around us serves to illustrate. There is a passage in '*Sartor Resartus*' which we transcribe for the edification of our correspondent: 'As I rode through the Schwarzwald, I said to myself: 'That little fire which glows star-like across the dark-growing moor, where the sooty smith bends over his anvil, is it a detached, separated speck, cut off from the whole universe, or indissolubly joined to the whole? Thou fool! that smithy-fire was kindled at the sun; it is fed by air that circulates from before Noah's Deluge, from beyond the Dog-star. Nothing in nature was ever stranded, cast aside; but all, were it only a withered leaf, works together with all; is borne forward on the bottomless shoreless flood of Action, and lives through perpetual metamorphoses. The withered leaf is not dead and lost; there are forces in it and around it, though working in an inverse order — else how could it rot? Rightly viewed, no meanest object is insignificant: all objects are as windows through which the philosophic eye looks into Infinitude itself.' . . . If '*Junius*' of Baltimore stood at our elbow as we write, he should 'have a piece of our mind!' Such a phantasmagoria of ideas; such sonorous, exotic, and sesquipedalian words, upon a compound theme as simple as A. B. C., we never before encountered. If we had leisure, we should like to reduce his sap to a syrup, in illustration of style. A captain of one of our merchantmen, not finding such a foreign market as he desired, once wrote a letter of three foolscap-pages to his owner, a man of sense and few words, proposing this and that course, and asking advice as to what he should do. The reply, much to the chagrin of the long-winded gentleman, was: 'Sir; take salt, and come home!' We hope '*JUNIUS*' understands the application. . . . A correspondent, very lately returned from Yucatan in Mexico, has obligingly furnished us with the following interesting sketch of the ruins of *Chi-Chen* in that province, of which, with others of a similar character in the same region, there have been as yet no published accounts. The writer describes the ruins from personal observation, made during a prolonged stay among them, before they were visited by Mr. STEPHENS:

'THE ruins of *Chi-Chen* are situated upon a plain of many miles in circumference, nearly in the centre of the province, about a hundred miles from the sea, and away from all water communication. Those which are now in the most perfect state of preservation are remarkable for their immense size and peculiarity of construction. They comprise temples, castles and pyramids, and measure around their sides from two hundred to a thousand feet. Their altitudes are from twenty to one hundred and twenty feet; a succession of terraces, constructed of small pieces of stone imbedded in mortar, held together by a finished wall of large hewn-stone, symmetrically proportioned and skilfully laid in the same material, which is as hard and apparently as durable as the stone itself. The sides of these walls invariably face the cardinal points, and the principal part is always to the east. The exterior walls of the buildings are formed of a fine concrete lime-stone, cut in *parallelopipeds* of nearly twelve inches in length and about four inches in breadth; the interstices filled up with the same materials which are found in the terraces. The height of the buildings erected upon these terraces never exceeds thirty feet. They are limited to one long and narrow story, without windows. The rooms are confined to a double range, those of the rear receiving no other light than by the door-ways. The roof of the interior is an acute-angle arch, formed by the edges of the square flat stone of which it is composed; and being bevelled, terminates by a layer of the like material. This arch supports a level roof, finished with a hard composition and surrounded with a balustrade forming an angular projection, and at the top presenting a beautiful finish. The floors are covered in a like manner with the composition before mentioned, and show marks of wear. The exterior walls rise perpendicularly, generally to one half the height, where there are entablatures. Above these, and in some instances beneath them, are compartments filled with hieroglyphics, figures and sculptured work in bas-relief, over a diamond lattice or ground-work, interspersed with chaste and unique borders of the most skilful and elaborate workmanship.

'The door-ways are nearly a square of about seven feet, somewhat resembling the Egyptian style in their proportions. The sides consist of large pieces of hewn stone. In some instances the lintels are composed of the same, with hieroglyphics and lines carved upon them. Stone rings and holes at the sides of the door-ways render it evident that doors once swung upon them. Zuporti-wood was used for lintels and thwart-beams, some of which are still in good preservation, with lines of carving upon their surfaces. The walls show no marks of plaster; the inner surface however has a coat of stucco, upon which colors are laid in fresco, of which sky-blue and light green are the most prominent. Figures of Indian characters can also be faintly traced upon the walls. Columns, capitals and plinths, with many other evidences of large and splendid edifices, are found scattered over the immense plain. Portions of two pillars now remain at the eastern end of an edifice which occupies a space of ground nearly as large as that of Trinity Church-yard. Speculation upon the origin of these ruins I leave to others. The subject is one that should excite the deepest interest in the minds of Americans. It is as yet wrapped in profound mystery, which it will doubtless require many years of laborious research to unfold.'

'*Gotham, from my Garret-Window*,' is a capital thing. Most certainly it is 'fit for our pages.' Looking down upon a great city was always a favorite recreation with us, as many a lofty house-top and tower and steeple could bear witness. 'What a tide of thought is poured in upon you.'

when you feel that each one dwelling you are looking at is a *home*, humble it may be, and poor, and neglected, and unnoted, but breathing from its walls a blessing, some little nook, whether one or happy several poor human hearts fondly turn for shelter and repose.' A writer in a late English Magazine dons the cap of Asmodeus, and draws this 'picture in little' of human life in the Great Metropolis.

* As infant Roscius makes his first appearance on the World's stage at the precise moment when, on the opposite side of the way, a veteran who for seventy-six years has acted in that great and complicated drama called 'Life' is taking his final leave of the audience, the death-watch accompanied by the tinkling of a young lady's piano, which is faintly heard from a room in the adjoining house. The wailings of a family suddenly plunged into irretrievable ruin are drowned in the rattle of the carriage which brings to congratulate their next-door neighbors upon their unexpected accession to a fortune. After a hasty courtship, a happy couple are joined a week-end for so long as they both shall live, while within sound of the marriage-bells an elopement is determinedly carrying. The hands of the clock indicate the same second of time when Captain St. Orville and Lady Greave, who are 'formed for each other,' are vowing eternal constancy and affection when Mr. Johnson and Miss Jones, who for a similar reason are similarly occupied, and when Sir Frederick Roversly and his lady (who were also 'formed for each other') are on account of incompatibility of temper and mutual dislike, within a twelvemonth of the unhappy non-forgiveness signing articles of separation—the only act in which they ever cordially agreed! Bill Dixon has just given the smoking touch to his love-suit to Sally Greene, by declaring that he never could consider a man 'as such' who would dare to raise his hand against a woman. At the same instant Bob Waters, who before marriage had used to declare himself 'chiefly of that opinion' and no mistake, is beating his wife.

* The *Mystery of Life* contains many charming thoughts. The first six lines of the fifth stanza are beautiful exceedingly. But in comparison with what succeeds, how much more exquisite and truthful are the following lines from a poem entitled 'Life,' which we take from a new volume just put forth by Mr. BRYANT. After a noble apostrophe to the life of Nature, that flings with joy the little one that leaps and shoots by his side, the poet exclaims,

* A flower thy mightier brother, that wakes
In the sun, in the flower and tree
From a low cradle that and makes
The sunny garden, pass from me!

* Pass, pause no more, till o'er the ground
Three little flowers creep with pain,
And this fair world of light and sound
Becoming darkness again?

The breeze, oh! it is strong and keenest,
Sweeping toward the forest's edge;
I hear the wind, and the birds fall
Back to the earth when they die.

* A that ever turns the touch of death
And that ever turns the touch of death,
Be it the seed of the earth's breath,
The seed of the earth's breath.

* There is a flower that is not dead,
There is a flower that is not dead,
There is a flower that is not dead,
In the earth's heart, in the earth's heart.

* Well, I have had my turn, have seen
Rains, from the dark room of the land,
And for a glorious answer it was
The bright new of the spring of God.

* And know the night will be my friend,
Though waving a leaf, a new man,
The power of the world, but overcast
And cannot die, we are from him.

* Dear child, I know that the wild griefs
To see me taken from thy love
Will seek my grave of weeds and dew,
And a sign, and a sign of the world above.

* Thy little heart will never be dead,
And being dead, be dead, all time
To you, for the world of the world,
The place that is not with the world now.

* When we close the book of the world,
Where will the first, the first,
Of the world, the world, the world,
My world, the world, the world, the world.

Mary and Mary Jane has 'the little prattler of our knee' as we write, awakened within our heart such emotions as these. So too did another little flower, early transplanted to the paradise of God. 'O ye sweet ones, the blessed sleep in the houseless Bed of Rest, yet a little while and we shall meet there, and our Mother's bosom will screen us all.' The main incident recorded in 'Looking for Board' is not original. How silly it is, as in relating a story, to claim the ownership of the 'action parts.' Our readers, some of them at least, will certainly remember the story, the man, who was engaged in procuring lodgings at a watering-place in some 'Valley of Health,' discovered that he had lost his rent, passed him, and seemed altogether in good condition, except that the landlords and the plaster along the stair case were much damaged and defaced. 'I saw it,' said the landlord with a guarded frankness, 'but the fact is I've had them places repaired so often, that I'm sick and tired of the expense, trouble and dirt. You see, it's some carrying coffin up and down stairs. The undertaker's men are so careless, that it's no use to have it mended, for just as like as not I shall have it to do again in another fortnight.'

We regret that we have not space to refer to an extended obituary notice of Dr. JAMES MARSH, an eminent scholar and gentleman of Vermont, recently deceased, which was published in a late number of the 'New World.' It is an affectionate and well-written tribute from J. H. RAYMOND, Esq., associate editor of the 'Tribune' journal, and is a capital honor to the writer's heart and pen. We may be in error, but we do not admit the principle advanced by P. S. R. in his rude remonstrance. We say with Mr. Yellowston 'You think your small heart as good as most men's. We brew and we love our own tap-water, but the point at issue is, this stupid, a stupid way of crying out because others don't like it too. The world don't agree your works by your article rules, but their own.' Now, the London Freeman only confirms Dr. Johnson's sound remark to Madame D'ARBLAY on the same subject. There are three distinct kinds of

judges upon authors and productions. The first are those who know no rules, but pronounce entirely from their natural tastes and feelings; the second are those who know and judge by rules; the third are those who know but are above the rules. These last are those whom you should wish to satisfy. Next to them rate the natural judges: *but ever despise those opinions that are formed by the rules.* . . . An ambitious newspaper 'down east,' which copies the twattlement of 'Crazy NEAL' against OLD KNICK., comes to us with a black line drawn around the name of its editor, that we may know who it is that has 'written himself down an ass' in endorsing for another. Very amusing; particularly as we have before us a two-column 'babblement' from the pen of the same 'COOL,' written when the KNICKERBOCKER, although under its present editorial direction, had not one half its present reputation; before an omnibus or hotel or restaurant or ice-cart had assumed its popular cognomen; before IRVING, COOPER, BRYANT, and others of their high class had made it the medium of their regular or frequent contributions. Then one article was 'very good,' and a second contained 'rich thoughts well put together;' a third was 'very beautiful—very; far better than the prose of IRVING's Sketch-Book!' This thing was 'beautiful and spirited,' and that was 'excellent;' but good as both were, 'the Editor's table was better!' etc. Now, however, '*nous avons changé tout cela.*' Howbeit, we were as indifferent to praise as we are to censure from such a source. When in addition to the *substantial* proofs of the regard in which our work is held by the public, we turn to the high opinions recorded in its favor by such gentlemen as Governor EVERETT, WASHINGTON IRVING, DICKENS, PAULDING, BULWER, Judge CHARLTON, Dr. DICK of Scotland, and the like, and by the entire press of this country, we really cannot help smiling at the harmless attempts of one or two would-be contributors to ruffle the composure of old DIEDRICH. To save our compound-detractors the useless trouble of attempting to weave a monthly web about his fair fame, we so far depart from our uniform custom as to admit to our pages for the first and only time one of the two or three hundred kindred notices that appear monthly of our work:

'THE KNICKERBOCKER. — We have not especially noticed this Magazine for June, although it is promptly published, and full, as it usually is, of rich and various literary attractions. The truth is, the work hardly requires our good word. It has *established* a character during the progress of its twenty volumes and under its present able direction, to which our commendation, however cordial, could add but little. We have rarely seen a Magazine so *unanimously* and *universally* popular. We opened for example, a day or two since, two leading newspapers, the very antipodes of each other as to their section of the country — the one from Massachusetts and the other from South Carolina — in which there happened to be notices for the present month. The *Boston Post* spoke of it as a 'most agreeable number, without any thing objectionable in the matter or style of a single article,' and added: 'The KNICKERBOCKER is now by far the best written and most entertaining periodical published in this country. We are perfectly serious in this. It is more what it pretends to be than any of its neighbors.' The '*South Carolinian*' said of the same issue: 'We do but repeat an oft-told tale when we speak of the excellence of this valuable Magazine. The KNICKERBOCKER stands at the very summit of our periodical literature. It is an honor to our country, and deserves its liberal support.'

'The tributes to the merits of the KNICKERBOCKER, so general and so unanimous in this country, are not uncommon in Great Britain. The *London Times*, *Examiner*, *Morning Post*, *Athenæum*, and *Literary Gazette*, as well as the Edinburgh journals, have praised it in the most cordial terms; and a gentleman of a neighboring city showed us, a few days since, a letter from Sir EDWARD LYTTON BULWER, in which, after thanking his American correspondent for sending him some books, and among them several numbers of the KNICKERBOCKER, he says: 'I am not so unacquainted with American literature as to be unaware of the high station which the KNICKERBOCKER enjoys. I have often been delighted with the various and graceful intellect it displays. Some of its writers are no less renowned in our country than distinguished in their own.' — *New York Courier and Enquirer.*'

Our Bridgeport (Conn.) correspondent will find in the 'Gossip' of the KNICKERBOCKER for March his opinions of the 'Learned Blacksmith's theory of 'Uniform Genius' briefly but forcibly expressed by 'J. E.' The truth is, that Mr. BURRITT is a *Hobbyhorsian* upon the theory that all men are capable of attaining to a kindred intellectual perfection. But this is a great error. A difference exists in different individuals; they are no more *equal* than a bushel of potatoes, and all the colleges in Christendom can't make them so. . . . 'Canvassing for Popular Works' contains more truth than poetry. The 'July Tour' of the *Ci-devant* 'Merchant' along the wharves, and the sights, sounds, and *smells* that he encountered, reminded us of Hood's pleasant catalogue of similar annoyances:

'Mingling with scents of butter, cheese, and gammons,
Tea, coffee, sugar, pickles, rosin, wax,
Hides, tallow, Russia-matting, hemp and flax;
Salt cod, red herring, shad, and pickled salmon,
Nuts, oranges, and lemons;
Each pungent spice and aromatic gum,
Gins, pepper, bar-soap, brandy, gin and rum;
Bark, assafetida, squills, vitriol, hops,
In short, all whiffs and sniffs, and puffs and snuffs,
From meals, minerals, and dyewood stuffs,
Fruits, victual, drink, solidities or slops,
In flasks, casks, bales, trucks, wagons, taverns, shops,
Boats, lighters, collars, wharfs, and warehouse-tops.'

'P's' *Reminiscences* are ambitious in style and feeble in execution. There is a great incoherence of trope, but the application is in almost every instance most bizarre and unnatural. The passage beginning 'From this time forward, like the young oak girdled and scathed,' is sheer nonsense. Its grammar however is quite as pedantic as that of several of the sentences in the articles of Mr. Irving's Southern critic, elsewhere noticed. As the following, for example:—The laborious student stands upon the shore of the stream of life, with his own bark fast moored while Health and Pleasure lift the sails of *their* and glide down away from *them*.' The 'Ode on Croton Water' has humor but the writer's Peguans must be *spared*. There is poetry, however, in the thought of the waters that Croton-water is destined to produce. What a 'sight of smiles' 'frustrates' it will *ab-*shine our streets.' We shall look at the lines once more, and *try* to like them well enough to insert them. We respectfully decline the article on 'American Criticism.' There is a vast deal of rant and twattle aflloat on this subject, and it is not our purpose to increase the amount. Now and then we hear from those who are 'nothing if not critical,' that 'the Knickerbocker should assume a higher deeper tone in its criticisms, and *then* it would leave nothing to be desired; that loud, honest, savage critiques are much needed, and so forth. If we happen to be favored with a *plan* of general criticism, it is in some such vague terms as Dickens's theatrical manager describes, the 'injuries of the drama.' There must be a 'general oneness, a light and shade, a breadth and depth, and a universal prevalence of light-toned perception,' and the like. Now we are quite content, in despite of all this advice, to put forth our estimate of a work in a plain way: asking no further deference to our opinions than the reader's—whom good judgment may dictate. We hold with Washington Irving, in one of his papers in the Knickerbocker, that it is 'very questionable whether our national literature is sufficiently advanced to bear an excess of criticism; and whether it would not thrive better, if allowed to spring up, for some time longer, in the freshness and vigor of native vegetation. When the worthy Judge Cootner, of Virginia, opened court for the first time in one of the upper counties he was for enjoining all the rules and regulations that had grown into use in the old long settled counties. "This is all very well," said a shrewd old farmer, "but let me tell you Judge Cootner, you set your coulters too deep for a new soil." For my part, I doubt whether either writer or reader is benefited by what is commonly called criticism. The former is rendered cautious and distrustful; he fears to give way to those kindling emotions and brave sallies of thought, which bear him up to excellence; the latter is made fastidious and cynical; or rather he surrenders his own independent taste and judgment, and learns to like and dislike at second hand. He comes to fear to express a frank opinion about any new work, and to relish it honestly and heartily, lest he should be convicted of bad taste; and hence he is led to hedge his remarks, as a gambler his bets, leaving an opening to retract and retreat, and qualify and neutralize every unguarded expression of delight, and his very praise declines into a flattery that is damning. Were every one, on the contrary, to judge for himself and speak his mind frankly and fearlessly we should have more true criticism than at present. That these just views of Mr. Irving are confirmed by the public at large, the times give abundant proof. The 'reason why' friend 'K,' that we have not noticed the *Remains* of the good LATER HOOVER is that through some inadvertence we have never received the beautiful volume.' The *Quod Correspondence* will close with our next number. Its interest has increased in a regular convergence to the denouement, and it has been widely and justly admired. The publishers of the Knickerbocker have in press, in a very beautiful volume, the exciting story of 'THE ATTORNEY,' for which a copyright as it appeared has been secured. It will be published in September. We are compelled to postpone the comprehensive and interesting paper upon 'Domestic Architecture' until our next number. For similar reasons, we are also obliged to delay the publication of 'M. S. C.'s brief article on 'The Arts.' By the rarest oversight, the second part of the interesting story of 'The Hermit of Cetara' was omitted from the present issue. It will appear in our next. The following articles are filed for insertion: 'Musings at Midway,' 'Time's Warning,' by 'C. W.,' 'Bill Fences,' a Sporting Sketch, by 'The (very) old Man in the Claret-colored Coat,' 'The Lay and the Rose,' from the German, 'The Funerals' by the author of 'A Marriage of Convenience,' 'Les de Capriens,' 'The Birth of the Morning,' 'The Fratricide's Death' by the 'Opium Eater in America,' 'Lines to the Memory of a Friend,' by Miss M. E. LEE, South-Carolinian, 'Notes of Life in Hayti,' Number Nine, 'The Sisters,' by 'H. M. G.' 'Lake Champlain,' by 'H. B.' 'VANDEALYN'S ARCADE,' by H. T. TUCKERMAN, and 'The Tribute,' by ALICIA JANK SCHARROW, etc. etc. 'Father Laps' awards the writer's order at the publication-office. The 'Auction-Sketches' take their time for some department of MADAM, as a whole or in parts. Where is our old friend and much-missed favorite, 'Flâneur'? Pray make answer, and 'Return again, Flâneur'.

L I T E R A R Y R E C O R D .

'IMPROPRIETY OF CAPITAL PUNISHMENTS.'—This is the title of a 'Report of a Committee on Dr. CUYLER's Sermon, 'The Law of God with Respect to Murder,' a pamphlet which we have not yet seen. If the committee will take up a late work of the Rev. Mr. CHEEVER upon this important theme, and reply to his pregnant arguments against the abolition of capital punishment, we shall be happy to notice the effort as it may deserve. In the present instance however we think it quite possible that the Committee have Dr. CUYLER 'on the hip,' by reason of the fact that in the passage, 'Whoso sheddeth man's blood by man shall his blood be shed,' the translator has put the verb 'shall be shed' in the *potential* mood, while in the original it is found in the *indicative*; the Hebrew words at the present day standing thus: '*Shophaich dam haadam baadam damo ishap-hech.*' ('Oh! dem! dem!') All our readers will perceive from this 'popular view' of the subject, that '*shophaich*' has a clear relation to the words 'man' and 'beast.' We could make this even more apparent than it is if we had the 'Ebrew types. The error is SCHMIDT's, who should have been more careful. As to a discharge of 'the *Noahic canon*,' we consider *that* entirely out of the question. It never would answer in the world. Murder we fear is coming to be regarded more as a misdemeanor than as a crime. This we consider a dangerous whim of that many-headed monster the Public. *Some* severe penalty should attach to homicide, by reason of its pernicious tendency; 'for if once a man indulges himself in a murder, very soon he comes to think little of robbing; and from robbing he comes next to drinking and Sabbath-breaking, and from that to incivility and procrastination. Once begin upon this downward path, and one never knows where he is to stop. Many a man has dated his ruin from some murder or other, that perhaps he thought very little of at the time!'

NORTH-AMERICAN REVIEW.—The 'North-American' for the July quarter, although not a remarkably various is yet a very good number. We have found leisure to peruse four of the eight articles with attention, and to glance cursorily through the remainder. 'HORACE WALPOLE and his Times,' the first paper, is an excellent one; and the Philadelphia publishers are deservedly commended for reproducing it in a handsome garb for American readers. We agree cordially with the reviewer, that 'if the booksellers of Philadelphia would more frequently substitute works of this kind in the room of cloudy metaphysics and fictitious histories of rogues and scoundrels, more dangerous than the real ones, they would do a great benefit to society.' 'The English in Afghanistan' will be read just now with increased interest. It is replete with authentic information touching the course and progress of the English in India, and is written with clearness and spirit. A long and discriminating review of LONGFELLOW's charming 'Ballads and other Poems' succeeds; and another of 'Recent English Poetry,' in which there is a poem by Sir FRANCIS HASTINGS DOYLE, entitled 'The Spanish Mother,' that is of itself worth a year's subscription to the Review. The other papers are upon 'International Copy-right,' 'The Zingali, or Gipseys,' CLEVELAND's Voyages, and 'Life of PETER VAN SCHAAK.'

MORAL TALES FOR THE YOUNG.—Mr. CHARLES G. MORRISON, at the publication-office of the KNICKERBOCKER, has recently issued, in connection with Mr. WILLIAM M. MORRISON of Washington, D. C., a useful and attractive volume, entitled 'Education, Moral and Religious; or Familiar Illustrations of the Importance of industry, sobriety, economy, kindness, benevolence, knowledge and piety: for Children and Youth. Translated from the French, by Rev. C. NEWELL, U. S. Navy.' The work, 'originally written in Italian by the excellent CÆSAR CANTU, is a translation from the French of Madame TASTU.' 'The popularity of CANTU, and the success which his little work has attained,' says Madame TASTU, 'have induced me to make it known in France.' We are glad that Mr. NEWELL has seen fit to confirm, in the minds of his readers, the just judgment of the French translator; for the inculcations of the work are well calculated to improve the morals, manners, and tempers of the rising generation of American youth. The dedication to a distinguished lady of South Carolina, we are forced to add, is in bad taste. The 'blarney' protrudes to the extent of 'a feet' or more.

'SAINT PATRICK AND THE IRISH.'—An Oration pronounced before the Hibernian Provident Society of New-Haven, by WILLIAM E. ROBINSON, A. B., late a graduate of 'good Old Yale,' has been laid before us. The occasion of its delivery was St. Patrick's Day in the morning; which, beside this excellent Address, was enlivened by two admirable songs from the pen of PERCIVAL, and another from that of the orator. We have read Mr. ROBINSON's oral performance with much

THE KNICKERBOCKER.

VOL. XX.

SEPTEMBER, 1842.

No. 3.

NOTES OF LIFE IN HAYTI.

NUMBER NINE.

THE ball which was set in motion by the half-dozen opponents of the administration in the legislature, three years ago, has been circulated to some purpose, as appears by recent intelligence which I have received from Hayti. The reformers who were so summarily expelled from the house by their brethren, heretofore mentioned, have been reëlected by their constituents; and if my information is correct, men of the same stamp have been chosen throughout the island; and of course the House of Representatives becomes anti-administration, which is a new order of things for Hayti, and full of meaning. As for the Senate, that body, being as it were chosen by the President, will not be likely to take sides against him; but he is evidently not without anxiety at these signs of the times. He has assembled at his capital, Port-au-Prince, during the past winter, no less than seventeen regiments, where usually he has not more than one or two; and he has also had a convocation of generals assembled there from different parts of the island. Thus it would appear that the citizens are arrayed against him, and that he in turn seeks shelter from them behind the bayonets of his troops. And here the issue is joined: the President and the army against the people and the ballot-boxes.

But notwithstanding this untoward state of things, I see no reason to change the favorable opinion I entertain of Boyer's patriotism. The people raising the popular cry of 'liberalism,' and disgusted with a state of affairs which can only be bettered by national *industry*, have raised the besom of reform, without understanding how or where to wield it. If their treaty with France is onerous to them, is it of Boyer's making? If they are indolent, is he to blame? If then civil war and all its horrors engulf them before they are aware, they can only blame themselves. The President, as far as I have been able to observe, has always persevered in the even tenor of

his way, using his great authority with moderation and impartiality. If he has been a speculator, doubtless he should be made to disgorge his ill-gotten wealth; but there has never been any proof adduced of such being the fact, while his general character is a strong argument to the contrary.

This unfortunate alienation of the people from the Executive will perhaps be the means of perpetuating exactly what the former wish to avoid; namely, the maintenance of the army. The country has no foreign enemy, and the soldiers may have sagacity enough to perceive that unless they can get up a quarrel somewhere, the present war-establishment will be voted useless; and the great curse of a standing-army is, that it is more easily organized than disbanded, at a certain stage of civilization. If for instance this army of Hayti, forty thousand strong, armed to the teeth, with a strong 'esprit du corps,' in receipt of a fixed pay, performing duties for which they have a much greater fancy than for labor, attached to their officers, whose interests are all in favor of maintaining the present establishment; if such an army chooses not to disband, who shall undertake to dispute its will?

If then one great object which the mass of the people have in view is to reduce the army, is it not a very awkward way, to say the least, to attempt to accomplish it by quarrelling with the *commander-in-chief* at such a crisis, about comparatively trifling matters? It would indeed be lamentable if this army, which is composed of men whose fathers had broken their slavish fetters, and who had bravely fought and bled and conquered in the sacred cause of liberty, should, now that they are freed-men and their country emancipated, be the means of demoralizing and degrading that country. Still the Haytien army must not be judged hastily and harshly, without duly weighing their situation. Suffice it for the present to remind the reader that scarcely a generation has passed away since they were a nation of ignorant, besotted slaves, and that the liberty which they now leave for an inheritance to their children was achieved and defended by them against the tremendous power of France, whose soldiers are among the best, as their generals are among the most skilful, in the world.

But leaving the people, the President, and the army, to worry through their triangular troubles as they best may, let us return from our wanderings to first impressions.

After spending a few of my first days in Hayti, in about as much bewilderment as if I had dropped into a new planet, I fell into the line of my new duties, which consisted in delivering merchandise, receiving coffee, cocoa and dye-woods, and collecting debts. The two first were pleasant enough, but the last was tougher than mastering the toughest Greck which ever puzzled the brains of a school-boy. We had some two hundred customers upon our books, and they were expected to make a payment every fortnight. Some of them were very punctual, and required no looking after, but others were not of this class; and our business was to pay a visit every Monday morning to them, and with words soft or hard, as the case

required, endeavor to elicit something in the way of a payment. Saturday and Sunday being the market-days, Monday was naturally that on which they were supposed to have something in hand. Some, like their more fashionable prototypes, were 'not at home' to us, but they only exposed themselves to an afternoon visit; and if we were again so unfortunate as not to find them in, we were not at all ceremonious, but called again the next morning. If such bashful individuals would face a dun at once, they would save themselves a vast deal of unpleasant anticipation, and their visiter an equal amount of trouble.

Madame G...r! — let me immortalize thee as the Queen of 'Artful Dodgers!' Thou owedst a balance of dollars and cents, (never shall I forget thee!) and thou livedst at the very outskirts of the town. Thy husband was a captain in the army, and owned sundry lands and horses, and much cattle — beside thyself. And with all these worldly comforts, thou hadst no bowels of compassion for the luckless Monday-morning visitors, who, after a walk of a mile, under a heat at eighty-six degrees, were sure to find thee 'not at home,' or else thou wert ready to face them with some newly-vamped tale, and thus effectually kept them at bay year after year. Oh woman! woman! — many a difficult dollar have I screwed out of hard-hearted pockets in the exercise of my vocation; but thou wert without exception the 'hardest customer' of them all! What a shuffling, wheedling, hypocritical, flattering, scolding, whimpering, whining, deceitful old woman thou wert! 'Every thing by turns, and nothing long!' If all the falsehoods that proceeded out of thy mouth respecting those same dollars and cents be treasured up against thee, what a load wilt thou have to bear! *Ugh!* My head aches when I think of those hot tramps, old woman!

And then what a variety was included in our visiting list! — not only in color, but in circumstances, and disposition, and manners. Here a snug little *colored* lady, with a snug little shop of dry goods, the goods neatly folded on the shelves, and the punctual little money-bag all ready to be brought forth with a pleasant smile, and a modest regret on the part of its mistress that it was not larger in amount, which regret is perhaps gently repeated by the visiter. Next perhaps you enter the domicile of a *black* lady, who sports a pair of ear-rings big enough for bracelets, and a dozen heavy gold rings on her fingers, and a necklace of coral beads. This last ornament is worn by all classes of females. It is considered a sort of talisman against disease, and is sure to prevent, they say, among other calamities, bleeding at the nose. And I have been gravely told that the coral changes its color, according to the health of the wearer, being ruddy and bright when the latter is well, and pale and dull when the owner feels the same.

The black lady opens upon you as soon as you come in sight; scolds because you come so early in the morning; says she has no idea of running away; and moreover, that that last lot of something (she sells salt-pork, beef, fish, cheese, soap, *et cetera*,) was very high, and she never will make another payment until you consent

to make a great deduction on the same. You begin to think that though you came for wool you are likely to go back shorn; and accordingly you prepare to return the broad-side; and filling your eyes with daggers, you face your foe; when you see the muscles gradually relax, her double row of ivory displayed, and the rising storm vanishes at her loud laugh, as she draws forth a big canvas-bag and pours out a pile of specie and bills, truly cheering. Your countenance is now as radiant with good humor as it was before blank with disappointment; and having booked the receipt and pocketed your cash, you take your leave with a very polite bow; and the moment your back is turned, you hear her scream to Jean or Jeannette, to '*Pousser de feu la, et mettez banane la yo cuit parce moi fini grand goût, le temps pour moi déjeuner, to pas 'tendez?*' Literally: 'Push up the fire there, and put those bananas to cook, for I am *finished* hungry; it's time for me to breakfast; don't thee hear?'

Your next salute is to a fat lady, next door perhaps, whom you find likewise thinking that it is time for her 'to breakfast;' and she has nothing for you. You make your next bow to a lady who is sitting before her door with her arms bared to the elbows, preparing a dish of greens, while the never-failing bunch of plantains, which form part of the meal, with either fish, flesh, or good red herring, are near at hand, all ready to be flayed. She calls Lundi; (the French had a most unchristian way of naming their slaves Sunday, Monday, Tuesday, etc.; a noisy drayman under our windows was called La Bonté; and these names are still prevalent. One would think there were names enough in the world, without including the days of the week;) she calls *Monday*, I say, to bring you a chair, and you sit down and discuss the state of trade; which trade, it should be remarked, is at least three fourths of it in the hands of the women. She is perhaps a member of the 'aristocracy,' but never dreams of feeling ashamed of her useful avocation; for she is constantly occupied, like her neighbors, in such little cares of domestic economy before her front door, where she exchanges 'good-day' with all the passers-by. Nothing can exceed the easy manners of the Haytiens. '*Mauvaise honte*' is with them utterly unknown.

And now you enter the store of a *speculator*, (Heaven save the mark!) that is, of one who buys produce, coffee, cocoa, etc., of the country people. At the time of which I write, there were but few individuals who had a license, or *patente*, as they call it, for this description of business; it was therefore very good. Before the door are tied a score of mules and asses, (if in the coffee-season,) whose backs have just been relieved of the burdens which they have brought from the interior; and as you enter the store, a dozen pairs of eyes more or less savage in expression are turned upon you; for you are perhaps the first American on whom they have ever glared. Your white skin will not be likely to smooth the scowling visages of men with whom 'white man' and 'enemy' are synonymous terms. They are occupied on your entrance in

transporting their coffee to the scales, settling old scores, buying new hats, shoes, manchets, etc., while the women of the party are selecting a mouchoir or a new gown.

The store-keeper and speculator whom you are now visiting is a mulatto, and a character; one of those men whose every act, however trifling, is characteristic of himself. Monsieur 's distinguishing trait was politeness; and this is a very common and a very pleasant trait among the Haytiens. So renowned was he that he had acquired the title of 'Lord Chesterfield.' He hastens toward you with the greatest 'empressement' the moment he descries you; or if his back is turned his attention is as quickly called by his polite underlings, when he comes forward and removing his hat, begs you will excuse him for not seeing you, as he was occupied at the moment; at the same time, if there is room enough, he makes a bow which brings his body nearly at right angles with its supporters; and seizing your hand, as he bends back to the perpendicular, he gives it a good hearty masonic shake, and asks you how you carry yourself; how you have been since he last had the pleasure of seeing you; how you slept last night, and so forth. He now begs you to cover yourself; for not to be outdone in civility, you have removed your Panama from its natural resting-place. Then, while he is getting you a chair, (notwithstanding your protestations that you are in a great hurry, and that you will call when he is not so much engaged,) you collect your scattered wits, and repeat some of the polite questions which he has been asking you. After sitting for a few moments, he rises, and turning to his black customers, makes them another serious and right-angle bow, and begging them to excuse him for a moment, he invites you into a back room, and begs you to '*rafraichir un peu*;' at the same time bringing forward limes, syrup, and Hollands, or Jamaica rum, wherewith you may make punch or lemonade. My polite old friend, with many eccentricities had many good points. He was steady and faithful to his friends, and his enemies were sure of finding in him a bold and unflinching opponent. He had a goodly number of both, as men of marked characters, who have much intercourse with the world, are apt to have.

Though hospitable and generous in his house, and very charitable to the poor, (more so perhaps than any other individual in the place,) in his store he was a complete Jew. Never would he sell a pound of coffee without screwing out of you the top of the market and a little more; and never would he purchase goods unless he could get them a trifle *under* the most favored customer. And then, if you desire any unusual out-of-the-way article, which is not wanted once in a lustrum, who so likely to have it as Monsieur —? And if he answers your inquiry by bringing the article to light from hordes of kindred rarities, stowed away in dark corners, he knows exactly how many times more than its real value to put upon it; and though you refuse it with absolute indignation, yet he very coolly puts it away again, for he knows that the necessity of the case will bring you back to be victimized, '*malgré vous*.' Let

a merchant on the other hand receive some kind of goods which is not very saleable, or for which the demand is limited, and let him ask Monsieur — to make an offer! If they are hardware goods, for instance, it will hardly cover the cost of the material of which they are made; and yet he knows they will either spoil on your hands or find their way to his shelves in all probability at last.

And there were other visits to pay in the line of duty; so many, in fact, that before long I became well acquainted with nearly every family in the town. Here the tenant of a small and mean hovel had credit enough to keep a little shop, and there a larger apology for a house made a display of hogsheads, barrels, kegs and boxes, which proved it to be a mercantile establishment. Enter, and the first object which greets you is a huge cheese which is in process of being retailed by the slice, while its companions, a lard and butter keg, are also busily dispensing their contents by spoonful to the neighbors, as each comes for a daily or a meal's supply; for every thing is cooked with lard or butter; fish, rice, vegetables, meat, or salt provisions. In a corner stands an enormous hogshead of American tobacco, which is sold by the single *hank* or head, to be smoked in pipes, while another corner is occupied probably, if the shop is large, by a cigar-maker busily engaged making up country (Port-au-Platt) tobacco into cigars; the owner of the shop furnishing him the raw material, and paying him so much a hundred for the manufacture. Beside the savory matters above-named, must be recollected, stacks of bar-soap, barrels of salt pork, beef, mackerel, smoked herrings, and strings of garlic and onions, for all which there is a constant demand. The presiding goddesses may usually be found very busy, wielding the symbols of their occupation, a big iron spoon or a colossal carving knife. They are an honest, civil and intelligent class of people, and meet their money engagements with all possible punctuality.

In many of their houses the only furniture to be found consists of a few common country chairs and a pine table; the bedstead and the '*armoire*' of the mistress of the house however being generally of the finest mahogany, which is cut in the neighboring forests. There are half a dozen colored cabinet-makers, who turn out as nice and as handsome work as I have ever seen. Pass in the evening by these comfortless abodes, and you will see on the pine table a tumbler of Palma Christi oil, on which floats a taper which dimly illuminates the interior of the dwelling, while the occupants are all sitting in front of the house under the projecting roof which forms a piazza. The floor of the house is the cold earth, and the ceiling is the rough covering of shingles. The necessary number of apartments are made by light frames, on which are spread a tapestry of coarse bagging stuff, which separates the shop from the eating and sleeping rooms.

But the town of Jeremie has very much improved since I first knew it. One reason is, that it has been almost rebuilt since the hurricane of 1831; and another is, that the inhabitants have become more ambitious, not only of comforts, but of luxury. A pine floor

covers the cold ground, and a ceiling is found between the floor and roof in a large proportion of the houses. Even in the outskirts of the town, where the poorest and most miserable reside, principally blacks in small houses or huts, there have been built many pretty dwellings. *Then*, there was scarcely a chair in the town, excepting coarse unpainted articles made by the country people; *now*, you can scarcely enter a house without finding one or two dozen bright yellow, red or blue American chairs, placed round in every vacant spot against the walls. In that day, a rocking-chair which we had was considered a great curiosity; and the natives would sit down in it with the same apprehension that a beginner first stands upon a pair of skates; but now there is scarcely a child in the place that is not hushed to sleep in a handsome American rocking-chair. The fashion is also prevailing of substituting good wooden partitions in place of the gauze-like material which then separated room from room. Then, a man never mounted his horse to go three or four miles into the country without girding on a sword, which with its brass scabbard was of enormous weight, and with pistols in his holsters. Now, holsters are not much worn, and pistols are still more rare, while the sword appears only when gracing the limbs of a 'militaire;' and the citizen rides fifty or a hundred miles without fear of being decapitated by a 'Négre Maron,' *Anglice*, a Maroon.

ST. CROIX.

NOTE. — A gentleman well acquainted with Hayti, has sent me the following information: 'I can explain to you the ground of the displeasure of the Legislature on the nomination of Senators. There were several to be chosen. Boyer's system was to have the House choose one at a time, and he sent them three names: they selected one, and informed him; the next day he sent a second list of three, *two of which* had been on the list of the previous day. This the Chamber considered an abridgment of their power.' (See May number of the KNICKERBOCKER, page 460.) Thus this offence of the President, about which there was a great hue-and-cry, consisted in his construing a point of the constitution differently from his opponents, the matter being evidently open to discussion.

A letter which I have lately received from an intelligent Haytien contains the following information of recent events: 'The country has had a great Parliamentary check. The President has had the advantage over the Liberals, which was expected. Civilization is not sufficiently advanced in the small 'communes' to allow a choice of deputies who may well understand the important mission which the people intrust to them. *Twenty-eight* of the most enlightened members have been constrained to withdraw from the national representation. There is left in the House but a small amount of capacity.' It appears then that at the next general election after the expulsion mentioned in a preceding paper, the people

have chosen twenty-eight members opposed to government, in place of the half dozen they had then. If matters go on thus, Boyer will soon see his party in the minority. The difficulty now, as before, arose from the demand being repeated by the members who had before made it, that the accounts of the disposal of the public moneys should be rendered to the Representatives.

T H E T R I B U T E .

"A curious species of the hundred-leaved Michigan rose was sent from the far-off banks of the Ohio to 'L. E. L.', accompanied by a prayer that she would plant it on the grave of Mrs. Hemans."

Was ever sweeter tribute sent
 Across the dark-blue ocean wave,
 To grace a living poet's hand,
 To deck a sainted poet's grave !

It came from far Ohio's banks,
 It grew by clear Ohio's stream,
 Whose flowery shores and solemn woods
 Yet haunt the banished Indian's dream.

It bloomed beneath the waving pine,
 The chestnut's and red cedar's shade,
 And with the stately tulip-tree
 Gave brightness to the deep-green glade.

It was a rich and odorous cup
 For the sweet bird * which feeds upon
 The crystal drops that rest in flowers,
 Before they're looked on by the sun.

Its soft perfume methinks might bring
 The music of the swan's last sigh
 Full to the heart ; for plaintive tones
 In simple flower-scents sometimes lie :

And oft that graceful bird hath sung
 Its dying dirge † adown the tide,
 O'er which this lovely rose hath flung
 Its blossoms in their summer pride.

With glowing fancies and rich dreams
 It came thus laden o'er the wave,
 The sweetest gift that e'er was sent
 To poet, or to poet's grave !

ALICIA JANE SPARROW.

Killabry House, Enniscorthy, (Ireland.)

* THE Humming Bird. Its only nourishment is said to be the dew that it sips from the flowers. handed down to us by poets, says that the swan sings before his death with a most harmonious voice :

† An old tradition,

'Dulcia defecta modulatur Carmina lingua
 Cycnus, cantator funeris ipse sui.'

T H E H E R M I T O F C E T A R A .

BY MRS. J. WEBB.

PART TWO.

‘ A SHORT distance from where we had been sitting was a grotto. I recollected that from its moss-covered rock issued a stream of pure water. Quick as lightning I flew to procure some to restore Alice. As I was about to enter, I met my brother. I thought he looked embarrassed; but my joy at finding any one that could aid me, soon banished from my mind the circumstance of his being there alone. I told him the state in which I had left Alice, but said not a word of the strange being who had occasioned her fright. I knew not why, but each time I attempted to mention the gipsy, my tongue seemed by some magic power to lose its utterance; my voice died away in a faint whisper; a cold shudder ran through my frame, and I found that o’er my spirit a spell was thrown I had no power to break. He offered to assist me, and gladly did I accept his aid.

‘ We found Alice recovering; with our assistance she was soon able to walk home. On entering the house she looked at me, and placing her finger on her lip, gave me to understand that she wished all that had passed to remain untold. I placed her in the arms of her father. He had consented she should wait for three years my return; if in that time our fancies did not change, then Alice, he said, should be mine. With a beating heart I consigned her to his care. The vessel that was to bear me from all I loved rode proudly at anchor in the offing, and the light breeze wafted to my ear strains of martial music, while on her deck we could indistinctly see the scarlet coats and glittering bayonets of the soldiers: many a heart was there, doubtless, as sad as my own; many, too, as unwilling to leave the land of their birth and the home of their love. The next tide they would weigh anchor; and soon the gray turrets of my childhood’s home would be lost in the dim distance. That night I pressed not my pillow. My brother was all kindness. It was agreed that my letters to Alice should be sent to him. His promises of protection soothed my soul, and the deep love he professed to feel for me gladdened my sinking heart; for I felt I should not leave Alice without a protector.

‘ He reminded me that I had to see and bid farewell to my father I accordingly went to his dressing-room. As I approached the door I heard deep sobs. I knocked gently, and a stifled voice bade me enter. I did so. My father pointed to a chair; he was unable to speak. On the table before him were letters he had been preparing for me to bear to his friends abroad, a pocket-book that seemed well filled, and a miniature-case. ‘ Edward,’ he at length said, ‘ I have prepared you letters. Deliver them as addressed, and they will pro-

cure you friends and attention. You may need both. You will find I have not intended to make you subsist on your pay. In that pocket-book is a sum which will convince you the feelings of the father have overcome the anger of the man. Put it in your pocket; and,' he added, 'it will be as well perhaps that you do not name this circumstance to your brother.' He took up the miniature. 'This,' said he, 'your mother desired should be yours. It is the miniature of your father as he was once.' He then touched a secret spring on the other side. 'And this,' added he, 'that of your mother. Ere your arrival she desired me to give it to you with her blessing. And now,' added he, 'take mine.' I knelt at his feet. 'It is a parent's last sad farewell,' said he, 'for we shall never meet again. I feel now you are about to leave me, that you were the darling treasure of your mother's heart, and she dies again in losing you.' He threw his arms around my neck and mingled his tears with mine.

'Just then my brother abruptly entered the room. My father started, and I thought looked sternly at him. He came, he said, to assist me to prepare for my departure, as the boat, he reminded me, would put off for me at the first turn of tide, and he thought perhaps I had left something yet undone. I understood him; and all anger at the interruption was lost in gratitude when he reminded me that the short time I had left was due to Alice. I bade farewell to my father; and leaving to my brother the care of conducting my luggage to the beach, I hastened to perform the most painful part of my task, that of taking leave of Alice. Her father met me with a look of sadness. He had been endeavoring, he said, to console her; but her red and swollen eyes told plainly how she had passed the night. We renewed our vows of affection. She promised all I wished, nay, more than I could hope. Alas! the fatal moment came for separation. A rocket was thrown from the ship. It was the signal to warn me of the approach of the boat that was to bear me from all I loved. I implored Alice to show me an example of fortitude. Never had I seen her so beautiful as at that moment she appeared. She rose, wiped the tears from her eyes, and imprinted a kiss on my forehead — the first kiss and the last!

'Grief, dear Edward,' she said, 'will not prolong our parting. It is the decree of Heaven, and let us submit. You will see how bravely your Alice will perform the first duty of a soldier's promised bride — commit her dearest treasure to the bounding wave without a tear.' I pressed her to my heart in speechless agony. The boat was already within the breakers — the white waves curling round her prow. Ere we descended to the beach, my tutor came forward to bid me farewell. He was pale, but calm; and though his hand trembled and his frame shook, as he placed the hand of Alice in mine, he fervently blessed us with a steady voice.

'Alice was determined not to leave me till the last moment, and I felt too grateful to oppose the resolution. We descended to the beach. My brother had already placed my luggage in the boat. The sailors rested on their oars. Four men of my own company stood by, to do honor to their officer and escort him on board.

Another rocket from the ship told the last moment had arrived. We heard the cry of the sailors as they weighed anchor, and saw one by one the white sails unfurl. I turned to give a last look at the turrets which had sheltered me in the days of happy childhood. On a hill which commanded a view of the beach stood my father. He raised his hands in token of blessing. Nearer still, against a blighted tree, leaned my tutor. We approached the boat, the spray already wetting our feet. I gave one long last embrace to Alice, who shed not a tear, though well I knew her heart was bursting. I resigned her to my brother. 'Comfort and protect her, Charles,' I said. He grasped my hand, and replied: 'Fear not, I will protect her with my life.' I again kissed her pale cheek and turned to enter the boat, when to my surprise the stately form of the gipsy met my view. One foot rested on a large stone bleached with the waves that had for years dashed over it. She wore the same turban and mantle. The loose folds of the latter dipped in the foaming spray, as she waved her arm to command attention; and with one foot on the prow of the boat, I listened, while she pointed upward, to the following wild strain:

'Mark, mark, in pure beauty yon innocent dove,
All drooping and sad from the home of its love,
A fell hawk pursues it, it flutters and flies,
'Tis pierced by his talons — it shudders and dies!'

'The sailors looked with awe upon the strange being before them. Their surprise and fear were not lessened by perceiving a snow-white dove, fluttering over the boat, pursued by a hawk. As she ended the chant the dove fell bleeding at my feet. The next moment a curling wavelet washed it from our view, and it was seen no more. She resumed her chant:

'The Fates round thy destiny cast a dark spell,
More dreadful than Elspeth hath power to tell;
And the wind-spirit whispers, that far o'er the wave,
On the peak of a mountain, thou 'lt find a lone grave!'

'She left the place where she was standing and approached the boat, the surf rising over her sandalled feet. She stretched her right hand toward me, in which she held a small box, and after placing it in mine, she raised her majestic form and wildly sung:

'When the time comes that doubt in thy bosom shall dwell,
This box holds a charm that all doubts can dispel;
But ne'er must thy fingers the gold clasp uncloze,
Till treachery thou fearest where kindred blood flows.'

'She ceased, and taking from her bosom a light substance, pulled it in pieces and threw it in the wind, which bore it like thistle-down soon out of sight; then stretching forth her arm, and waving high in the air her mantle dripping with sea-spray, till it fell like rain on the men in the boat, she said: 'To your oars!' They obeyed her mechanically. She again sung, but with more sweetness of voice, till sound was lost in distance:

'Away o'er the billows! I've woven a charm,
Will guard yonder bold ship from tempest and harm;
Then fearlessly on o'er the wide foaming deep,
Nor doubt that dark Elspeth her promise will keep.'

‘ We soon reached the ship, and the last object that distance made undiscernible was the tall form of the gipsey, still waving her red mantle. I remained on deck, gazing on the land I had left till the gray towers of the castle faded from my view; then sought my state-room with feelings that can be better imagined than described.

‘ Our voyage was speedy and pleasant, as the gipsey had foretold; and I became a person of no small importance in the eyes of the seamen, to whom the crew of the boat had no doubt given a faithful account of the gipsey’s prophecy. They vied with each other in rendering me civilities; and with all the superstition and good feeling of honest tars, thought their safety, for that voyage at least, was owing to one whom they considered under the special care of Providence. Our ship was a fine transport of seven hundred tons burden, and manned by a brave crew. My brother officers were all young men of good family, and all, with one solitary exception, delighted to leave their homes for a safe service, as the East-India duty is generally termed. My accommodations were better than I expected to meet with on ship-board. We had a fine band: and few who have not heard it can imagine the power and sweetness of a band of martial music at sea. Often when I have been writhing with agony of mind, have the soft strains drawn me from my state-room to the deck; and my heart has been soothed and my hope strengthened, by the sublimity of the scene and the sweetness of the sounds. Ere the close of the voyage I became partially reconciled to my lot, and looked forward to my three years’ absence with feelings of calmness, if not content.

‘ At length we reached the port of destination. The novelty of the scene lent it charms, and in the bustle of landing, getting installed in my military duties and delivering my letters, the first month passed more pleasantly than I expected; nor was it till three months after my arrival that I found my father had not been unmindful of my welfare. He had deposited money sufficient to procure me an interest in the trade-company; and thus at the end of two years I was considered not only a good soldier, but a rich man. I had received two letters from my brother, enclosing others from Alice. There was in them every thing calculated to soothe my mind and soften absence. The letters of my brother breathed the purest friendship: those of Alice the deepest affection. Six months more swept on: the time even to me seemed short; for I had been preparing presents for my Alice, of articles rare and unattainable in the land of our birth, when my cup of quiet was dashed to the ground by the arrival of letters announcing that both Alice and myself were fatherless. My father had been found dead in his bed without any previous illness; and my good old tutor, who had watched by the corpse till he saw it laid with due family honors in the grave, from that moment declined; and in three weeks was laid by the side of his patron and friend. The letter of Alice spoke of her orphan state, and begged me to return. My brother, she said, had been to her more than brother; he had well fulfilled his promise, and was now unceasing in his efforts to induce her to quit her

lonely dwelling and take up her abode at the castle. This she had hitherto refused; and added that the refusal had given my brother pain; but a sense of propriety, a feeling which she knew I would approve, had prevented her acceding to his request, as she could not reconcile herself to become an inmate of his house without the presence of another female, even though he was the brother of her intended husband. She again begged me to return, and said a report was current that did great injustice to Charles: 'The world said he loved her with more than brother's love, and sought her for himself; so little, dear Edward,' she concluded, 'can the world judge of pure feeling! Poor Charles is a martyr to its slander, for your sake and mine.'

I read the letter over twenty times, and each time was less satisfied with the information it contained. I did not doubt Alice; no, her purity was beyond doubt: but why should my brother, who knew the world a thousand times better than ever I did, wish an unprotected female to become an inmate of his dwelling? True, he was now great and powerful; but still too young to live under the same roof, alone, with a young and lovely woman. There seemed to me a levity and carelessness of Alice's reputation in the request, that spoke of aught but brotherly feeling. I threw the letter on the table, and continued gazing on it for some time. I dared not doubt my brother's friendship, and yet suspicion crept into my mind in spite of my resolve to the contrary. As my eye wandered over the miscellaneous papers which were strewn before me, it fell upon a misshapen letter, that on opening the packet had escaped my notice. It was ill-written, and bore the post-mark of a small town about ten miles from my home. I opened it, wondering who my strange correspondent could be. It was from my father's old servant, Antoine, and ran thus:

'My dear young Master: Forgive an old and faithful servant for troubling you, but I fear the Evil One has been busy here. Oh that I should live to say it! I fear my late honored master did not die by the visitation of God. How dare I tell you my suspicions? They rest on your brother. God grant that I may be wrong!—but dark rumors are abroad. Come, dear master, and protect the innocent, whom God protect from the snares of the wicked till you arrive!'

The letter fell from my hand. The prophecy of dark Elspeth rushed to my mind:

'Beware of a foe where you hope for a friend!'

'My brain whirled: I could scarcely keep myself from falling to the ground. I recollected the casket, the parting gift of the gipsy. I did suspect kindred blood, and flew to find it, nothing doubting that Elspeth would redeem her promise. With tottering steps and beating heart I sought the cabinet in which I had placed it. I had not the power to open it. At length with a desperate effort I unfastened the clasp and opened the box: all I saw was a small piece of white paper, neatly folded. I examined it, and found to my dis-

appointment it contained nothing. It was indeed a piece of pure white paper, unsoiled by pen. 'Gipsy, thou hast deceived me!' I involuntarily exclaimed, and was throwing it away in disgust, when, as my eye again glanced over it I beheld, to my surprise, there now appeared, written in what I thought blood, the following lines:

'Beware of thy brother! I warn thee, beware!
In the dark book of fate, by a comet's red glare,
I read what the regist'ring angel wrote there.

'And crimes, even murder, I saw on that page;
The murder of youth,
And the murder of age;
And I saw, through the shadowy vista of years,
The wreck of thy hopes and the source of thy tears.'

'The paper dropped from my hand. I stood aghast and powerless. A current of air suddenly passed through the open door and window of the apartment; the mystic paper was lifted from the floor; fluttering, it rose above my head, while stupified I stood unable to lift a hand to save it. The blast increased, and the paper was borne out of the window on the wings of the breeze. I watched it as it fluttered in the wind and continued to rise, till it appeared a small speck on the clear blue sky, and was lost to my sight. Horror and despair for some time deprived me of all power to move, or form any plan of action. Soon as I was able to collect my scattered ideas, my resolution was taken. I immediately procured leave of absence, and set sail for the land of my birth.

'After a voyage which the anguish of my feelings made appear twice the usual length, I again saw the home of my childhood; the pleasant valleys where in the blessed days of innocence and peace I strayed with Alice. Every scene of my infancy recurred to my mind, fresh as if time had slept the while, and sorrow never blighted my hopes nor harrowed my heart. How I got from the beach I knew not. I saw nothing, thought of nothing but Alice, and was hardly aware that I had landed till I found myself at my tutor's dwelling. The windows were closed. Did I dream? Was it really the same garden that ever flourished in beauty under the watchful care of Alice, now choked with weeds, the wild thistle and briar striving for mastery? I knocked, but no answer was returned. All wore the calm stillness of death. It was autumn, and nature seemed blighted like my heart. Withered leaves thickly strewn the path as I frantically sought the little arbor where I used to sit with Alice in our blissful days of peace and love. I called her name aloud; but the rustle of the dried leaves, as they were moved by the wind, was the only answer to my call; the dove of my ark was gone.

'As I again passed through the garden, I stopped to gaze on a rose-bush which Alice and myself had planted in happier days. The flowers were gone: a few withered and seared leaves yet clung to the dying stalks, and I could only tell by the few dried stems which remained on the tree that roses had bloomed there. I plucked a withered branch and placed it next my heart. Many a white rose, in the bloom of beauty, had I gathered from that tree,

and twined in the fair locks of Alice. Where was she now? Oh misery, misery! vainly we say we cannot endure thy pangs! Alas, we know not till thou comest, laden with thy countless ills, how frail mortality can face thy blast and struggle with thy fury.

‘A feeling of prostration crept over me. I was unable to move, and yet I determined to know the worst. I turned my steps toward the castle. Then came the thoughts of my father; his care and anguish at our parting: then rose to my mind’s eye the mild blue eyes of my sainted mother, and my feelings led me in that hour of wo and doubt to seek her grave. Soon the drooping branches of the willow that weeping hung over the marble tablet that covered her remains, met my view. I sunk on my knees beneath the shelter of that willow’s shade, kissed the cold stone, and wept my woes over all that was left of the once warm heart that used to comfort me in my childish sorrows. Alas! a change had taken place even here; another name was added to the one I left engraven on the tablet: it was my father’s. Together there they slept the peaceful sleep of death: and I, their youngest born, with youth, with wealth and honor in my power—I envied their repose. But this one truth the grave brought to my mind: my brother now was heir of those domains. Old Antoine’s letter, dark Elspeth’s warning, rushed to my mind, and rendered desperate by the maddening thought, I fled like one deprived of reason, toward the castle.

‘As I went on, all seemed changed; naught wore the smiling aspect it was wont to wear: even the entrance to the chapel was covered with weeds, as if the foot of man had long ceased to enter there. I sought its altar; there humbly to pray the Power that guards and comforts the wretched to give me courage that I might meet the evils of my fate with firmness and resignation. I had scarcely entered before I heard footsteps, and saw a person approach from a door used by the servants of the family. As he came nearer, I saw it was old Antoine. I uttered his name. He started at the sound of my voice, but soon recognized me, and sinking at my feet, bathed my hand with tears. With desperate resolution I asked, ‘Where is Alice?’ ‘Gone with your brother,’ he answered, ‘as in your letter to him you desired her, to meet you in India.’ ‘I sent no such letter!’ I exclaimed; ‘I made no such request. Alice is false to me!’ And I beat my breast in very agony. ‘Oh! believe it not, dear master!’ said the good old man; ‘you know I would not deceive you. Alice is pure as unsullied snow. I will stake my life on her truth. Oh! had you seen her as I have, surrounded by affliction and death, how nobly she bore her sorrows, you would not doubt her.’ ‘Where can we go, Antoine,’ I said, ‘while you tell me the events that have occurred in my absence? Oh! Father of Mercy! give me strength to bear the knowledge!’ I exclaimed fervently, raising my hands and eyes to heaven.

At that moment a deep groan echoed through the chapel. Antoine, pale with fright, suddenly grasped my arm, and pointed to a large gothic window above the altar. I looked, and distinctly saw a tall figure glide past: face or form I could not see, more than that it

looked of human mould. We instantly left the chapel, but no sound could we hear save that of the wind as it whistled through the now almost leafless branches of the trees. 'It is strange!' I musingly said. Antoine caught the word: 'Strange, indeed,' said he; 'and yet it is not strange that the grave even should give up the dead to seek retribution of the murderer!' Then alarmed at his own words, 'Forgive me, dear master,' he said; 'I am old, and strange fancies will sometimes enter my head; but my heart served my dead master faithfully, and loves his son. Let us go to the castle, and I will tell you all that has happened since you left. Perhaps you may see things in a clearer light than my weak mind has power to view them.'

'I intimated I would follow him, and he led the way to the well-known entrance of the castle. So fearfully was my mind absorbed, so intense the agony of thought, that memory refused even to recognize the different apartments where the first steps of my childhood had strayed. I passed along the well-known gallery as if I had never before trod the bright oaken floor, and started at the sound of Antoine's voice, as he asked: 'Shall I open the door?' 'Quick! quick!' was my reply. He obeyed me. I entered, and found myself in the library. All seemed as when I last saw it: there was the chair in which my father sat when he gave me his last blessing. I sank into it, and wept like a child. Tears gave me relief. There is a turn even in the tide of sorrow; I felt, as by magic touch, my nerves strengthened. The past seemed nothing — the present nothing: all was lost in the future. I motioned Antoine to be seated; and told him to begin his narrative. He wiped the tears from off his well-worn livery, that had plentifully fallen at the sight of my distress: smoothed the long locks that had grown white in the service of his lost master; and with a broken voice commenced his story.

PART III AND LAST IN OUR NEXT.

T H E S I S T E R S .

LIKE two fair flowers, upon whose breasts the dews
 Of morn lie slumbering, within revealing
 In calm and crystal light each other's hues,
 Their blended fragrance quietly exhaling,
 They grew together, the Lily and the Rose.
 Far from the world's cold breath and blighting shade,
 Where bowers sequestered blessed their sweet repose,
 Each in her own bright loveliness arrayed,
 They gave their beauty to the enamored sun,
 The stars and zephyrs free, and from them won
 Perennial freshness and a kindred beam,
 That in each feature lived, and melting eye;
 Youth lay upon them like a lovely dream,
 And radiant health, and heaven-born purity.

H. M. G.

Hartford, June, 1843.

T I M E ' S W A R N I N G .

OFTEN, when I first awake
In the twilight morning,
Time upon me seems to break
With this kindly warning :
' I am gliding on apace,
I for none may tarry ;
What upon this day's swift race
For thee shall I carry ?

' Thoughts ? — that thoughts scarce seem to be,
Through the mind just glancing :
Fancies ? — strange, and wild, and free,
All thy powers entrancing :
Efforts ? — to increase the store
Of thy mem'ry's hoarding,
From grave books of golden lore,
Holy truth affording ?

' Actions ? — in the world around
Live thy human brothers ;
And wouldst thou with love be bound,
' Do good unto others : '
Words ? — for he who wisdom had
Saith with truest reason,
One good word the heart makes glad
In a heavy season.

' Prayers ? — thou canst not hope to be
Blest until the even,
If thou bendest not the knee
And the heart to Heaven.
All these I shall bear along :
Be thou watchful ever,
Lest for right thou learn the wrong,
By a blind endeavor.

' I shall bear them to the land
Where the Future liveth,
And to works of heart and hand
A dread import giveth.
Be not frightened at my speed,
But with purpose steady
To Eternity give heed,
' Be thou ever ready ! '
That Eternity may be
Ere another morrow,
And thy changeless destiny
Fixed — for joy or sorrow.'

Then Time rushes on again,
Every moment faster,
Bearing souls of dying men
To his mighty Master !
And the world breaks in upon
The calm twilight morning ;
But my soul hath courage won
From Time's faithful warning.

C. W.

S E P T E M B E R A N D O Y S T E R S .

BY JOHN W. S. HOWS.

WHAT a host of delightful associations will incontinently rush on the mind of the man of *taste*, at sight of the conjunctive title which heads this article! To the true lover of the delicious bivalve I have selected for my disquisition, September is the orthodox month when his dearly-cherished edible becomes once more a legitimate object of his masticatory devotion. He has passed four anxious months not graced by the cabalistic R, which alone sanctions with your true oyster-loving devotee the unrestrained use and enjoyment of his delight. He has witnessed with virtuous indignation and horror the heresies of those demi-savages who luxuriate on his darling condiment during the months his well-tutored mind deems to be *uncanonical*; and albeit he may have 'abhorred the sin,' yet truth reluctantly compels us to admit that he has envied 'the sinners.' But September has arrived! Again visions of roasts and fries, stews and soups, patés and *huitres au naturel*, come vividly, like thick-crowding fancies, all laden with delights substantial, palpable, and lasting!

Yes, oysters are indeed the things which may be classed among 'man's chiefest good.' Unlike other 'eatables,' whose merits lie most in the adornments of art, this testaceous animal, like Beauty,

'When unadorned is adorned the most.'

Who that has revelled in the luscious delights of oysters 'RAW,' fresh from their pearly shell, with Nature's sauce alone to give them zest, but will avow that even the science of a UDE would fail in conveying one charm superior to this pure and unadulterated *taste*? It is indeed 'the triumph of Nature over Art!'

I have watched with instinctive reverence an old and valued friend, whose frequent attendance at those orgies y'clept oyster-suppers is worthy of all praise; I have watched him I say with his rubicund and benevolent countenance, advancing in his accustomed devotions, through the legitimate stages of soup, fried, and roasted, and mayhap coquetting with the luscious paté. But when in the 'due order of the feast' he has come to the crowning gem of the evening — the rich, the unequalled 'RAW' — how have the benevolent features expanded, and every sentient organ beamed with a more expressive force, as one by one the savory bivalves have passed gently down the *aperture* to that sacred sepulchre where he had already entombed their more ambitious predecessors! It was indeed the very imbodiment of perfect enjoyment.

'The complete art of cookery' however affords a charming variety in preparing the oyster for its 'numerous admirers.' There is the

delicious *soup*, so grateful to the invalid, so eagerly relished by even the uninitiated in the true enjoyment of gastronomic excellence. Your *gourmet*, (a delightful contradistinction to your *gourmand*, which the never-to-be-forgotten JOHN RANDOLPH, in my days of juvenility, once took especial pains to make me comprehend meant, an amateur of *true taste* in the 'divine art' of 'feeding;') your *gourmet* never violently affects the soup. It may be used as the light skirmish preparatory to the grand attack; the flourish of the leader before the full swell of the orchestra bursts upon the ear; 'the prologue to the merry play;' or the light preface to the more interesting work. But never, oh never let it take the sole place in a meal; unless it be for lunch in a December morning, when the fleecy flakes are 'falling thick as leaves in Vallombrosa.' Then it is omnipotent, and purely '*selon de règle*.'

Your *fried oysters* offer pretensions to sole supremacy of a higher order. Aided by their usual accompaniments of salad, or as we Gothamites facetiously term them, '*trimmings*,' your oyster fried is no contemptible 'finish' to the protracted evening sitting. Unc-tuous and juicy, crisp and delicate, clothed in its livery of slightly-tinted brown, or, 'by our Lady!' a dark straw-color, it presents charms which are irresistible. *Art* here is triumphant; for oh! the depths of science between the gradations of fried oysters, such as we have seen, ay, and to our sorrow tasted too, and the delicious preparations we have attempted to describe! It is 'like Hyperion to a satyr,' or the antipodes to the poles. The *paté* also is a gem of the culinary art. Its melting crust, trembling like the first breathings of an early love—tender as the snow-drift in the opening spring—encasing the *piquant* treasures it is so worthy of enshrining, and which yields to the taste, casket and treasure united, a *morceau*, unapproachable by any other combination of paste and its numerous auxiliaries.

But how, *how* shall we describe THEE, most succulent ROAST! Homeric fire is too cold to portray thy virtues—Shaksperian measures too tame to celebrate thy charms! Thou solace of 'unnumbered woes!' Thou choicest morsel in life's 'fitful feast!' Yes! imbedded in thy native shell, fizzing, whizzing, and steaming with odors more fragrant than those from 'Araby the Blest,' thou comest before my mind's eye as the veritable personification of all that is perfect in taste and unique in *vertu*. And here let me digress with a caution to all true lovers of the 'Oyster Roast:' 'Never, as you value the delights of pure and unalloyed flavor, *never* separate the succulent morsel from its native covering, but prepare it in its steaming prison-house, agreeably to your taste, and take it reeking from its savory sea, uncontaminated by vile contact with plate or dish, that absorbs its flavor and its aroma, and desecrates by the collision 'food worthy of the gods.'

But time would fail me were I to dilate at large upon all the enjoyments conjured up by the words I have selected as a heading to this paper—'SEPTEMBER AND OYSTERS.' There is the list of piquant dishes rendered more savory by this 'king of bivalves;'

the long array of 'bright and rosy hours' that are heralded by this indivisible conjunction. Speak for me, ye long-tenantless seats in those cellars or caves where most of our oyster-loving devotees do congregate! Tell of the cheerful cry of 'Oysters for two!' 'Three plates, Raw!' 'One dozen, fried!' 'Two dozen in the shell!' which issue from your murky precincts when September comes again to cheer and brighten your late desolate and forsaken region! Aid me, ye thrifty matrons who often 'ply your evening cares' to delight the taste of admiring 'oyster-parties;' when care forgetting and 'hard times' forgot, you are cased up in 'measureless content,' enjoying the feast your bounty and your skill provide for the honored guests, who repay your toils by the jest, the laugh, the song, the merry tale, that cheat this frail existence of its care, and bring man closer to his kindred man; knitting the bonds of our erring humanity, and calming asperities which are alike unworthy of and debasing to our better natures. Yes! all these delights are 'Siamese Twins;' all inseparably linked with **SEPTEMBER AND OYSTERS.**

T H E B I R T H O F M O R N I N G .

MILDLY the winds of night are blowing,
 The owl his silent vigil keeps;
 Murmuring soft, the stream is flowing,
 And man, the foe of quiet, sleeps.

With pinions shut, the lark reposing,
 Awaits the signal for his flight;
 And many a flower its bosom closing,
 Denies its odor to the night.

The dew now hangs with dainty fingers
 Its pearly chaplet on the thorn;
 The waning moon retiring, lingers
 To hail the advent of the morn.

Now mark yon murky cloud depending
 O'er the proud city's lofty towers;
 Where many a heart in sorrow bending,
 Counts mournfully the sluggish hours.

A solemn silence there is reigning,
 Save where the watchman's shrill alarm,
 The houseless wanderer's steps restraining,
 Forewarns the thief of coming harm.

The hurried step of Dissipation
 From Pleasure's haunts reluctant drawn,
 Still conscious, shrinks from observation,
 And dreads the coming of the dawn.

Harbinger of th' approaching morrow,
 A chilly dampness loads the air,
 Like the last frown of Fate, when Sorrow
 Sees joy and hope succeed despair.

Now from refreshing sleep awaking,
 With strength renewed and free from cares,
 The son of toil, his couch forsaking,
 For his diurnal task prepares.

Hark! as when first on seraph's voices
 The gracious mandate filled the spheres;
 As angels then, now man rejoices;
 'Let there be light!' — and light appears.

The orient curtain rising slowly,
 Faint streaks of blushing light betrays;
 And mountain-top and valley lowly
 Exulting court its dubious rays.

And now behold! the darkness scorning,
 The Sun, rejoicing in his way,
 All glorious ushers in the morning,
 And Nature hails another day.

New-York, July 12, 1842.

R.

THE FAILURE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF 'A MARRIAGE OF CONVENIENCE, AN EVERY-DAY STORY.'

CHAPTER FIRST.

'But then to see how ye're negleckit,
 How huff'd and cuff'd and disrespeckit!
 I see how folk live that hae riches,
 But surely poor folk must be wretches.'

BURNS.

'ARE you not sorry, Mrs. Warrington, for the poor Lees? To be brought from an income of twelve thousand a year to three! Ah! that United States Bank! — how much misery it has to answer for!'

'I was indeed sorry to hear of their losses, Ellen,' replied Mrs. Warrington, feelingly; 'but I think,' she added with a smile, 'that the word 'misery' should scarcely be coupled with an income of three thousand a year. Surely, it is enough for the essentials of life, though not for its superfluities; and I trust, Ellen, you do not look upon them as essential to happiness.'

'I think they contribute a great deal more to happiness, Mrs. Warrington, than you seem aware of,' answered Miss Manners, gaily. 'If you are ignorant of the value of your beautiful house, the comfort of your carriage, the delight of your opera-box, the charms of an exquisite toilette, and all the nameless beauties of wealth, depend upon it it is only because you never knew what it was to live without them. Indeed, Mrs. Warrington, I do respect amazingly these 'superfluities,' as you call them, and I fear much that three thousand a year will omit happiness among its essentials for a large family. Think only of all their privations; the loss of pleasures they have been accustomed to —'

‘And consequence too,’ joined in Mrs. Wight. ‘Indeed, Mrs. Warrington, I fully agree with Miss Manners. The poor Lees have fallen grievously. Thank God! I know nothing experimentally of poverty, (she might, if she had chosen to look back thirty years,) but I find it difficult enough to manage with three times that income; and how the Lees will contrive to live upon such a pittance I do not know,’ she added, with a pompous consciousness of wealth, more agreeable than graceful.

‘Perhaps,’ said Mrs. Warrington, ‘I have hardly given sufficient weight to the privations that Ellen speaks of. The pleasures she enumerates may be more necessary to young people than I suppose. But to your argument, my dear Mrs. Wight, I cannot indeed attach much influence. I cannot think that the loss of consequence which depends alone on mere wealth a matter of any importance at all. Surely the Lees must always retain their present position in society. Mr. Lee’s misfortunes do not affect the high character he has always borne; and while Mrs. Lee retains her graceful manners and kind heart, she must be loved and admired; and I am sure the accomplishments and gifts of the young people will render them ever the favorites that they are now in society. I hope Ellen that you will not tell me that they owe any of their popularity to the entertainments they give. We have enough and to spare of them. Believe me, beauty, grace and accomplishments must always have their due value with the young; and who among the aged and reflecting can esteem worth less because it has met with misfortunes?’

‘Well,’ said Ellen, laughing, ‘I am sorry to be so unsentimental, Mrs. Warrington, but I must say that the ‘aged and reflecting’ are those who value money most. They esteem it for itself alone, while we young ones only love its accompaniments. And then let me tell you, the Lees will neither be so pretty nor so agreeable now as formerly. They will no longer be able to dress so exquisitely, and consequently will lose their style and fashion; they will cease to be gay and amusing — for who can be in spirits and witty when they feel poor? — and of course they will no longer be agreeable. And ten to one they will become sensitive and tenacious; and so in short, if they don’t end in growing positively disagreeable, they will do amazingly well.’

‘Fie! Ellen,’ said Mrs. Warrington, smiling, ‘if I did not know that you are not the little worldling that you affect, I should be half afraid of you. I have no fears however, should my husband fail to-morrow, but that you would love me just as well as ever.’

‘I wo’n’t commit myself,’ continued Ellen, gaily, ‘by any rash professions, unless you promise in such a case to remain always the same sweet-tempered, kind-spirited, graceful, gracious woman that you are now.’

‘And why should I not remain just as I am, Ellen? My tastes are simple; and I hope even you cannot suspect me of pinning my happiness on an opera box and equipage,’ answered Mrs. Warrington.

‘Your tastes are very simple, Mrs. Warrington. A simple ele-

gance that I admire exceedingly, and that suits your present position perfectly. The 'simplicity' of these beautiful rooms is exquisite; and the 'simplicity' of that elegant dress of Dacre muslin, with its floating draperies and fine lace, and those pure white camelias, nursed in your own hot-house, are in beautiful keeping. A 'simplicity,' continued the lively girl, 'that costs your husband more, I imagine, than you seem aware of.'

'Nonsense, Ellen; I wo'n't be laughed at in this way. When I talk of simple tastes, I mean those that do not depend on the extraneous circumstances you lay such stress upon. I do not depend upon society for my amusements. I am fond of reading, and music, and ——'

'Fond of reading and music! Heaven bless your ignorance, dear Mrs. Warrington! And these are the tastes you think fitting for a poor man's wife? Do you love to sew, Mrs. Warrington? Can you cut out your children's clothes? Do you delight in the details of housekeeping?—in seeing a 'broom where a broom should not be?' Can you glory in saving a sixpence, and catching the house-maid loitering when she should be at work? 'Can you mend and can you make?—can you brew and can you bake?' These are the accomplishments for poverty. I suppose you have drawn your ideas of that happy state from Washington Irving's 'Wife,' and fancy that to be poor is simply to be dressed in white, with wild flowers in your hair, and play upon the harp and eat strawberries and cream. I wonder who picked those strawberries, Mr. Irving—for they are not as easily gathered as flowers—and where the cream came from? And the harp too, that requires a young fortune to keep it in strings? Ah! Mrs. Warrington, that's poetry; beautiful poetry I admit, but still fancy's sketch.'

'Indeed Ellen, it is a poetry that has gone home to many a heart, because it is founded in truth. And although you laugh, yet I know you feel it. You could not love or respect me if you thought that while my husband and children and health are spared me, exterior circumstances could much diminish my present happiness.'

She spoke with an earnestness that brought the glow upon her cheek, and a light in her dark eye, so beautiful that few would have wished her ignorance enlightened and her enthusiasm diminished. Her husband, who sat at a little distance, occasionally listening to the conversation, looked at his lovely wife, and as a darkening shade crossed his brow, sighed and mentally exclaimed: 'Pray Heaven she may never know otherwise!'

Mrs. Warrington had married at seventeen, to be transplanted from her father's house, where she had been nurtured in every comfort, to her husband's more elegant abode, to be encompassed with a refined luxury, that love, taste, and wealth only could imagine and procure. United to one who had captivated her imagination and earned her love by a union of exterior accomplishments with nobility of mind and devoted affection, as delightful as rare; blessed with two beautiful children, and never having experienced a shadow of care or sorrow, what wonder is it that at the age of three-and-

twenty she should still imagine this life an 'enchanted fairy land,' and deem her whole happiness bound up alone in the beings that filled her heart!

'Well,' said Ellen Manners the next morning to her sister, 'I do think Mrs. Warrington is the happiest woman I know. She is so beautiful and rich, and her children are such little loves; and though I always feel a little afraid of Mr. Warrington, yet he is a noble-looking man, and seems devoted to his wife.'

'She is indeed a beautiful woman,' replied her sister, 'and yet more graceful than beautiful.'

'It is her grace,' continued Ellen, 'that I particularly admire. Every thing she puts on falls around her so beautifully! There seems a charm in every thing she touches. Her dress seems 'typed and moulded to her shape.' If she puts a flower in her hair, it nestles there as if it loved the beautiful being it adorns. Her feathers too fall and curl so gracefully toward her glowing cheek, as if they longed to kiss it. And that beautiful classic little head, with its rich hair, and those full, glorious eyes, and the turn of that lovely throat! Oh! she is indeed exquisite; and that unworldly enthusiasm seems so in keeping with her beauty, that I love it.'

Sentimental amidst every luxury — the acmé of womanly happiness!

CHAPTER SECOND.

'DARKNESS shows us worlds of light
We never saw by day.'

MOON.

'ELLEN,' said Mr. Manners to his daughter, a short time after the preceding conversation, 'did I not hear you envying Mrs. Warrington a few days since?'

'I dare say, Papa, for I think her the most enviable of human beings.'

'Well, my dear, I am sorry for your friend and her husband too. He is a noble fellow.'

'Why, what has happened to them, Papa?'

'He has failed.'

'Failed! Is it possible? I thought him so rich!'

Alas! it was too true. The unexpected failure of a great commercial house in New-Orleans involved Mr. Warrington with many others in its ruin.

Mrs. Warrington had marked her husband's pale brow and anxious eye for a few days past; but seeing that he avoided any explanation of his anxieties, whatever they were, she with the delicacy and tact of a feeling woman forbore to question or even apparently to notice his depression. His gloom deepened however, and her fears became excited. Not that she thought of his business, for she was too inexperienced and ignorant of pecuniary matters to give a thought that way. But her alarm became more painful for its very vagueness. It continued thus some days, when one morning her husband, scarcely touching his light breakfast, hurriedly quitted

the house. He did not return to dinner, and his wife's heart began to beat with an undefined anxiety of the 'know-not-what,' more painful to endure than the knowledge of positive misfortune. He returned about eleven o'clock at night, accompanied by a couple of gentlemen, and without stopping to see her, hastened to the library. The whole was so unusual, that Mrs. Warrington's feelings became wound up to a pitch scarcely endurable. The sound of loud voices reached her ear, and the discussion seemed long and earnest. She grew deadly pale, and her heart beat so that you might almost have heard its throbbings. At last she heard the shutting of doors and departing steps. She listened for her husband's approach, but there was no sound. The stillness of the house was to her apprehensive mind fearful. Presently she heard the library door open, and a step approach. Could it be her husband's? She doubted, for it was not the quick decided tread, so familiar to her ear. She thought she heard a hand upon the lock of the door. She drew her breath and stood spell-bound. A moment more and her husband stood before her. But oh! the anguish of that look!

His wife uttered one cry, and was upon his neck. 'Have mercy on me, George, and tell me all!'

He could only strain her to his heart, and kiss her brow; words seemed denied him. He made an effort to speak, but his lips only moved, and his brow darkened with an anguish painful to look upon.

'Dear, dear George, what is it? I can bear any thing but this suspense.'

He gazed at her for a moment, and then said in a voice so low and feeble that a less quick ear would scarcely have caught it: 'We are ruined, Mary!'

She raised her head. 'Ruined? How? What do you mean?' 'I have failed.'

She drew a long breath, and her heart seemed to renew its functions.

'Oh! George, how you have relieved me!'

'Great God!' he cried, 'what would you have more?'—for to a merchant's imagination a failure is the 'tenth wave of human misery.'

'I know not what I dreaded,' she replied. 'But, dearest George, can the prospect of poverty thus unnerve you? Indeed, indeed,' she said, folding her arms around him, 'it may be a misfortune, but think of the blessings that are left us. Look upon all that surrounds us, and tell me, has not the blow fallen when we best could bear it? Have we not our precious children? Have we not youth and health, a long life before us? And while we have each other, should we yield to misery thus?'

'Ah! Mary,' he said, as he gazed sadly and fondly on the earnest eyes lifted to his, 'you little know the reverses that await you. It is not for myself that I dread the future. I am a man, and can combat difficulties. But you, dearest; you whom I took from a father's house, where you never knew a sorrow, to steep your remaining days in suffering; you, whose life has hitherto been so cloudless, how are you to brave the storm?'

‘Better, George, than you imagine. You do not know me yet, if you think that I am unequal to the trials of our changed fortunes.’

He raised the small white hand that clasped his, and as he kissed its jewelled and taper fingers, said:

‘Are these hands fit to encounter privation and mayhap toil?’

‘When the heart’s right, George, the hand soon learns its duty. Do me not the injustice to doubt it.’

Long and earnestly did they talk that night; and although Warrington knew that his wife did not comprehend and could not realize the evils about to come upon her, yet he could not but be comforted by the devoted and sanguine spirit which prompted every word she uttered. The crisis too was past. The bolt had fallen, and the next morning found him, though pale and sad, firm and composed. With the decision that formed a prominent trait in his character, his measures were taken at once. The house and furniture were advertised for sale on an early day, and it was necessary for them to look for a new abode immediately. Two or three were offered. Warrington selected one at a very low rent, and took his wife to see it. It was very small, it is true, and the glaring yellow paper that covered its walls shocked her sensibly. But seeing the pained expression of her husband’s countenance as he said, a little impatiently: ‘We cannot procure every thing, Mary, for two hundred and fifty dollars a year,’ she, like a sweet-tempered, noble-minded woman as she was, replied: ‘We shall be very comfortable here, George. It will all look very differently when we have it cleaned and furnished.’ She spoke cheerfully. He could only press the arm that hung on his, and say nothing.

And now she helped him take an inventory of the furniture, reserving only a little of the simplest for their new home. She placed her jewel-box with her own hand in that of the man of business, and as she gazed for the last time upon those mementoes of happier days, (they were wedding gifts,) she sighed unconsciously. The gentleman to whose hand she consigned them was a man of feeling as well as business, and he said with more sensibility than could have been expected:

‘It is hard, Madam, that you should be compelled to part with these.’

She raised her head almost proudly, as the quick color came into her cheek, and said:

‘You mistake me, Sir. I would not wish to retain them while my husband is in debt. I thought only of the past, and not of those jewels, when I sighed.’

As she left the room, Mr. Wells said to her husband: ‘Warrington, you have some painful trials to go through; but if I mistake not you have a jewel there worth your whole fortune.’

The next morning was the day appointed for the auction. Mrs. Warrington went through the rooms to see that all was right, and as she thought upon the morrow and the strangers that would throng those apartments that had been her home through so many happy years, the tears started to her eyes. She struggled however, and

repressed them, as, kissing her children's rosy cheeks, she blessed their unconsciousness of the change that had fallen on their lot, and taking one by each hand, she went below to join her husband. That night they took possession of their new abode.

CHAPTER THIRD.

'THOUGH losses and crosses
Be lessons right severe,
There's wit there, ye'll get there,
Ye'll find nae other where.'

BURNS.

THE reverses of the Warringtons had been so sudden and unexpected, the change of style of living so prompt, and the time that intervened between the failure and their removal so occupied with plans and arrangements, that Mrs. Warrington had scarcely had time to realize the change until she found herself established in her new and obscure home.

The news of the bankruptcy of Mr. Warrington had excited more than the common interest in society attached to such events. His conduct was admitted on every hand to have been honorable to the last degree; and the prompt abandonment of all their luxuries had interested the sympathies of most of their acquaintance. 'Tis true, some (for the jealous and small-minded ever abound) spoke of him as having been a cold, proud man in his prosperity, and dwelt upon her elegance as extravagance that merited a fall.

As yet Mrs. Warrington had seen but few of her friends beyond the family circle. Now however she was settled, and had made her household arrangements, she was willing to see those who called upon her. And her visitors were more numerous than she had expected. Some came (perhaps the most part) from curiosity, some from sympathy, and some because they thought it proper. And now Mrs. Warrington began to feel what she had never thought of before, that there was a change in her position. The curious asked questions and spoke of her affairs with a familiarity they would never have dared assume before; and she began to suspect that one of the trials of poverty was, that it exposed her to impertinence. Some, with a barbarous want of feeling unaccountable and almost incredible, were it not too often verified by facts, contrived to let her know all the unpleasant things that had been said upon the occasion. She was given to understand that the speaker had warmly defended her many times from the charge of her extravagance having been one of the causes of her husband's ruin, etc. At first both the curiosity and the insinuations so astonished her that she scarcely knew how to meet them. She quickly rallied however, and parried the one with calm dignity, and turned coldly from the other, whereupon it was voted that Mrs. Warrington 'bore her reverses badly.' The sympathy too even of those who felt kindly, was frequently wounding to her pride. It was in that mournful, pitying tone, the most painful to a sensitive and high-toned mind. Some greeted her more cordially than usual, and some she saw made it *a point* to come

and speak to her when they met her out. She even saw a mother touch her daughter's arm to remind her 'to bow to Mrs. Warrington.' A few with the best taste and judgment, met her as usual, and seemed neither to see or know that a change had fallen on her lot.

And thus she found, in spite of herself, that an embarrassment was stealing over her manner, and that she rather dreaded meeting former acquaintances. Ellen Manners was one of the few whose society animated and cheered her; and her gay conversation and real friendship were a balm to her wounded spirit. Mrs. Wight was one of those who came ostensibly to sympathize, but really to scrutinize. 'Tis true these were small causes to give rise to painful emotions; perhaps the more painful for that very reason. She blushed at herself for permitting such trifles to sting her; but still, reason as she would with her heart, she could not but feel them.

As time wore on, however, she soon found that the changes in strangers around her were as nothing to a more serious cause of suffering that she felt shadowing her existence. A change was coming over the temper of her husband, that at first she would not see, until it forced itself upon her, beyond the power of denial. He had nobly met the shock, and remained true to himself among men; but the first burst of feeling over, and he could not always command his temper at home. He spoke quickly and impatiently to his sweet wife, who had hitherto been the pride and idol of his existence. Not that he loved her less. Perhaps even his affection struck deeper root in his heart, now that she was the only being upon earth whom he encountered without fresh aggravation to his chafed and irritated spirit.

Warrington was a proud man; and perhaps such a man alone can know the harassing mortifications that beset a bankrupt merchant; 'tortures the poor alone can know, the proud alone can feel.' But if his mornings were spent in the anguish such spirits must undergo at such times, was the ordeal that his wife went through nothing? She, the fair, the delicate, she upon whose brow the breath of heaven had never been suffered to blow rudely, was now brought to household details wearying to the frame; and as the sole nurse, teacher and play-mate of her children, the calls upon her strength and patience were unremitting from the hour she rose until evening saw them nestling in their little beds. And then when she descended to her small parlor, and lighted her astral lamp, and tried to throw a cheerful air over the poverty that was almost squalid, with the hope of sustaining and cheering her husband, she felt that when he came with gloomy brow and short, hasty, and sometimes even harsh answers, that if *this* was poverty, it was misery indeed of which she had never dreamed before.

How often is it thus! Men can be great upon great occasions; but ah! how much oftener is it that they are unequal to life's lesser trials! They think not of the wounds they inflict upon a gentle spirit in giving way to irritability, or of the pangs caused by a harsh word, which will call tears to eyes that have looked upon misfortune with firmness and without weeping.

CHAPTER FOURTH.

'THEN let us cheerfu' acquiesce,
Nor make our scanty pleasures less,
By pining at our state :
And even should misfortunes come,
They give the wit of age to youth,
They let us ken ourself.'

BURNS.

'By the way, what has become of the Warringtons, Mrs. Wight? Do you ever see or hear any thing of them?'

'No. I imagine they have gone down pretty well in the world. The last time I saw her she looked very poor and shabby. However, that's neither here nor there; and as I was telling you ——' And off went this sympathizing lady to finish the ~~long~~ prosing story in which she had been interrupted by some one's ~~making~~ the above inquiry about her old friends.

'The Warringtons?' said a young lady, who just then joined the circle; 'what did I hear about them? He's dead, is he not, or is it Mrs. Warrington? Something I know happened to the family six months ago, but I forget what; I have not seen any thing of of them for an age.'

'They are both alive and well,' said Ellen Manners. 'Mr. Warrington failed about a year ago. Perhaps that is what you are thinking of.'

'Oh, true; so it is. Well, they are fashionably if not physically dead,' replied the young lady, laughing. 'It amounts to about the same thing.'

'To you perhaps it does,' answered Miss Manners; 'to them and their friends however, it is not quite the same.'

Mr. Leslie, a clever young man, who had formerly occasionally visited the Warringtons, turned to Ellen and said:

'You see them then sometimes, Miss Manners?'

'Oh, constantly: almost every day.'

Mr. Leslie moved to a seat beside her, as he said:

'I always was interested in Mrs. Warrington, but feared that they would deem it unseasonable if I, a stranger, intruded on them in their troubles. It must have been a dreadful change for her. How has she borne it?' The tone of interest with which he spoke went to Ellen's heart, as she answered:

'Like an angel. In her prosperity I only knew her as a beautiful, kind-hearted, accomplished woman. In her trials she has shown a degree of fortitude, patience and upright firmness that has astonished me. The surface of her character was lovely; but I never knew its depths, and I doubt if she knew them herself till drawn forth by sorrow.'

The sensibility of Ellen's countenance and the warm earnestness with which she spoke, struck Leslie. He saw that her's was not the ephemeral fashionable friendship that warms in the sun-light to die in the shade, and he had the good sense to prize a warm heart as well as pretty face. If we mistake not, Ellen Manners has sealed her fate with one capable of winning and appreciating her.

By this time Mrs. Wight, having got through her own gossip, began to feel a little curiosity about the 'poor Warringtons,' as she called them.

'Did I not hear you say, Miss Manners, that you sometimes see them? How are they getting on?'

Ellen however had no inclination to make her friend's feelings and affairs the subject of a morning chat to gratify idle curiosity; so she slightly evaded the matter, and turned away.

'Well,' continued Mrs. Wight, 'it is amazing to me how people can run through their fortunes so. There are the B.'s; they had a nice property, but he must speculate it all away. The F——'s, living at a rate of ten thousand a year, when they had but five. The A——'s; Lord knows how they got through with theirs. People must not expect to eat their cake and have it too. For my part I have no sympathy for such folly.' (Nobody ever supposed she had sympathy for any kind of suffering.) And thus she proved to her own satisfaction, if not to that of others, that all poverty is the result of extravagance or imprudence, and consequently to be looked upon as a righteous judgment upon sin.'

Thus it is that ignorantly, and for that reason often unkindly, are the circumstances and trials that touch not themselves, judged by careless and superficial observers.

And where in the mean time is Mrs. Warrington, who is deemed 'dead or should be so,' by those who once thronged her gay establishment to flatter and admire?

'There 's some exception, man an' woman,
But this is gentry's life in common.'

She is fulfilling her daily routine of petty and wearing duties with failing strength and sinking heart. Could she have seen her husband what he once was, she could have borne the rest with a cheerful spirit and contented heart. But 'man to man so oft unjust, is always so to woman.' The difficulty of providing for the daily wants of his family was adding, with other harassing causes, fresh fuel to that irritability which now seemed settling in a *habit*. His wife could not always know when he had money and when not, and consequently she frequently presented him little bills or made applications when he was without the means to meet her demands. And rarely was the mortifying fact announced, without some testy remark as to 'her want of management,' or 'that he could not afford to pay such bills,' no matter how reasonable or how necessary those she presented him. She knew the source from whence this impatience proceeded, as he always promptly gave her when he had the power. But although she bore it in the gentlest, kindest, and even most pitying spirit, it could not but sink into her heart; and when she found herself compelled by the daily wants of the household to renew such applications, it was with an apprehensive mind and beating heart.

One day something seemed to have gone wrong at the counting-house, for he returned home more excited and irritable than usual.

His wife sat holding her youngest child, a smiling rosy infant of two years old, when the door burst open, and the eldest, a fine manly boy of five years old, dashed into the room in a high game of romps, crying: 'Look, Mamma! look at my horse!'

Warrington's nerves seemed strung to that pitch when a straw is unendurable, and he hastily stepped forward and struck the child, saying: 'What are you making all this racket about, Sir?'

The child, terrified and hurt, roared as lungs of five years old alone can roar; and the baby, as is usual on such occasions, joined in the chorus for company's sake. The noise was deafening indeed. 'For God's sake!' exclaimed Mr. Warrington, 'send them up stairs!'

His wife rose, the color mounting in her cheeks, and carrying the infant in her arms, and leading the boy, left the room. As the door closed upon them, he felt the violence he had been guilty of, for never in his life before had he laid the weight of his finger on human being, and he would have given worlds to recall the last ten minutes.

Dinner was presently upon table, and he desired the servant to call his wife. She returned soon, saying: 'Mrs. Warrington could not leave the children. She did not wish any dinner, and begged Mr. Warrington would sit down without her.'

Warrington actually colored with shame, as he remembered that when he had ordered the children from the room, the one maid-of-all-work was dishing dinner, and that there was no one but his wife to play the part of nurse. Too proud however to go and seek her, he moodily took his place at table, hoping that she would join him before the cloth was removed. He was mistaken however. His wife though gentle was not deficient in spirit, and her heart now ~~throbbed~~ **throbbed** with indignation as well as sorrow. And when she heard him quit the house, without one word or look of atonement, she gave way to an anguish of spirit she had never known before. 'Were the lives of her young and unconscious children to be shadowed by fear and suffering?'—and she wept long and bitterly over the dreary prospect before her.

Although her husband had gone forth in apparent neglect of her feelings, never had he quitted the house so thoroughly uncomfortable as he was that afternoon. Pride, shame and temper were all contending in his heart. His restless and unquiet spirit brought him home at an earlier hour than usual. As he entered the small parlor, he did not find his wife, according to her custom, preparing tea, and giving an air of home to those otherwise miserable apartments. There was no light there save from the fire, and not a creature in the room. He passed up with a quick but light step to the nursery. As he entered he found that his wife had been performing her usual offices, and that the children were sleeping for the night. The light stood upon the hearth, shaded from the bed; and as he approached he saw that his wife, who sat beside their boy, with her head resting on his pillow, slept too. As he gazed upon that fair face, so pale and wan, the long dark lashes still wet

with tears, as it lay contrasted beside the glowing cheeks of his boy, rounded in youth and happiness, his heart smote him. He remembered that but a little while, and she who now looked so sad and pale had been scarce less bright and blooming than the child. In a flash his mind travelled back through the last miserable year of their lives; he thought of her trials and sufferings; and he was an altered man. He gently stooped to kiss the boy, and in so doing he awoke his wife. He took her hand, and with a look of other days, said: 'Forgive me! it shall not happen again.'

That night was the commencement of a new era of existence to her who had learned so much within the last twelve months.

CONCLUSION.

'Should the diamond complain of the chisellings to which it owes its brightness and its value?'

OVERLAP.

A FEW days after this last scene, Warrington said to his wife:

'Mary, I think we have done very well this year. We have cleared all expenses, and have a small surplus.'

'What have our expenses been, George?'

'Two thousand dollars,' he answered.

'Give me,' she said, 'fifteen hundred, and I will promise to keep within it'

'What!' said he, smiling; 'you think you will prove the best economist of the two?'

'I think,' she replied, returning his smile, 'that I at least know as much about the matter as yourself. Give it me at regular periods, and then I shall not call upon you at inconvenient seasons, nor will my heart beat as it does now at the sight of a bill.'

'Your heart beat at the sight of a bill? Good Heavens, Mary! You do not mean to say that you have grown afraid of me?'

She answered playfully: 'I said I was afraid of a bill.'

He understood her, however, and was greatly shocked. He made the arrangement at once that she desired; and from that time forward the household expenses were never a source of disquietude between them.

Henceforth Happiness again threw her light around them. Health once more glowed on Mrs. Warrington's cheek, and marked her elastic step. 'Tis true they still were compelled to pursue their life of unremitting industry and economy; but the evenings found them, after the labors of the day, seated in their little parlor, where books, conversation, and sometimes music made the hours pass cheerfully away.

With hearts invigorated and spirits refreshed, they mingled occasionally with their friends; and Mrs. Warrington found, as with her renewed happiness came the power of giving as of receiving pleasure, she was once again greeted with the admiration and almost the attention of former days. And thus she perceived that if she had felt that there was a change before in those around her,

the fault was not all to be charged to 'society,' that 'many-headed monster.' Now that she forgot her reverses, others forgot them too; and she concluded that if she had found the world somewhat cold and careless, she had been too sensitive and exacting.

'How beautiful your friend Mrs. Warrington looks to-night!' said Leslie to Ellen Manners one evening at a small *soirée*. 'I think she is more beautiful than formerly. There is an expression of sensibility in that dark eye, and of thought upon that fair brow, more lovely than the radiant beauty of two years since.'

'Yes,' said Ellen, 'her character has been elevated and strengthened by the suffering she has passed through, and it has set its seal upon her countenance.'

'If,' continued Leslie, 'her mind has been strengthened, her husband's has been purified and softened by the same causes.'

'It has been a fearful ordeal though,' resumed Ellen. 'Who would wish to be improved,' she added with a smile, 'at such a cost? I would rather bear my faults 'thick blushing round my head,' than be corrected thus.'

'Fie! fie!' he said, half smilingly, half gravely; 'I know you better than you affect to know yourself.'

'Well, Ellen,' said her friend, 'when am I to congratulate you? Leslie was always a favorite of mine.'

Ellen blushed brightly, as she answered:

'You shall receive your summons in good time. Indeed,' she added gaily, 'I believe, had he not admired you so much, he never would have fancied me.'

YEARS passed on. Warrington's affairs prospered beyond his most sanguine hopes; and having paid his debts to the uttermost farthing, he and his wife resumed their places in the gay world, honored and beloved; wiser, nor less happy, for the failure. F. E. F.

V A N D E R L Y N ' S A R I A D N E .

How like a vision of pure love she seems!
 Her cheek just flushed with innocent repose,
 That folds her thoughts up in delicious dreams,
 Like dew-drops in the chalice of a rose;
 Pillowed upon her arm and raven hair,
 How archly rests that bright and peaceful brow!
 Its rounded pearl defiance bids to care,
 While kisses on the lips seem melting now;
 Prone in unconscious loveliness she lies,
 And leaves around her delicately sway;
 Veiled is the splendor of her beaming eyes,
 But o'er the limbs bewitching graces play:
 Ere into Eden's groves the serpent crept,
 Thus Eve within her leafy arbor slept.

H. T. TUCKERMAN.

L I N E S T O L A K E C H A M P L A I N .

I.

IN Switzerland and Italy,
 In Albion's sea-girt isle,
 Smooth lakes look up at the azure sky,
 Reflecting the heaven's smile.
 There the Sun looks down and, pleased, he pillows
 His red round head on the sleeping billows;
 There the Lady Moon, by her own pale light
 Peeps at her pensive face by night.
 But at morn there is no lake so blue,
 No lake at eve of such golden hue,
 No lake reflects the moon so true,
 As Lake Champlain.

II.

When purple dawn first tints the East,
 The Lake lies blue and dark;
 And while the moon fades o'er her breast,
 Up springs the jocund lark.
 At evening, when the sun sets red
 Behind yon mountain's cloudy head,
 Each wave is in molten splendor rolled;
 It seems a lake of liquid gold!
 When the hornéd moon appears at night,
 Robing her breast in dimpled light,
 The dancing waves shine twinkling bright
 On Lake Champlain.

III.

Bound round by the crystal tide, are seen
 The Brother-Islands three;
 Like jewels of the emerald green
 All set in a silver sea.
 When the wind is high, when the waves roar loud,
 And the moon is hid by a thunder-cloud,
 From the lonely isle, where the hoarse surges rave,
 The beacon beams cheerily over the wave!
 Though lowering sorrows cloud our sight,
 Though life's rough stream be dark as night,
 Yet Hope beams bright, like the beacon-light
 On Lake Champlain.

IV

In winter, when Earth is barren and bare,
 The Lake in beauty lies;
 For the hues that floated in summer air
 Now tint the glistening ice.
 While all is cold and hard above,
 Under the ice the warm waves move;
 Thus the old man's head is white as snow,
 While his heart beats warm and young below;
 Like sorrows, which can ne'er molest
 The dead who 'neath their marbles rest,
 So storms blow o'er the frozen breast
 Of Lake Champlain.

v.

The Lake beneath the summer sun
Will murmur soon once more,
The waves with merry noise will run
To kiss the softened shore :
And oh ! when, after years unkennd,
The winter of the soul shall end,
The Sun of Righteousness shall bring
To heaven an everlasting spring ;
No longer on this lovely shore
Will beauty linger as before ;
By the River of Life we 'll think no more
Of Lake Champlain !

February, 1842.

H. B.

RECOLLECTIONS OF THE CHOLERA OF 1832.

BY GEORGE D. STRONG.

THE DESERTED HUSBAND.

It is the peculiar curse of a pestilence, that it is calculated to engender and strengthen the unworthy passion of fear, until all the more noble and elevated sentiments of our nature are absorbed and rendered subservient to its baneful influence. Numerous touching and beautiful instances, it is true, of self-devotion and courage, soaring above all selfish considerations, are not wanting to relieve the gloom of the picture ; but still a sufficient dereliction from duty and affection occurs to sadden the heart of the philanthropist, and aggravate and increase the horrors of the scene. With what rapid strides that fell scourge THE CHOLERA careered over every section of the habitable globe, defying and subduing the varied influences of climate and season, immolating in its path hecatombs of victims, is within the recollection of all. How many hearths made desolate, how many fine minds shipwrecked and rendered bankrupt in happiness for the present, and hope for the future, can attest the desolating march of the destroyer !

It was my fortune during the cholera season of 1832 to remain in New-York ; and from some cause, almost unknown to myself, I felt a resistless desire to communicate with the victims of the disease ; to study its peculiar phases, and to investigate the hidden phenomena of its existence. Perhaps a sentiment nearly allied to benevolence mingled with more selfish considerations ; for it is certain that either by design or accident I was enabled to relieve, or essentially mitigate, the sufferings of many a hapless victim. As my perambulations were generally made in company with my excellent friend Doctor R., whose benevolence and philanthropy were conspicuously called into exercise by day and by night, I was enabled to gather all the information that could be elicited by a

skilful and humane physician, deeply imbued with the love of his kind, and indefatigable in the attempt to investigate and bring to light the most hidden operations of the awful malady.

On the afternoon of a sultry and oppressive day in July, as we were sitting in the Doctor's office conversing on subjects connected with the pestilence, my companion reclining on a settee enjoying the luxury of a splendid 'Dosamigo,' the worthy physician remarked that as his duties during the morning had been peculiarly arduous, he trusted that an interval of leisure would elapse before he was again disturbed from his recumbent posture. 'At least,' said the Doctor, 'I will enjoy the aroma from every inch of my excellent cigar, before I budge a foot.'

Scarcely had he finished the sentence, when a miserable specimen of humanity presented himself, with the request that the Doctor would repair without delay to No. —, Elm-street, where a person was attacked with the cholera with great violence. My friend nodded in token of assent, and the ragged messenger departed.

'Is not this too bad!' said the Doctor. 'Here was I dissipating my cares in a volume of smoke, when this beggarly shoot of an evil tree must interrupt my cogitations! But what must be, *must* be; there's no help for it; so, *Allons, mon Ami!*' — and forth we sallied.

As we passed through the almost deserted streets, here and there we met a melancholy hearse, conveying a frail relic of mortality to his long home; no friend nor relative near to perform the last sad rites over the remains of a departed brother. Alas! what fond hopes, what clinging affections, what undying remembrances were entwined around the tenant of that rude deal-coffin! The great may toss their heads with scorn, the reckless may indulge in merriment, the proud may sneer, when the historian recounts the sad fate of the indigent and the lowly; but there are individuals distinguished by all the lofty attributes of genius and intelligence, whose hearts are consecrated to the cause of philanthropy; who can discern the sparkle of the gem through the depths of its incrustation, and honor virtue in the garb of humanity!

The residence of the patient was some ten minutes' walk from the Doctor's office; and on our tapping at the outer door, and inquiring for the person who was ill with the cholera, we were directed to the second story of the building; and we accordingly ascended the narrow flight of stairs that led to the sick man's apartment. So rapid had been our movements, that we had anticipated the messenger; and when we entered the room, the poor victim of disease was without an attendant. One glance at the patient was sufficient for us both, for I had gained by experience no little skill in detecting the nature of an attack; and the looks of sad intelligence exchanged between the worthy physician and myself interpreted too forcibly the opinion that the sick man's days were numbered. As the Doctor removed the slight covering to examine his pulse, I was enabled to perceive that the patient was a man of powerful frame; and the agonizing throes with which he combatted the

disease indicated a struggle no less powerful than brief; for the resistance they make to the grim Conqueror but seems to arouse his energies to renewed vigor, and to render more certain the fatal issue of the malady.

While the Doctor was prosecuting his inquiries, I threw a rapid glance around the apartment. The furniture was rather scanty, but the room still contained sufficient for comfort. The taste with which it was arranged exhibited a degree of refinement in the female department which rather surprised us, as no one was visible but the poor invalid. The humble ornaments which decorated the mantel were so placed as to give the proper effect to a framed engraving which was suspended above them; the small looking-glass was tastefully covered with gauze; fly-nets made of paper had been swung from different parts of the room; and a small, well-polished mahogany candle-stand, with leaf turned up, occupied a conspicuous corner of the apartment. The tardy messenger now appeared, and I promptly despatched him for a nurse whom I had before employed, and more effectually urged him to make great speed by the promise of an adequate reward. To do the fellow justice, the stimulant did arouse him, although before the experiment was tried I doubted the power of any force that could be applied to induce a rapid movement of his locomotive powers. In a few minutes the nurse appeared, and was despatched for some medicine to a neighboring apothecary. The drugs were soon procured, and the Doctor hastened to administer them. Up to this period the sick man appeared to take but little notice of any thing around him. During the interval that occurred between the paroxysms of the disease, he lay in a kind of stupor, and appeared almost in a state of unconsciousness.

After the remedies were administered, as the Doctor was standing by his bed-side, and I at a little distance from him, the patient rose abruptly in the bed, and in a sudden and heart-thrilling manner almost shouted forth: '*Shall I die, Doctor?*' Never shall I forget the concentration of agony which appeared in that inquiry! His very look sent back the blood to my heart, and his voice seemed to issue from the depths of a charnel-house. Gazing in the Doctor's face, as if life and death were hanging on his lips, he continued motionless as a statue. Every sense and every faculty seemed to be absorbed; and my worthy friend, whose nerve is proverbial, was evidently thrown off his balance. He hesitated, and could not reply while that beseeching look was riveted on him. He turned away and walked across the room and returned to the bed-side before he answered. Having collected his faculties he calmly observed, that life and death were with the Almighty; that his disease was certainly very violent, and that although recovery was possible, yet he solemnly advised him, if he had any thing to communicate, to seize the present opportunity.

The poor fellow appeared to comprehend the full extent of the Doctor's meaning, and sunk back exhausted on his pillow. For ten or fifteen minutes he exhibited some mental anxiety, and then

in a feeble tone requested the Doctor to listen to what he had to say. During all our stay, I could not but notice the stolid and indifferent countenance of the nurse whom I employed. She moved about the room as if the scenes that were passing had no interest for her. Nothing can be imagined more grating to one's feelings than to witness the cold and indifferent manner of a professional nurse. The first object that met my sight after the paroxysm of the sick man had passed, was our nurse busily intent on chasing a luckless fly around a pane of glass. She evidently knew nothing and cared less for the sick man's agony; and the groans of the dying and the fixed gasp of the departed were to her equally uninteresting. The patient briefly informed the Doctor that he was a married man, and that his wife and two children had moved to the house of a friend, about five miles from the city, on the Island. When he felt the first symptoms of the disease, he procured a person to proceed with a one-horse wagon to convey his wife to the city. She was expected every moment; and he said he almost regretted that he had sent for her, as she was greatly alarmed and excited about the disease, and he feared she might also be prostrated. He spoke feelingly, and with no little pathos lamented his being withdrawn from the guardianship of his dear little ones, for whom he expressed the most ardent sympathy and affection. He had evidently improved his mind by reading and reflection, and his heart evinced kindness and good feeling.

While he was yet speaking the lad returned, but without the woman. He stated that her friends had persuaded her not to incur the risk, and after a great struggle of feeling she had concluded to remain. As he delivered the message, the sick man rolled over in the bed, and no exhortations nor entreaties could arouse him from the depths of despair in which his wife's continued absence had plunged him. The mental anguish he suffered was intense, but it was only visible in the twitchings and convulsive movements of the muscles of his face. As the Doctor was compelled to travel his afternoon rounds, we left the apartment, and were both lost in thought until new duties aroused my friend from his reverie, and gave to my mind renewed occupation.

After we had gone over the list and performed the required services, we returned to the Doctor's office. Finding nothing there to demand his presence, we wended our way to the residence of the cholera-patient in Elm-street. The afternoon was beautiful; the beams of the setting sun flashed brightly and gaily against the windows, spires, cupolas, and battlements of the deserted city, as if neither care nor sorrow nor suffering found an abiding place within its limits. We knocked at the door of the dwelling which contained the sick man. I supposed that the long agony was over; but it was not so. As we entered we found the nurse engaged in the important task of mending her apron, while the stolid messenger sat by the window watching the movements of two wrangling curs who were contending for the possession of a meatless bone. The breath still flickered in the bosom of the dying man, but it was evident

that the struggle was rapidly approaching its termination. His eye rolled upward until the iris was completely concealed by the lid. He appeared entirely insensible; neither by movement nor sign giving the least indication of intelligence. We remained, with the intention of witnessing the final issue, as we were of the opinion that some friend might be found who would perform the last duties over his remains.

There is nothing that so sharpens the perceptive powers as the continued stillness and awe which reign at a moment like this. The gathering shadows on the wall, as they slowly increased in breadth and distinctness, the fading features of the inmates of the apartment as the light gradually receded, and the unearthly pallor of the dying man, were rendered more ghastly in the incipient twilight; and every floating reflection of the moving objects without appeared in some way linked in mysterious union with the essential features of the scene. The ear was no less quickened than the sense of sight; for the ticking of an old silver watch on the mantelpiece, the chirping of a forlorn cricket on the hearth; even the buzzing of the flies, and the slight fluttering of the gauze that shrouded the plain mirror, were heard with surprising distinctness.

We had been in the room perhaps from fifteen to twenty minutes, when we heard some one rushing up the stairs, and were soon comforted by the form of a woman of middle age, her face burning like a living coal with excitement and fatigue. It was the sick man's wife; who, smitten with remorse after the messenger sent by her husband had left, had started on foot beneath a burning sun, and had just arrived to witness the death of her husband. With a scream she rushed to the bed-side. That scream rallied the expiring energies of the dying man. He rose in the bed, threw his arms about her neck, and with a smile hovering on his lips, fell back a corpse!

The afflicted woman stood for a moment, and then sunk down on the floor in a swoon. When respiration returned, her eyes flashed with the wild brightness of insanity. She stealthily moved about the room, saying in a whisper, 'Hush! hush! he's asleep! — don't disturb him! They told me that he was dying, but I knew better!' and she laughed in a manner which made me shudder. Again she moved around the room, whispering, 'Hush! hush! — he's asleep!' And if we failed to pay attention to her request, she would fiercely exclaim: 'Don't! — I tell you he's asleep!'

At length the symptoms of the fatal pestilence appeared on her person, accompanied by too certain indications of a fatal result. She had recovered her senses, and appeared gratified at the opportunity of atoning for her momentary alienation from duty and affection by the sacrifice of her life. In eloquent and touching language she appealed to the sympathies of the Doctor and myself for her orphan children, and uttered a brief but earnest prayer to the Almighty in behalf of herself and those who were near and dear to her. I have heard many beautiful harangues, but no human eloquence could rival the impassioned fervor, deep pathos, and enchaining interest,

that flows from the lips of those who plead their cause at the Bar of Time, but anticipate judgment from the Bench of Eternity. In less than two hours her spirit had departed, and we laid her lifeless remains by the side of her deceased husband.

By considerable solicitation, and the promise of indemnity for all advances, we procured the agency of the persons who inhabited a part of the same dwelling to take charge of burying the dead. A neat little slab marks the spot where the reconciled partners in suffering repose, and the orphan children have been judiciously provided for.

S I R T O G G E N B U R G : A B A L L A D .

TRANSLATED FROM THE GERMAN OF FRIEDRICH VON SCHILLER, BY MRS. JAMES HALL.

I.

' KNIGHT! true sister-love for ever
Plights my heart to thee;
Other love I ask for never,
Yet 'tis grief to me.
Ever calm my heart appears,
Calm I see thee go;
Strangely seem thine eyes' still tears,
That refuse to flow.'

III.

And he hears with silent pain —
Tears him from her side;
Clasps her in his arms again,
Mounts his horse to ride:
Calls his men all, near and far,
In the Switz-land home,
To the Holy Sepulchre
With cross on breast to roam.

II.

Mighty deeds were done, I ween,
By that hero's arm;
Still his helmet's plume was seen
In the battle's swarm;
And the Toggenburger's name
Was the Moorman's knell;
Yet his heart's lone anguish, Fame
Had not power to quell.

IV.

He has borne it for a year,
He can bear no more;
Peace his sorrow finds not here,
And he leaves the war:
He saw a ship on Joppa's strand
With its white sails spread,
And homeward sought the dear-loved land
Where the breezes led.

v.

At his ancient castle's entrance
 Knocks the pilgrim low ;
 Ah ! and with a thunder-sentence
 It is opened now :
 ' She you seek has ta'en the veil —
 Is the bride of Heaven ;
 Yestreen, at the festival,
 She to God was given.'

vi.

Then he quitted evermore
 His ancestral home,
 Donned his armor nevermore —
 Left his steed to roam ;
 From the Toggenburger's court
 He came down unknown,
 For his noble limbs he sought
 Hair-cloth garb alone.

vii.

And a little hut he rears
 Where the place he sees,
 Where the cloister-wall appears
 Mid dark linden trees :
 Waiting from the morning rise
 Till the evening shone,
 Calm hope beaming in his eyes,
 Sat he there alone,

viii.

Gazing to the cloister yonder,
 Till the long day's close ;
 Gazing to the loved one's window,
 Till the window rose ;
 Till the loved one came to meet him,
 Till the dear face smiled,
 Bending in her veil to greet him,
 Calm and angel-mild.

ix.

Joyfully he laid him then
 In his hut to dream ;
 Still rejoicing when again
 Morning's light would beam.
 So he sat till many a summer,
 Many a winter's close,
 Waiting without pain or murmur,
 Till the window rose :

x.

Till the loved one came to meet him,
 Till the dear face smiled,
 Bending in her veil to greet him,
 Calm and angel-mild.
 And so sat he there one morning,
 Gone was life and breath,
 Yet toward the window turning
 Wistful looks in death.

THE QUOD CORRESPONDENCE.

The Attorney.

CHAPTER XXIX.

THE Attorney had been admitted to bail, in a heavy amount. Few would have assisted him from feelings of friendship; but he had so strong a hold upon the fears of many, that he found no difficulty in obtaining sureties for his appearance to stand his trial and abide the sentence of the law. These being given, he was once more at large, to scheme and plan.

It was on a bright, clear afternoon that he was walking slowly along the street toward his office. That morning the Surrogate had decided the forged Will to be valid, and had admitted it to probate. The dearest scheme of his heart had succeeded; yet he wore a clouded brow. He had much to harass him; for the Grand Jury had brought in a bill against him for his attempt upon the life of Wilkins; and in a few days he would be obliged to appear as a felon at the bar. He felt but too truly that his course had been such as to repel all sympathy, and to gather about his path only those who would rejoice at his downfall. 'Imprisonment! disgrace! a convict!—a convict!' muttered he; 'shall I run for it?—forfeit my recognizance, and in a foreign land laugh to scorn their laws, and shut my ears to the opinion of the world? My wealth will command respect. The world might taunt with his infamy, 'Bolton, the plodding lawyer, who starved on his fees and truckled to the rich;' but who will dare to insult the owner of two hundred thousand dollars?' And he raised himself erect, and looked menacingly about him, as if to confront any such offender, while his lip curled as in scorn of those who in his fancy bent the knee to his coffers. 'Well, well; I'll think of it. There's time enough yet. Could I but bribe those witnesses to forfeit their bonds and be out of the way, I might easily silence Wilkins. Indeed, I'm told that he was seen but yesterday, stark mad; so that his evidence goes for nothing. One of those men is poor; gold might work upon him—and I could spare much rather than risk this public exposure. But the other—the Doctor; there's the rub—*there's* the rub!'

Thus musing and muttering, Bolton went on. But he felt that he had not that readiness of purpose which usually marked him. There was a heaviness about his faculties which he could not shake off; and at times a strange fear flung its shadow over his heart. It came and was gone, almost in the same moment, leaving nothing behind it but a vague dread of—he knew not what. He could trace it to no cause. He endeavored to reason himself out of it.

He was in perfect health ; somewhat jaded and worn down by mental anxiety, it was true ; but his physical condition had never been better. He drew a long breath. His lungs played freely. He stamped his foot on the ground to try its strength. ' Nothing wrong *there*,' said he. ' I should say that twenty good years were before me. I may have taxed my brain, but I never abused my body ; and the reward of my abstinence will be a green old age — ay, and a wealthy one !' As he said this, the word ' IMPRISONMENT ' sounded so distinctly in his ear that it made him start ; and he turned to see who had uttered it ; but there was no one near ; and then came that same dark, creeping sensation of fear. The sky was clear and cloudless ; the world was teeming with life ; thousands were moving about him, full of strength and vigor, pursuing their every-day plans, and each carrying out his own great dream of existence. *They* had no apprehension. They had no forebodings. They were but men, mortal like himself ; and why should he be haunted with these forebodings when *they* were not ? '*They* are not *dreamers*,' said he, ' and I *am* !'

It was late when he came to the house in which was his office. Every thing seemed so bright and cheerful in the streets, and the interior of the old building looked so gloomy and chilly, that he felt reluctant to enter it, but strolled on until it began to grow dark. Then he directed his steps toward it. At the door he stopped, and looked up and down the street and at the sky. There were thoughts in the head of that man as he stood there, with his face turned toward the clear heavens, which had never been there before ; yet he spoke not a word, but drawing a long breath of pure air, as if to fortify himself against the stagnant exhalations within, slowly ascended the stairs and entered his office.

' You may go, Tom,' said he to the boy, who was out of the office almost before the sentence was concluded.

Bolton stood still and looked abstractedly at the door after he was gone, as if he had something to say to him, and was endeavoring to recall it to his mind ; and then he went into the other room and sat down. Several letters were lying on the table ; and although it was his habit to open all letters immediately, yet he was now so absorbed in his own reflections that he did not perceive them. At last he got up, lighted a candle, and taking them up one by one, read their superscriptions. One was in the hand-writing of Higgs ; and this, with a slight feeling of trepidation, he opened. It ran thus :

' DEAR SIR: I've been at the Surrogate's office to-day, and find the old boy has gone in your favor. When will you be ready to hand over the twenty thousand dollars ? I want to get it as soon as possible, and be off ; for after swearing to the execution of a document what never was executed, and to the signature of that very respectable old gentleman, John Crawford, who I never clapped eyes on in all my life, I feel as if the air of the city was'nt healthy for me. Perjury has done for Wilkins ; for he's gone mad, and will die soon ; so you'll get clear of paying him, and might in considera-

tion of that, toss me over a few odd thousands. But I don't press that; and as we made the bargain fairly, beforehand, I'll stick to it; and to tell the truth, I've known many a clever fellow swear to a lie for less than half the money. I'll call to-morrow; and if you can pony up by that time I'd like it all the better, as I want to be out of the reach of the law, which has a devil of a long arm.

WILLIAM HIGGS.'

'The sooner he goes the better!' said Bolton, throwing the letter on the table. 'His testimony, if wanted hereafter, can be taken under a commission; and if not needed he's better out of the way. But twenty thousand dollars cannot be raised by to-morrow. The thing's impossible.'

He sat drumming his fingers on the table, until they accidentally touched one of the other letters. He took it up and held it to the light. 'It's from Camden,' said he; 'that old matter of Whalter and Ross. Let's see what he says.'

He broke the seal and read the first page, and then laid the letter down. He then opened the others, glanced at their contents, and threw them from him. As he did so, his eye accidentally fell again on the letter from Mr. Camden; and at the lower part of the page, below the signature, he observed the two words, '*Turn over.*' Mechanically he took up the letter and read the postscript attached. In an instant his brow became knitted, his breath short and spasmodic. His eyes seemed starting from their sockets toward the paper; and then with a feeble, plaintive cry, almost like the wail of an infant, he sank back in his chair, completely powerless, his arms drooping at his side, but with his eyes still glaring at that fatal letter. The contents were these:

Albany, March 10, 183—.

'REUBEN BOLTON, Esq.:

'DEAR SIR: Will you inform your client that Mr. Isaacs will have the money ready to pay off the mortgage on his farm in a week from to-day, at which time I will remit you a draft for the amount, on one of the banks in your city.

'The proposal made by you, in the suit of Whalter *vs.* Ross, Mr. Whalter declines acceding to; and unless a more favorable one can be made, I shall notice the cause for trial at the next Circuit. You can see Mr. Ross, and learn whether he has any thing better to offer. Let me hear from you as early as possible; as in the event of my not doing so, I shall suppose that you have nothing farther to propose, and shall proceed accordingly.

'Yours respectfully,

(*Turn over.*)

'JOHN CAMDEN.

'P. S. I have just heard of the death of a client of yours, John Crawford. In the month of October last he was taken suddenly ill in this city, and being much alarmed, got me to draw up a Will, which he executed. He afterward recovered, and went off, leaving it with me, intending to call for it on his return. His business

however taking him in another direction, he did not return to Albany; and the Will is still in my possession. I shall be in the city in a few days, and will bring it with me. Please intimate this to his daughter, who being his sole devisee, is the most interested in the matter.

J. C.'

Hour after hour passed; still there sat the Attorney, looking at that letter. He seemed to have grown old since he entered the room. His face was haggard; his temples sunken; and he twisted his fingers one in another with a kind of childish helplessness.

It was near midnight; and a faint noise echoing through the street made him start and cast his eyes fearfully about him; for he was grown within the last few hours as superstitious as a child. Then he thought of getting up and going to his own home, away from this sad, gloomy office; but he was afraid. His thoughts were not of punishment. They were of the grave; of the earth-worm; of the future, and its unknown eternity. He began to recall to mind what he had done, which he must account for hereafter. He began to think his acts over one by one. How clear his memory was! He recollected, as if it were but yesterday, one man whom he had defrauded of all he owned. He had died in that very room, at his feet; and had cursed him with his dying breath. He knew that that curse was upon him; he felt its weight palpably pressing him to the earth. Well, the man had died; they said his heart was broken; his family had become beggars, and his only child, a beautiful girl, was now a common harlot in the streets. He thought of a poor woman whose son he had imprisoned years before, for a trifling debt. The son died in jail, and the mother went mad, and would watch for hours at the office-door until he came out; and then would shake her long, skinny finger at him, and laugh in his ear until it made his flesh creep. Then he thought of many who had come to him in his legal capacity; those whom he was grinding to the dust, to beg for a little delay; but a week, nay even a day, and they would pay him all; but like a good lawyer, and one who had the interests of his clients at heart, he had crushed them to the earth; had wrung from them their last cent, and had thrown it into the coffers of the rich whom he served. He had turned a deaf ear to them all; but they came *now*. They *would* be heard! Their cries were ringing in his ear. He fancied that he saw this sad array coming slowly down the dim street; gliding in the old building one after another; shadowy and spectral, on they came, up the creaking stairs, along the dark entry, until they were crowding at the door of the office. He could hear them whisper, and fancied that they were pointing at him from without.

He drew his chair closer to the fire; he stirred up the dying coals, for he was beginning to be chilly; and felt that if there were a blaze it would not be so lonely. He coughed loudly too, and rattled the poker against the bars of the grate; for there was something in the dread silence that made him shudder. The feeling however would not go off, for when he ceased, the stillness seemed more

intense and fearful. He would have given worlds to have been in his own room in bed; but he dared not venture along that dark passage, crowded with accusers. Then he fancied that the office looked darker and more gloomy; that the lights were duller than usual, and he got up and trimmed them; but still there was the same dull, uncertain light. He tried to argue himself out of these fears; to laugh them off as ridiculous; and he threw himself back in his chair and laughed aloud. If ever mortal man felt the agony of terror, he did; for at that moment his laugh was echoed from the dark passage! Crouching back in his chair, with his heart beating fast and hard, and gasping for breath, his hair bristling, he sat watching the door. He heard a slight motion in the entry, like a sliding, creeping step. It stopped. Then it came again, and nearer; then a hand touched the knob, and was withdrawn. Then it took it again, turned it, and opened the door ajar; and two bright eyes glared in through the crack. It opened wider; and a tall, gaunt figure stole cautiously in, turning the key after it. It then slowly and with a cat-like step crept toward the Attorney, until it came in the full light of the candles.

With a feeling partly of horror and partly of relief, Bolton sprang to his feet, as the light revealed to him the ghastly features of Wilkins.

‘Wilkins!’ exclaimed he.

‘That’s me!’ said the other, looking vacantly about him. ‘That’s me! I wonder where Lucy is!’

‘Lucy? — your wife?’ exclaimed the Attorney, staring at him. ‘Why *you* should know. She’s dead, long ago.’

‘They told me so,’ said he, shaking his head sadly; ‘but I didn’t believe it. She wouldn’t die and leave me all alone. I know she wouldn’t. It wasn’t like her.’

‘Poor fellow!’ muttered Bolton. ‘It’s too true. She’s dead.’

‘Dead! Then who murdered her?’ shouted the maniac, confronting the Attorney; ‘who murdered her, I say?’ he fairly screamed, and at the same time advancing; ‘who murdered her? I’ll *tell* you who did it! It was Reuben Bolton! *He* did it! She told me so, in the grave-yard. I laid my head upon her grave, and she spoke to me, and told me; and I swore I would have revenge! And now I’m looking for him!’

‘Good God! George!’ exclaimed the Attorney, shrinking from the excited mad-man. ‘I never harmed your wife; indeed I did not!’

‘Who are you?’ demanded Wilkins, clutching him by the coat, and dragging him forward with a strength that his appearance scarcely indicated. ‘Ha! have I found you?’

‘God! George! I never harmed your wife!’ exclaimed Bolton, absolutely paralysed with fear; ‘never, on my soul!’

‘You lie! you lie! Where is she then?’ demanded Wilkins, now roused to a perfect frenzy of madness. ‘I swore I’d revenge her! I’ve caught him! — now for his blood! Huzza! huzza!’

shouted he, suddenly dashing his hand in his bosom, and drawing out a large knife.

‘God of heaven! protect me!’ exclaimed the Attorney, struggling to get loose. ‘Help! help! help!’

Now, however, Wilkins was ungovernable. He sprang upon the Attorney, and bore him to the earth; but Bolton was a muscular man, and driven to desperation, his struggles were fearful. He threw Wilkins from him, and although wounded, contrived to get to his feet and grasp the iron poker. This however offered but slight resistance to the maniac. Regardless of blows, he dashed in upon the Attorney, and drove the knife to the haft in his stomach, and drew it out with a long downward cut; and as the wretched man fell, he sprang upon him, and hacked and gashed him until his loud screams were stopped by the blood that gushed up from his throat, and his groans and cries sank into silence.

In the morning when the clerk came to open the office, the key was not in its usual place. He knocked, thinking that business had called the Attorney there earlier than usual; but all was quiet. He went to Bolton’s lodgings; but he had not been there. He returned and wandered about the premises, supposing that Bolton might have gone out, and would be back shortly. But hour after hour passed, and it became late in the morning; still Bolton did not come. By this time the clerk’s anxiety had increased, and fear and suspicion began to take the place of uncertainty. These communicated themselves to others to whom he mentioned them. A small group collected about the house, and finally ascended to the office-door and knocked. No answer. One of them then placed his shoulder to it and burst it open.

On the floor in front of them, stone-dead, was the lawyer; and crouching at his side, like a wild beast, with his long talons still clenched in the folds of the cravat of his victim, sat an object that scarcely seemed human; his large eyes glaring like fire from the deep caverns in which they were sunken, his beard black and unshorn, his teeth protruding like fangs, his face dabbled with dirt and blood, his clothes in rags, and his hair hanging like ropes on his shoulders. Such was Wilkins!

They rushed in and dragged him from his prey. He made no resistance, but laughed until he made the building ring; and then with a shout he suddenly broke from them, and darted out of the house with a speed that baffled all pursuit.

There was one tie of relationship that yet linked Wilkins to the earth, and that was a mother, whom he had not seen for years; and toward her home, with that strange instinct that sometimes lingers in a blasted mind when all else is wrecked for ever, directed his course; sometimes pausing, sometimes straying far off in another direction, but in the end always making that his destination. And so he wandered on until night; and then, gaunt, haggard, like one in the last stage of mortal disease, he stood before his mother.

Thirty miles had the miserable man come that day on foot. His feet were bleeding, and left their red tracks on the floor as he stood there. 'Lock the door, mother,' said he, gazing wildly about him; 'they're after me!'

'George! my boy! my own dear boy!' exclaimed the old woman, hobbling across the room and flinging her arms about his neck, as soon as she recognized him; 'and you have come at last?'

'Why don't you lock the door?' said he, looking restlessly around as he spoke. 'They're after me; and they'll have me! Oh! mother! save me from them!' And the wretched outcast threw his arms about her, and buried his face in her bosom, as if he were again a child, and sought the shelter which she once could give.

His mother gradually withdrew herself from his hold, and going to the door, shut and bolted it. 'There, George, you are safe now,' said she; 'now tell me all about it. What ails you? And Lucy, where is she?'

But Wilkins' mind was wandering, and he seemed restless. He got up and went to the door; then returned, and then went to it again, and tried the bolts and bars; and having done this, he sat down and took her hand, and looked up in her face with a childish vacancy that made her fear the worst; and then he laid his head quietly on her knees, and was soon asleep.

He slept for more than an hour; a perturbed and broken slumber, sometimes muttering to himself, sometimes laughing in a low merry tone, and at times gnashing his teeth. At last he awoke, and sat up, gazing about the room.

'Mother!' said he, in a low tone, 'is that you?'

'Yes, my child!' said she, bending over him, and putting his matted hair back from his sunken forehead.

'And it's all a dream!' muttered he; 'all a dream! Well, well; I thought that I had become a man, and had married; and that *she* was in her grave, and that *he* had murdered her, and that I killed him, and that *they* were after me. Is that *blood* on my hands, mother?' said he, suddenly starting up and extending toward her his two hands, which were still stained with the blood of his last night's work. 'Is that blood? Have I killed any body?'

'No, no, my dear boy; you have not!' exclaimed his mother. 'Lie down, lie down; that's a dear boy. You're very tired; so go to sleep.'

Wilkins made no reply; but sat gazing with a troubled look at his own hands. At last he again laid his head upon her knees. 'Cover me up, mother; I'm very cold.' His mother threw something over him. 'There, now put your arms around me. You'll keep them off when they come, wo'n't you?'

The old woman bent her head over him, and wept; and the wretched man, nestling up to her like a child, looked in her face and smiled, then laid his head down and closed his eyes.

He never opened them again; for when his mother attempted to arouse him, after a long time, his head fell back. Wilkins was dead!

CHAPTER XXX.

FAR and wide rang the news of that fearful murder. Men stopped each other to talk of it in the crowded streets, and women gossipped over it at their fire-sides until they drove the blood from their own cheeks. From morning till night hundreds loitered about the blood-stained building, gazing at its old walls and crumbling cornices with that mixture of apprehension and delight which go hand in hand so strangely. Some were busy in conjecturing which was the room wherein the deed was done. Some stood in silence with folded arms. One or two ventured into the passage and up the stairs; and as they creaked beneath their tread, they sank their voices and spoke in whispers; and having looked at the door of the office, and pointed it out to each other, they slunk out, without going in, glad to be once more in the open air. At last the police took the matter in hand. They went to the room and examined it; overhauled the papers, winked their eyes solemnly at the bloody knife, which still lay on the floor; shook their heads and made profound remarks to each other, in a solemn tone, which struck peculiar awe to the hearts of three small boys who had followed at their heels. After taking voluminous notes, they came out, shut the door with a loud bang, and locked it, so that none should enter. The crowd hung round the spot for several days; but as the wonder grew stale it gradually melted away, leaving the old house to silence and an evil name.

But bright things were in store for others who have largely figured in this story. Mingled with the rumors which were rife respecting the death of the Attorney, was one of the detection of the foul fraud attempted by him against the daughter of Mr. Crawford, which had been brought to light by letters found in his possession at the time of his death. These reports reaching the ears of Mr. Camden, hastened his movements. He forthwith proceeded to the city with the authentic will of Mr. Crawford in his possession. Before his arrival, having been informed of all that had transpired respecting the forged document, and being ignorant of the address of Miss Crawford, he went directly to Mr. Fisk, to whom he delivered the real Will, and who immediately took the proper steps to have it admitted to probate, and the previous one annulled.

Great was the joy of Doctor Thurston on receiving this news. He hastened to Miss Crawford's house, and kicked the slow servant, partly because he kept him waiting too long at the door, and partly because he told him that what he was so anxious to communicate belonged to that valuable class of information called by way of distinction 'piper's news.' Once in the house, he hurried up to Miss Crawford's apartment, took both of her hands in his, shook them violently, gave her a hearty salute, and then trotted out of the room. When in the entry, however, it struck him that he had not sufficiently testified his satisfaction; so he opened the door, thrust in his head, and exclaiming, 'Damme! I'm delighted!' shut it after him,

and sallied into the parlor, where he repeated nearly the same ceremonies, omitting the salute, upon Wharton, whom he found sitting there. Having thus got rid of the first ebullition of his pleasure, he commenced walking up and down the room, rubbing his hands together as if deriving intense satisfaction from the operation; occasionally chuckling, and hugging himself up as if he had lately been seized with a violent and somewhat spasmodic attachment to his own person. At last he stopped in front of Wharton:

‘Frank!’ said he.

Wharton looked up.

‘Helen is a fine girl—a very fine girl; I think I might venture to say, a d—d fine girl!’

Having thus asserted Miss Crawford’s character, and clenched the last assertion by a blow of his fist on the table, he again paced the room, rubbing his hands, and embracing himself more violently than ever; while Wharton patiently waited for the conclusion of the sentence, which his knowledge of the Doctor’s habits made him aware would come in due season.

‘Rich, too—rich, Frank; handsome, young—a glorious girl!—a prize for a king! Is n’t she?’ And he now looked at him until he got an assenting answer.

‘Nobody in the world to care for her but me, is there?’

Again he paused, and looked Wharton steadily in the face; but this time no answer came.

‘Very well. I thought as much. She’s all alone, poor girl! She’s under some obligations to me, too; and she shan’t go a-begging for a protector. I’m not so *very* old. Look at that leg!’ said he, stretching out his right supporter, ‘and that arm; firm as iron! I’ll marry her myself!’

As he said this he turned on his heel and resumed his walk up and down the room, without appearing to notice the deep flush which had covered over Wharton’s face while he was speaking.

‘Don’t you think she’ll take me, Frank?’ said he, again checking himself in mid career, in front of Wharton’s chair. ‘*I know* she will! She’d be very ungrateful if she did not—very ungrateful! Come, Frank, you must go at once, and make the offer for me. Be about it, boy—be about it! I’m afraid some one else will get the start of me.’

Wharton turned very pale, and then said:

‘My dear Doctor, I think—that is—I would rather that you should select some other person. I am sure that I should make but a bad messenger. I am certain that I should fail.’

‘Why?’ said the old man, eyeing him sharply; ‘why?’

Wharton became slightly embarrassed; at length he said: ‘To be candid with you, I have feelings and wishes with respect to Miss Crawford totally at variance with your success; and therefore it is unfair in you to ask me to make a proposal which if successful must ruin my own happiness.’

‘You have?’ said the Doctor, quietly.

‘I have.’

‘And you intend to press your suit in opposition to mine? and now that you find all my hopes of happiness centered in that girl and her welfare, you do not hesitate to thwart the intentions of the old man who has been a father to you, and has protected you from childhood, and to blight the dearest wish of his heart? Is this so, Frank?’

It was a hard task for Wharton to struggle with feelings which he had cherished for years; but he did so; and at last he took the hand of the Doctor in his, and said: ‘No, my old friend, I will not. You shall meet with no obstacle from me. Marry her if you can. She’s a noble girl. God forbid that I, by word or deed, should bring upon myself the charge of ingratitude, by crossing the path of one who has always been my best friend. But you must seek some one else to bear your message, for I cannot; indeed I cannot.’

‘And you will not endeavor to prevent my fulfilling my intention?’

‘Indeed I will not!’ replied Wharton, earnestly.

‘Well, I did not expect that,’ said the Doctor, coldly. ‘Did n’t I bring you up from the time that you were no higher than my knee? Answer me *that*!’

‘You have been very kind to me,’ said Wharton.

‘And had n’t I a right to expect that as I grew old and feeble, you would be a stay to me, and would counsel me; and if needs be, shield me from harm? Had n’t I a right to expect all this, I say?’ asked he, warmly.

‘You had, indeed,’ replied Wharton; ‘and as far as I can, you shall always find me ready to repay the debt of kindness which I acknowledge.’

‘*Shall* I?’ said the Doctor, with a sneer. ‘This looks like it; for at this very moment, when I, almost in my dotage, and scarcely able to carry my own tottering carcass, talk of committing such a downright piece of folly as running off with a gay, giddy girl, who would lead me the devil’s own life—a rattling, wild hoyden, who would raise such a din about my old ears that I should be glad to tumble out of the world at a hop-skip-and-jump to get rid of her—you in the most demure manner say that although you will not assist, yet you will not stir a finger to prevent the consummation of this outrageous piece of folly! As I said before, I did not expect this of you.’

‘But my dear Sir,’ said Wharton, earnestly, ‘what do you want? What *should* I do?’

‘Do? I’ll tell you what *I* would do. If I were in your place I would step up to my venerable friend, and I would say to him: ‘My dear old fellow, don’t be a fool! I wo’n’t permit it. You must not make such a sacrifice at your years. Sooner than that, I’ll offer myself as a substitute, and will take the girl off your hands. *That*’s what I would do.’

‘Oh!’ said Wharton, whose face began to brighten, ‘I understand.’

‘You do? Well, it’s time. And you’ll make the sacrifice?’

‘I will.’

‘When?’

‘Let me choose my own time,’ said Wharton; ‘for considering the picture which you have just drawn of the life that I am to lead, I think that I ought not to be hurried.’

The old man took a pinch of snuff, and shaking his head, said:

‘You’re a droll fellow. Have it your own way.’ Putting his cane under his arm, he went into the street without saying another word.

Wharton kept his promise; and before the year was out he had offered himself as a substitute for the Doctor; and was accepted, and sacrificed according to agreement.

On the day succeeding the murder, Mr. Higgs, ignorant of what had happened, was making the best of his way to the Attorney’s office. He thought it strange that a crowd should be lingering about the door and looking up at the windows as if there were something very remarkable in what had hitherto struck him as a house very far gone in dilapidation, and not at all peculiar for any thing except an extremely rusty and gloomy exterior. Elbowing his way through the throng, he was on the point of entering the door, when he felt his arm touched, and looking round, perceived the stunted marker, his usually composed countenance lighted up with an expression of great interest, beckoning him to follow. At the same time he quickly but cautiously placed his finger on his lip. Higgs did not know what to make of this manœuvre, but he did not forget that the marker was shrewd and intelligent, and rarely acted without a motive; so he turned in the direction which he had taken.

‘You had better evaporate!’ said the boy, as soon as they were out of ear-shot of the crowd. ‘What the blazes brought you here, when all your plans is bu’st up, and you’m got to streak it? Why a’int you off?’

Higgs favored the boy with a look of intense investigation, and then said: ‘Go on, Charley; what’s to pay?’

‘Then you have n’t heard it?’

‘No, and am not likely to, if you keep on asking questions, without answering them. What is it?’

‘*This* is it,’ said the boy, earnestly: ‘Wilkins settled the hash of that legal gen’leman, Bolton, last night; slashed him all to slivers; and when they bu’st into his office this morning they found him as dead as a hammer.’

‘Great God!’ ejaculated Higgs. ‘Well? well?’

‘Well,’ said the boy, ‘that was n’t the wo’st of it. Wilkins is mad and t’other dead; so that there is not much can be done to them. But they found letters of your’n to the lawyer, and letters of his’n, all about that Will; and the police have got all on ’em, and will soon be arter you. So I think you’d better be off. That’s all.’

‘I think so myself, Charley,’ said Mr. Higgs, after a short pause; ‘and I’ll remember the good turn you’ve done me this day; I *will*, Charley; and if ever you are in trouble, come to me and I’ll help you. By Heaven! I will. If I have but a shilling, you shall share

it. Good by! I have thought hard of you, but I find the Devil is not as black as he's painted.'

'I find the same identical thing,' said the marker, composedly, thrusting his hands in his pockets; 'but you'd better trot. Off with you!'

Urged this second time, Higgs hurried off, while the marker sauntered back to the house to pick up more gossip.

From that time Mr. Higgs was absent from his usual haunts; and at the same time a gentleman singularly like him in personal appearance took lodgings in a small attic, in an unfrequented part of the city, where he locked himself up, saw nobody except a small stunted boy, who occasionally called and had long and confidential conversations with him in so low a tone that none could overhear them. The rest of the time the stranger passed in reading the newspapers and imbibing beer with great perseverance and relish. His name however was Brown.

For days after the appearance of Mr. Brown at his new lodgings the noise of the murder spread through the city. In broad thoroughfares where the butterflies of the world sunned themselves, and in narrow alleys where thieves skulked and the poor starved, it found its way. Every thing connected with it came to the broad glare of day; and among other things the last letter from Higgs to the Attorney figured in the public journals with a frequency which in any other case Mr. Higgs might have thought quite desirable. It was generally followed by a firm assurance from the editor to his readers, that a warrant was out against Higgs, that the police were on his track, and that he could not escape. Mr. Brown had been living in privacy for some days when this paragraph met his eye. Having concluded it, he laid his paper on the floor, uttered the single monosyllable, 'D—n!' buttoned his coat to the chin, put on his hat, drained to the very dregs a small mug which had contained ale, and opening the door of his room, quietly decamped. Mr. Brown never returned to his lodgings, nor was Higgs ever taken, notwithstanding the predictions of the editor, and the noted vigilance of the police.

Of Mr. Higgs nothing more is known; but shortly after the disappearance of Mr. Brown from his abode, that gentleman arrived in Texas, where he soon became engaged in an extensive law-practice, being particularly well versed in the criminal branches of that profession, and profoundly learned in the law relating to wills. I am informed however that the effect of his intense application to business is showing itself in his eyes and nose, the former of which are becoming somewhat weak, and the latter slightly red at the end. It has been suggested by some ill-meaning person that Mr. Brown and Higgs were the same individual; but such a suggestion could only have come from an evil-minded person, and should be frowned down as a vile slander against a man of unimpeachable character.

Mr. Rawley and his dog a few years since left their former place of abode without mentioning their intentions to any one; and so profound is the mystery attached to their departure that I am

informed neither his wife nor sixty-two creditors, nor five deputy-sheriffs, who have shown a most lively interest in his welfare by diligently searching for him from that time to the present, have been able to throw any light upon the subject. At first it was feared that he might have jumped in the dock and bathed himself out of the world, and it was suggested that if the river were dragged his body would be found. But his antipathy to water unless diluted with some stimulant having been duly reflected on, it was concluded that not even a strong hankering for sudden death could have overcome *that*; and the idea was abandoned as preposterous.

About a year after Mr. Rawley's departure, Mr. Quagley struck up an intimacy with his deserted wife. His visits became more and more regular; he sat longer, and seemed to think more profoundly; once or twice he complained of a little kind of flurry about the heart, and then would shake his head mysteriously at the lady; and on one occasion, when departing, being accompanied by her to the door, a succession of short, sudden reports, not unlike the corks popping out of half a dozen overcharged porter-bottles, was heard in the entry. This discharge of artillery was accompanied by a very gentle scream, and in a short time Mrs. Rawley returned a little flushed in the face, adjusting her cap, which had in some unaccountable manner got out of place, probably in endeavoring to stop up the bottle from which the noise proceeded; and Mr. Quagley was heard chuckling to himself, and muttering as he went past the window: 'Cuss me! but she is n't so bad!' From the direction in which all these straws were blowing, and from the fact that Mr. Quagley one day said, in the most resolute manner, 'If he would n't like to know whether that there Rawley had hopped the twig or not, he hoped he might be sniggered,' it was strongly suspected that he had designs on the lady in question.

But the best laid plans sometimes fail, and Mr. Quagley was a striking instance of the truth of this novel maxim; for one fine afternoon, after having been uncommonly merry, and having, as he metaphorically remarked, oiled the wheels of life's locomotive with a slight sling or two, he gradually retired into what he called a 'brown study,' a peculiar state of mind and body into which he was in the habit of relapsing after indulging the unctuous process just mentioned, and reposing his body on a chair and his head in a corner, he soon became merged in a profound calm. The usual hour for his leaving his study having passed, it struck the stunted marker that it was both longer and browner than common. On attempting to awaken him, however, he discovered that his studies were ended for ever, and that life's locomotive had burst its boiler, and got off the track.

The establishment was broken up and the table sold; the 'Retreat' disappeared, and the poor marker, after sauntering about the streets for several days with his hands in his pockets, whistling a careless tune with a heavy heart, betook himself to selling newspapers, an avocation in which he acquired great distinction by the ease of his manners and the harmonious fluency with which the names of a

dozen or twenty journals flowed from his lips, without his missing a syllable or catching a breath. Having accumulated a small capital in this profession, and being of an ambitious turn, he gave it the go-by, and is at present a sub-editor to a leading journal in this city.

Mrs. Dow, on recovering from her fainting-fit at the surrogate's office, retreated to her house in deep wrath; and having spent an hour in tearing her hair and gnashing her teeth—which, the former being a wig and the latter false, and originally reared in the mouth of a negro who had died of the small-pox, was not accompanied by any great bodily inconvenience—she retired to her own room, opened a small box, and without word or comment other than a spasmodic effort at swallowing an imaginary potato which rose in her throat, committed a large package of letters to the flames. She then went down stairs and rang the parlor-bell.

'Aaron, do you know of the affront which has been put on me?' said she, in a subdued tone, as the man-servant thrust his head in the door, and then walked deliberately to the middle of the room and stopped.

'I do,' said Aaron.

'How shall I be revenged? I shall die if I aint.'

'Marry some one else.'

'Who?'

'Me!' replied Aaron.

The perspiration gushed in large drops on Aaron's forehead as he uttered this bold piece of advice, and he looked apprehensively toward the door; but it was received with more favor than he had anticipated; and but a very short time had elapsed before the man-servant had actually kissed the widow, a performance which he might have repeated, had not the lady suggested that she was in a state of high excitement, which proceedings of that nature tended rather to increase than diminish, and begged him to consider how recently her feelings had been lacerated by the most barbarous of men. Aaron took the hint; but he nevertheless urged his suit with such warmth and success that Mrs. Dow consented to change her state that very day. Before night the ceremony was performed, and instead of supping in the kitchen, Aaron took his tea in the parlor; the red-haired cook with prominent teeth officiating as waiter, that situation being resolutely declared by Aaron to be vacant, in defiance of the entreaties of his wife, who begged him to perform the duties but for that single night. But Aaron was so obstinately astonished that his lady could even think of employing him in such menial occupations, that she yielded the point; and the red-haired cook was called from the regions below to attend in his place.

Phillips yet lives; still the same generous fellow that he ever was, with a hand and heart always open to the voice of suffering. Many a spirit which was weary and heavy laden has been lightened by his kindness; many a sad eye has learned to glow with pleasure at the sight of him. Though his means are scanty he never makes that a plea for turning a deaf ear to the cry of distress;

and his ready aid has often sustained those whom misfortune had driven to the verge of despair, and rescued those whom want had kept balancing between hunger and crime. Although his connection with this story has been a painful one, let us hope that there may still be pleasant dreams in store for him, and that he may yet meet with instances where a wife's love was rewarded, and where a husband knew how to appreciate that best gift in life.

A FEW words respecting himself and his friends, and JOHN QUOD will lay aside his pen.

I had not proceeded far in the preceding narrative, when letter after letter dropped in, until my number of correspondents was so numerous that being somewhat slow of thought and by no means a ready writer, I found the answering of them no slight task. At that period I broke off all public notice of them, and addressed myself more particularly to the continuation of my story.

Not long after this, while sitting in my room, with my dog asleep at my feet, I heard a sharp knock at the door; and before I could reply to it, a stout man fashionably dressed and carrying a thick stick under his arm entered, accompanied by an iron-gray bull-dog of the most unprepossessing countenance. The gentleman held the door open until the dog was in the room, then walked up to me, slapped me somewhat roughly on my left shoulder, which is a little rheumatic, and introduced himself as Mr. Snagg, and his companion as a great-grandson of that invaluable dog Slaughter, whose loss he should ever deplore, and respecting whom he had written to me. I could not but give a cordial reception to one who had evinced so much good feeling toward me, and I requested him to be seated. He seemed particularly proud of his dog, and dwelt on his prowess with great satisfaction. By way of showing his unbounded confidence in his abilities, he offered to bet fifty dollars that he would set him on my dog, who had judiciously retreated under a distant chair, and that in three minutes by the watch he would 'rip him all to smash.' I declined the proposition, at the same time admitting the appearance of great talent of that peculiar description which was stamped upon the countenance of his dog. This seemed to satisfy him, and the conversation took a general turn.

From that time he became a daily visiter at my rooms, kindly volunteering his opinion through the whole of the preceding narrative, and criticising it with a most friendly freedom and diffuseness. It is owing to him however that I have been able to pursue my avocations without molestation, for not a few of the various communications received by me were of an unfriendly character. Some persons wanted to know whether my descriptions were personal; whether they referred to them and theirs; and one gentleman swore that if Mrs. Dow was meant for his aunt, who died in the Havana in the year '16, he'd make me smell thunder; a perfume

which, from his tone and manner of offering it, I presume must be very disagreeable.

The answering of these letters, and adjusting all difficulties arising from them, Mr. Snagg kindly took upon himself; and though I am ignorant of his mode of compromising them, it certainly was most effectual, as I was never troubled with a second communication from any of those whom he visited. Once in particular I received a note which concluded with the rather hostile hint that 'the skin of a cow was not unfrequently used for other purposes than that of shoe-leather.' Being an elderly man and somewhat timorous, this letter agitated me not a little; but Mr. Snagg, with his usual friendly freedom, having taken it from my hand and perused it from beginning to end, begged me to make myself perfectly easy, as he would settle the difficulty at once. Putting on his hat he forthwith proceeded to the residence of the writer, accompanied by his dog. What occurred there I never knew; but I observed on Mr. Snagg's return that his face was slightly discolored in the neighborhood of the left eye, and that his dog amused himself during the whole of that afternoon by shaking violently the skirt of a coat which he brought with him in his mouth, and which certainly did not belong to the coat of Mr. Snagg. I am happy to add that I received no farther communication from the gentleman in question.

Another person to whom I am under no slight obligation is the constable from whom, as I have mentioned before, I learnt many of the facts of my tale. He has looked over my ms. with great care, at times suggesting alterations and adding new matter, which once or twice I feared might have been borrowed from the regions of romance. But he so pertinaciously maintained his own accuracy, talking warmly of his honor, and swearing to his own veracity with such vehemence, that I felt to doubt longer would be doing him a great injustice.

So far all had gone well; but there are clouds even in a sunny sky; and a heavy shadow seemed to fall upon me one day, when the little boy who had so often nestled in my arms, and made my room merry with his voice, informed me that his parents intended to quit the city, and that he had come to take his leave. It was a sad hour for me; but he went off, and the last I saw of him was when he stopped on turning a corner and waved his hand to me as I leaned out of my window to look after him. It grew dark while I was leaning out of that window, but he did not return; and I closed the sash and sat down in my room with a heavier heart than I had known for years.

As I take a warm interest in every thing about me, I have met with another source of trouble in the person of my dog. I know not how it occurred, but one day he left me in high dudgeon at a fancied insult, and I am much afraid that in an unguarded moment, and under the influence of ill humor, he ventured to interfere in some vulgar brawl in which he had no concern; for that night he returned to my room with his tail cut off. He has never been the same dog from that hour; and although with the philosophy peculiar

to his character he endeavors to bear up against his loss, it evidently affects his spirits. I once observed him in sad contemplation of a large wood-cut illustrative of the fox that had lost his tail, but it did not appear to comfort him, for after pondering over it for some time, he shook his head in a manner indicating that it was all nonsense, and walked gloomily over to my house. I think I may safely say that in all respects, except the regularity with which he comes to his meals, and the rapidity with which he swallows them, he is an altered animal.

And now in reply to a question as to the legal accuracy of this story, I must add, that it is sufficiently accurate for all purposes, and to any thing more I did not aspire : for in the matter of Wills I have had but little experience, and never in the course of my practice did I come in contact with an entire live surrogate. Transient glimpses of that ominous magistrate, who was always associated in my mind with the undertaker, the sexton, and the grave-digger, as others entered his office, were all that I ever had. The shelves with their heavy volumes were unexplored by me, and the clerk with a frizzled wig never had his reveries disturbed by my footstep. The reason is plain ; when at the bar I had but one client, a ragged out-at-elbows fellow, who lived by his wits, and died many years since, leaving few except me to grieve for him, (for he was a friend as well as a client,) and nothing but debts behind him ; a species of property which, although very liberally diffused throughout society, I have generally discovered that no one seems anxious to administer on. He was never litigious. He permitted those of his creditors who chose to do so, to get judgments against him, without opposition ; and although in the heat of my legal fervor I hinted to him of the delay which he might obtain by my assistance, he merely said : ‘ No, no ; poor devils ! let them get a judgment, if it’s any comfort to them, for they are not likely to get any thing else.’ He was a true prophet ; for he died as he had lived—penniless ; and the cost of his funeral came out of my pocket.

But I am growing garrulous, and it is time that I should break off, and say that single sad word, ‘ Farewell !’ It is a heavy word for all to utter ; but more particularly for the aged ; and I must confess myself loath to end a companionship which I hope has grown up between us during the long months of a whole year ; for I fancied that I had established an intimacy with my readers ; and that while I was at work in my solitary room, a feeling of kindness toward me might lie hid in some out-of-the-way corner of their hearts, and that their thoughts would sometimes wander off to my dim chamber and its time-worn occupant. These were pleasant fancies ; and even if I deceived myself by entertaining them, still they served to cheer me on in the early part of this long-spun tale ; to make me sad as I saw it drawing to a close ; and to render it no light task to say to those who have patiently followed me through, ‘ Farewell !’ It is a matter of much uncertainty whether we shall ever meet again ; for my blood is running slowly, my limbs are trembling, and ere long this heart may be cold, and JOHN QUOD be only a name.

THE HIGHWAY OF GENIUS.

BY A NEW CONTRIBUTOR.

SILENT, beneath the overhanging sky,
I stand in solitude sublime ;
I see the train of great ones passing by —
The mental monarchs of our time.

I see their white robes sweeping on the ground,
Th' unspotted royal robes of fame ;
I see their brows with crowns of glory bound,
That shine as 't were with heavenly flame.

Onward they go, with thoughts turned far above
The airy home of yonder cloud,
And mid the common ranks of men they move
Like giants in a pigmy crowd.

Some young and vigorous ; others in whom years
And care have worn away their powers ;
But in their histories all, this truth appears —
The path to fame is not a path of flowers.

Proud boy ! that at the sunrise of thy life
Dreamest of glory day and night,
Fear not to brave the peril and the strife —
Be not disheartened at this sight.

Strive boldly, and thou too wilt learn, at will,
To use this wondrous power divine,
To lay thy hand on human hearts, until
They beat in unison with thine.

Aim, eagle-like, no lower than the sun !
Shut out the world of vulgar sense ;
Cherish no hope but Truth's, till life is done,
No fears, save of Omnipotence.

But let thy young mind's aims be brought
Boldly to emulate, fair youth,
These conquerors in the battle-field of Thought,
Wielding the weapons Hope and Truth.

Life gives the oil unto the lamp of mind ;
Hope lends the heat the flame to raise ;
Fame gives the light to show it to mankind,
Death shuts its image from our gaze !

Act, that thy Life from blemish may be free,
Thy Hope above an earthly crown ;
Then shall thy Fame give light that all may see,
Thy Death add strength to thy renown.

THE LILY AND THE ROSE.

FROM THE GERMAN OF HERDER.

TELL me, fair daughters of the rough dark Earth! who gave you your lovely forms? for truly were ye shaped by delicate fingers. What fairy spirits ascend from your sweet chalices? and what delight do ye feel when celestial visitants rock to and fro on your scented leaves? Tell me, ye tranquil flowers! how did they divide among themselves their joyous office, and nod to each other when they spun your delicate tissue, adorned and embroidered it with such varied beauty?

But ye are silent, lovely children! in the mute joy of your peaceful existence. Well, then, the instructive Fable shall teach me what your sweet lips will not reveal.

Of old, while the earth was standing like a naked rock, behold a friendly band of nymphs approached its virgin soil, and kindly genii were ready to adorn the desolate mass with flowers. In many ways did they apportion their pleasing task. Already under the snow and in the cold small grass Humility began her modest labors, and wove the self-concealing Violet. Hope followed in her shrinking footsteps, and filled with liquid coolness the delicate cups of the refreshing Hyacinth. When these had so well succeeded, anon there came a prouder, gaudier choir of many-colored beauties, and then the Tulip raised her head, and the Narcissus gazed around with her languishing eyes. Many other nymphs and goddesses employed themselves in their several tasks, and embellished the earth, rejoicing in their beautiful creations. And lo! as the greater part of their works with its glory and their delight therein had faded, Venus cried to her attendant Graces: 'What hinders you, sisters of gladness? Up! and weave from your charms one mortal conspicuous flower!'

Down swept they to earth, and Aglaia, the Grace of Innocence, created the Lily; Thalia and Euphrosyné wove with sisterly hand the flower of joy and love, the virgin Rose. Many flowers of the field and garden were envious of each other; but the Lily and Rose envied none, and were envied of all. Sisterly bloom they together in the same field of Flora, ever heightening each other's beauty; for sisterly graces have, undivided, fashioned their peerless charms. On thy cheeks also, O maiden! bloom lilies and roses, and may their graces, innocence, joy and love, united and inseparable, smile ever there!

NIGHT AND DAY.

NIGHT and Day disputed with each other respecting preëminence. The fiery, brilliant child Day began the controversy. 'Poor, dark mother!' said he, 'what hast thou like my sun, like my heaven, like my ethereal plains, like my busy, restless life? What thou hast

touched as with the finger of death, I rouse to the sense of a new existence; I awaken what thou hast bound fast in languishing sleep.'

'But does man ever thank thee for thy wild excitement?' replied the modest and veiled Night. 'Must I not quicken what thou oppressest with weariness? And how can I do it, but chiefly through forgetfulness of thee? I, on the contrary, the mother of gods and men, take all that I have created with its grateful contentment into my peaceful bosom. No sooner does it touch the hem of my darkling vesture than it forgets thy delusion, and gently droops its weary head. Then do I elevate, then nourish the tranquillized soul with celestial dews. To the eye that dared not look heavenward through thy dazzling beams, I, the veiled Night, reveal an innumerable multitude of suns, innumerable forms, new hopes and new stars.'

While she yet spake, the babbling Day touched the border of her robe, and sank himself in her infolding bosom. But the solemn Night sat throned in her starry mantle and her crown of stars, and watched with ever-peaceful countenance over the slumbers of all.

THE ROSE.

'ALL the flowers around me I see wither and die, and yet man ever calls me the fading, the transitory Rose. Ungrateful man! Do I not make my brief existence sufficiently agreeable to you? Ay, even after my death do I furnish you store of sweet perfumes; medicines and ointments full of relief and strengthening. And yet do I ever hear you sing and say: 'Ah! the fading, the light-falling Rose!'

Thus complained the Queen of the Flowers on her envied throne, haply already in the first sensation of her declining beauty. The maiden who was standing near heard her, and thus made answer:

'Be not offended with us, sweet little one! Call not ingratitude what is a higher love, the earnest wish of a tender affection. All the flowers around us we see fade and die, and deem this their destiny; but thee, their queen, thee alone do we wish and esteem worthy immortality. And when we find ourselves deceived in our expectation, ah! leave us the complaint wherewith we lament our own fate in thine! All the loveliness, youth and joy of our existence we liken unto thee; and when these fade like thyself, then do we ever sing and say: 'Ah! the fading, the light-falling Rose!'

AURORA.

AURORA complained among the gods, that she who was so much praised by men was so little beloved and courted by them; and least of all by those who most celebrated and extolled her. 'Mourn not thy destiny,' said the Goddess of Wisdom; 'is it otherwise with me? And then,' she proceeded, 'consider those who slight thee, and for what rivals thou art neglected. Observe as thou passest by how they lie mouldering soul and body in the arms of intoxicating Sleep. Ay, hast thou not friends and worshippers enough? The whole universe praises thee; all the flowers awake and robe them-

selves with thy purple splendors in new bridal beauty. The choir of birds welcomes thee ; each warbler meditates new melodies to greet and gladden thy quick-fleeing presence. The industrious husbandman, the toilful sage slight thee not ; but drink from the cup thou profferest, health and vigor, rest and life : twofold is their delight, that they enjoy thee undisturbed, uninterrupted by yon babbling band of slumbering idiots. Dost thou regard it as no felicity to be loved and enjoyed unprofanedly ? 'To be honored with the love of gods and men is indeed the highest felicity !'

Aurora blushed at her inconsiderate complaint, and was grateful for her exalted destiny. And may each fair one desire a like fortune for her own, who resembles thee, bright Goddess ! in purity and innocence !

W. P. P.

L I N E S T O T H E M E M O R Y O F A F R I E N D .

'FRIEND after friend departs :
Who hath not lost a friend ?
There is no union here of hearts
'That finds not here an end.'

ANOTHER ! yet another ! O stern Death !
When will thy darts be spent ? I little deemed
Ere the new year had run a few brief sands,
That thou would'st number mid the silent train
That crowd thy shadowy halls, *One* that did bask
(E'en as a flower beneath a cloudless sky)
In Love's pure atmosphere ; whose happy path
Seemed paved with sunbeams, and who late had twined
The clasping tendrils of affections strong
Round a supporting stem — I little deemed
That thou, remorseless as thou art, would'st tear
That priceless treasure from the widowed arms
Of *her* who bore her, and for all her care,
And patient watchings, and unwearied prayers,
Give nought in payment, save the soothing balm
Distilled from that calm faith with which *she* turned
Into the darksome valley, and yet more,
Far more, from the fair record that she left
To tell the story of her blameless life.

Oh ! playmate of my childhood ! the best loved
Mid all that loving band, how severed now !
That met in youth's fresh season ; the twin mind,
Yet always brightest found, when side by side
We scanned the classic page, and sought to break,
Through many an evening of divided toil,
The mists that hung o'er knowledge ; the dear friend
Who trod in close companionship the track
To Learning's pleasant fane, when dewy morn
Unfurled her rosy banner : or at eve,
Went with me arm-in-arm, with gladsome step
Toward the calm river's bank ; alas ! alas !
How do I grieve to lose thee ! What though fate

Forbade, in after-time, communion close
 As once we loved to hold ; and distance wide
 Made our sweet meetings too like angel-ones,
 But 'few and far between ;' yet did we prize
 Each other's friendship less ? Oh ! no — not so :
 By the free gush of pride with which I marked
 Thy beauty and thy grace when last we met,
 And by thy hand's warm pressure, and the kiss
 Thou gavest me at parting, well I knew
 Thou lov'dst me, even as thou didst at first.

Friend ! Friend ! the grave hath won thee ! Yet amid
 These tears, that *must* have way, I joy to feel
 That we may meet again, where Death can plant
 No seeds of bitter sorrow ; in a land
 Whose flowers are never fading, and whose Sun,
 Fed from the Fount of Love, knows no decline.
There, we will walk together as on earth,
 Through the free riches of Redeeming Grace,
 Where parting is no more !

MARY E. LEE.

Charleston, (S. C.)

EDWARD ALFORD AND HIS PLAY-FELLOW.

BY THE AUTHOR OF 'WILSON CONWORTH.'

CHAPTER TWELFTH.

'You must live in the country to possess your bodily sensations as well as your mind in tranquil control.'

'THE TENT PITCHED.'

'AND who is that over-dressed young man with such a sneer upon his lip ?' This inquiry was addressed to a pale, fair-haired young man in black, by a large red-faced lady in white, violently fanning herself as if to proclaim that her rubicundity was occasioned by the heat of the room rather than her grossness.

The reader will recollect the modest youth in the person of Timothy Blossom, who made such a sensation on the commencement-day that Edward was graduated. With all the feelings of a man, he still wore upon his face that look of youth which in an adult betokens a guileless simplicity of heart. He was now a student of divinity ; had already gained some literary distinction, and, though he did not know it himself, he stood high in the marriage-market.

The speaker was Miss Delia Gross ; grown fatter, coarser, and more anxious for a husband, and more deeply loaded with lace, than when we last saw her ; an heiress, that is, the daughter of a man worth a couple of hundred thousands, and eight sons and daughters.

'That ? — oh ! it can't be ! — yes it is — it *must* be ! — why, that is Edward Alford !' said Timothy ; 'I heard he was abroad.'

It was no wonder that Timothy did not immediately recognize his class-mate in the foreign-looking exquisite before him. Alford came

home, as per order, and having gained little or nothing from his absence, except new clothes and a few French phrases, fell into the sad mistake of supposing that the surest evidence he could give of great improvement would be to turn up his nose at every thing at home. As this was his first appearance in public since his return, at a large party in a house he had been accustomed to visit, he had taken especial pains to disguise himself as much as possible in a London coat and French cravat and vest; and his hair was also adjusted in a style not yet caught by the Boston barbers. Hardly any of his old acquaintances recognized him; and for a short hour or two he was quite the lion of the party. Some boarding-school Misses, making their first appearance, had decided 'that he must be a prince in disguise, or certainly secretary to some ambassador from somewhere. He was an extraordinary person; *that* was beyond question — *he was so elegantly dressed.*'

'Why! so it is; and how changed!' said or rather sighed Miss Delia; 'what a pity that he is poor now!'

'Poor!' exclaimed Timothy; 'why, his father is as rich as Cræsus!'

'No, but he is smashed!' whispered his companion.

Timothy did make a wry face at the coarseness of the expression, and wondered in his heart when he should learn all the refinements of good society. In the mean time the object of remark approached the place where they were standing, and addressing the lady, said:

'Will Miss Gross allow an old admirer to claim her acquaintance, and her hand for the next — Pray what do you call your American dances?'

Mrs. Gross had been watching with pleasure the advances of Mr. Blossom. Her mercenary eye had detected the person of Alford, and when she saw him approach her daughter, she forced her way thither, and whispered in her ear:

'Don't dance with him, by no manner of means whatever! His father is a bankrupt; he owes us, I dare say, for the very coat he has on; make sure of the parson.'

But the lady only smiled sweetly upon her mother, and said: 'Yes, Mamma;' and accepted the invitation of Edward.

'You don't dance, Mr. Blossom?' said Mrs. Gross.

'I never learned, Ma'am,' said Timothy.

'It is a great vanity and 'bomination,' continued the mother, thinking she must 'talk *good*' to a man a-going to be a minister.

'I am sorry I can't agree with you in your opinion, Ma'am; I have always thought dancing an innocent expression of the delight one feels in hearing music.'

'Delia is very fond of it, and would dance all the time if she could,' said the mother, doubling.

'That shows frivolity of mind, Ma'am; amusements are not the business of life,' said the student.

'Here, Mr. Gross,' said the lady to her husband, who had just left the whist-table, 'do you argufy dancing with Mr. Blossom; he says it is right and it is wrong; he is so learned I can't talk with him.'

Mr. Gross thrust his hands into his side-pockets, more conveniently

to hold up his paunch, asked Timothy to dine with him the next day, and then stood looking at the dancers, thinking with poignant regret of the two-dollar corners he had just lost at whist, and of the thirty thousand he had loaned to Mr. Charles Alford.

If our hero had reasoned a little with himself, he would not have felt surprise at the coldness with which he was greeted in society; for as soon as curiosity was satisfied as to how he looked, what fashion of dress he brought with him from across the Atlantic, and some other minor particulars, he was suffered to sink into an insignificance he was unprepared for. Could he have thought that fashionable society lives by unnatural excitements; that it is an arena where the rich seek for talent and station with which to unite their families; where talent and station seek for wealth to support their tastes and their extravagance; that it has no soul, no thought, unconnected with self; that its despotism 'cuts' a bosom friend as readily as a tyrant beheads his subjects; that it cannot afford to be kind or humane or sympathetic, because such feelings would interfere too often with its cold, bloodless enactments, and make too large demands upon its ease; Alford, having no talent, and no longer possessing wealth, or the reputation of it, which is much the same thing, would wisely have retired from pressing a bargain in a market where he had no stock to trade with.

Let the reader be sure of it, the man who aims at being admitted into fashionable life, must have talent or wealth. The talent may be a small capital indeed, but held in ready change it must jingle. It may be a ready wit, rare taste in dress, an enchanting smile, a melodious voice, a knack at elegant deviltry, accompanied with great personal beauty. The candidate for these honors may deceive his best friend and break the heart of — no matter whom; but he must never tell a coarse, obvious lie, or be guilty of a breach of etiquette. He may be godless, soulless and selfish, but he must not avow his infidelity, nor show his want of sympathy and humanity, except to unfashionable people. In short, the aspirant to *éclat* in the fashionable world may be every thing that is bad and base, 'on suspicion;' but he must appear to be every thing that is good. He must learn to smile, to frown, to laugh and weep, by machinery, and be able to appear what he ought to be, and he may be what he pleases.

And yet the Fashionable, with all his faults, his insincerity and selfishness, is a far higher character than the low hypocrite who trades out his sanctimony, his prayers and conventicle groans, at a regular per centage. Infinitely higher is the painted butterfly that strives to live his little hour of fun and gayety in factitious life, snuffing odors, quaffing the exhilarating gas of love and beauty, lulled by sweetest music, fed on choicest dainties, amid every physical refinement, and only wanting a noble object to be really a beautiful life, than the coarse pretender to piety, who instead of deceiving men thinks he deceives his God. No cause has the small trader in penny virtues, church-membership, and ever so long a face, to hug himself upon a superiority to those other hypocrites we have

alluded to, many of whom at last do find, after the farce is over, that they truly have hearts of flesh; and who never aimed at any thing more than a little innocent amusement. Not half so earnest are these latter in their sin; more easy will be their reformation, more gracious their forgiveness.

Previous to Edward's return, Mr. Charles Alford had retired to his country-seat at Braintree. The town-house had been sold, the elegant furniture of which was knocked off at an immense sacrifice. The family were now living in the enjoyment of every comfort, in a manner which the laborer and cottager esteem almost regal; and yet they had the commiseration of their friends, and Mr. Charles Alford was a broken-hearted man.

By a wise provision of her father, Mrs. Alford had a life-estate in the farm and property in Braintree; and the creditors of the husband could not lay their clutches upon it. This saved the family from starvation. Reduced to the absolute comforts of life, and what many would call elegances, with enough for all rational desires, the husband pined slowly away under reverses which, if improved, would have made him a true man; and in a few months he sunk in a rapid decline.

Edward did not feel his father's death very deeply, because he had never been admitted to his confidence, and the father and son were strangers to each other's feelings. The son received support from the father as a matter of course; in the spirit in which it was bestowed. The difficulties under which of late years he had been laboring had made him more reserved than ever; and it must be confessed that his death was more regretted because it threw him upon his own resources than because it deprived him of a father.

Looney was by far a deeper mourner at the grave of his master than the son; for to him Mr. Alford had been, in former days, very kind; and the faithful fellow was bound to him by a sense of obligation. Beside, he had often been reproofed by his master, and received from him advice and counsel, which the father would have hesitated about bestowing upon his son, however much needed, as derogatory to his character as a gentleman. Hence it was that Looney really loved his master; for it is true kindness and justice that binds us one to another, even though that kindness and justice may be reproof and severity. The child loves more the parent or teacher that corrects him, than the careless attention of him who overlooks his faults to avoid the trouble of correcting them.

After the excitement of the funeral of his father was over, for Nature kindly imposes certain duties upon us in the hour of bereavement, as if to occupy our minds and wean them from the first pangs of grief, Edward felt for the first time in his life that he had no one to depend upon but himself. He was walking alone in the garden, whither he had gone for reflection; and bitter were the reproaches he heaped upon himself, as he saw at a glance how fruitlessly his youth had been wasted. The necessity of self-reliance enabled him to see in a moment the full extent of all his errors; as a child left to stand alone in its first efforts to walk uses all its muscular

strength, and seems to understand that there is no hope of aid. As his desolate and painful condition was revealed to him, he heard voices in a neighboring walk, and could not avoid overhearing the following remarks from Looney, who was lamenting with Betty the maid over the family misfortunes :

‘ Yes, the master is dead, indeed, Betty,’ said Looney, who now under the influence of real grief, spoke in language much more correct than is common to persons of limited education ; for it was only when playing a part and making pretensions that he ran into the inflated style ; ‘ and a kind master he was. We could better have spared the young man.’

‘ What ! Master Edward ? Oh Looney ! have him die ?’ exclaimed the maid.

‘ Will you be a reasonable girl, and pay attention to the sense of it, Betty ? A great deal better for him and us and the lady ! What use is he to any body ?’

‘ But he is so young and so handsome !’

‘ So much the worse for him ; his beauty will make him proud, and think he is too fine to earn an honest livelihood. If he was plain and strong, it would be the better for him ; as it is, he will either have to shoot himself or turn play-actor !’

‘ What a wretch you must think him to be ! Well, if he is going to do that, sure it will break his mother’s heart, and be a disgrace to the whole of us.’

‘ I didn’t say he was ; but if I did, I do now say he might be much worse than an actor,’ rejoined Looney, whose reading had given him a more elevated notion of the stage ; ‘ a cousin of my own is now upon the boards in New-York, in the office of scene-shifter, and a prettier and better-behaved actor they havn’t got among them : but it is wrong, Betty, to talk about such things after such a solemn ceremony.’

‘ I didn’t begin it,’ said Betty, as the subject of their conversation was seen by them to leave the garden. And this casual talk of the servants assisted Edward, as he sought solitude, in coming to a right estimate of himself.

‘ But what shall I do ?’ repeatedly asked the young man of himself. His first thought was to apply to some of the mercantile friends of his father for a loan of money, to enable him to study a profession ; but fortunately for him he did not attempt so desperate a scheme. The stage certainly did present itself to his mind, and we question not but most ambitious youth of both sexes have had the thought at some period of their passage to maturity. Mrs. Alford however persuaded him to take no immediate steps, but in the mean time to give his attention to the interests of the farm on which they were living, and learn what he could of the manner of cultivating the land.

The few months immediately after his father’s death were spent in this way with his mother. Edward took entire charge of the garden ; was up early and worked diligently through the day, and now began to enjoy that pleasure which results from having an

object. He read books upon gardening, and really became interested in tending and weeding those roots he had planted with his own hands. He had a kind of paternal interest in them; and wondered he had never taken notice of such things before. Under this out-o'-door employment his health improved, his interest in the common grew daily, his thoughts were healthy and peaceful, and he found that those books he once thought dull and dry were deeply interesting to him. His mind seemed to grow in strength even faster than his body; and he felt the possession of intellect and power of thought, a capacity to detect fallacy, and a certain inexpressible delight in seeing the truth of a subject—all of which made the world a new world to him.

It would not be true to say that Edward was glad for his loss of fortune, but it may be honestly stated that he was happier than he had ever been before; that he experienced a new birth within him of faculties and powers which, but for necessity, might have lain dormant for ever. And it may be said that as he began to apprehend the true life, his former conventional habits were viewed with more and more disgust, and he would not have returned to them if he could.

‘And so you are really taking hold yourself?’ said an honest farmer to him, looking over the fence of the garden as Edward was at work.

‘Oh, yes, Mr. Farrar, and I find it very pleasant.’

‘You do n’t know, Mr. Alford,’ said the farmer, ‘how good it makes us feel, us farmers, to see you gentlemen work. It seems as if you had a feller-feeling with us, and did n’t despise us; it looks nat’ral too, somehow, to see a man working on his own land.’

‘I enjoy it very much, I assure you,’ said Edward.

‘I guess you do; it agrees with you; you are looking better, more wholesome, than you used to in your father’s life-time. The people in the village all talk about it, and say they hope you will live with us, so they can have a representative to do his share of the talking in the Gin’ral Court; for now those Boston lawyers do all the speechifying, and Braintree might about as well have no representative at all. You see we want an edicated man to argue for us, for it can’t be denied that larning puts it in the power of a man to use his nat’ral sense to the best advantage, though he may have good nat’ral sense without it. It’s got into my head that larning is like playing with those things the fencing-masters use, that come along here to teach self-defence; it don’t add to the strength, but a little fellow that knows how can whip it right through a Goliath in less than no time, and he’ll never know what hurt him.’

‘I can’t say but you have the right notion, Mr. Farrar.’

‘I guess I have, for I’ve studied about it a long time; and, you see, the churches found it out, for now they are all for having an edicated ministry, though they used to say it was all inspiration, and that a minister was better off without larning. I told brother Bent in our conference, years ago, that the Methodists would never get ahead until they had better schools; and see how they grow now!’

‘ You forget, Mr. Farrar, that the earliest preachers were unlearned fishermen,’ said Edward, who was interested in the earnestness of his visiter.

‘ No I do n’t,’ replied the farmer, ‘ for brother Bent said the same thing, and they all do ; but I told him that there was n’t a college in the country that could teach a man as Christ taught his disciples. He educated his own teachers, Mr. Alford ; so you see I’m for an educated ministry and an educated Gin’ral Court.’

‘ I agree with you entirely, Mr. Farrar ; and I think a man can’t have too much education, of the right kind.’

‘ There’s to be a town-meeting this evening, Mr. Alford, to see about dividing our school-district ; I hope you’ll come down, as you have come to live among us.’

‘ Thank you ; I shall be very glad to meet the town’s-people, and will be there.’

‘ I take it you are in favor of giving the young folks room to grow in as well as your plants, which I see you do n’t crowd too close.’

‘ Certainly,’ said Edward.

‘ Well, then, when I tell you there’s more than eighty boys and gals stowed into our little school-house yender, I guess you’ll be for dividing the district ?’

‘ By all means,’ said Edward ; and Mr. Farrar took his leave, having secured a vote in behalf of giving children as much room for study as the farmer gives his pigs for growing in.

‘ I’ll tell you what,’ said Mr. Farrar to a neighbor he overtook on his way home, ‘ that young Alford will be twice the man his father was, after all his spoiling, if he only sticks to it as he has begun.’

CHAPTER THIRTEENTH.

— ‘ Art divine,
Hath made the body tutor to the soul.’

NIGHT THOUGHTS.

THE time was when the mechanical trades gave men rank in society. The worker in gold and iron was the rich man of the realm. But commerce opened a readier avenue to wealth ; and the disputes which ensued from a more complicated business also made the lawyer rich ; and the luxury consequent upon increase of wealth gave employment to the physician. The useful arts giving a slow but sure support, became comparatively insignificant to the quick and exciting employments of commerce. But another advantage ensued to commerce from the superior knowledge of the world they acquired who were engaged in it, while the artisan, confined to his work-shop at a time when books were rare, acquired but little information beyond his narrow circle. The ease gained by intercourse with the world, richer apparel and more luxurious living, all tended to degrade manual labor in the eyes of men to a lower rank than those pursuits which purchased for their followers such rewards.

The mechanic submitted to this revolution in public sentiment; borne down by a tide of ostentation and assumption. By degrees he lost his pride of rank; he neglected to cultivate even the small advantages he had, while those who were riding over him, added learning, elegance of exterior, and often high refinement to the golden harvests they were accumulating by trade. At last he became the serf of the soil; and they who were once the companions of kings ventured not to stand covered in the presence of a petty nobleman.

Since the time of the American revolution the mechanic has been gradually bettering his condition. And now he only wants education to place him in that position to which he is entitled. If our farmers and mechanics would join to their labor *temperance*, and to their temperance *knowledge*, it would soon be decided what class of men are entitled to influence and power. But no scheme of government can give men equality. The laborer must not hope for reward because he is a laborer. He must be this, and more. He must be intelligent, educated, moral, religious and refined; and then he will be a true man. No party, no class of representatives, no junto, can raise the working classes in the scale of society. You can neither legislate a man into virtue nor vice. You cannot legislate a class up or down. Their salvation must come *from themselves*. It is an inward revolution that is needed, not an outward. The mind of the laborer must be cultivated, and then it will be proved what moral and intellectual fruits can proceed from that wise law of nature which demands of man alone, of all creation, that he should earn his bread by the sweat of his brow.

It was a novel plan of getting education pursued by the young black-smith, and subjected him to a notoriety for singularity which he would gladly have dispensed with; still, as we have before said, he was prepared for the difficulties and inconveniences in his way, and showed here that manly determination which had characterized him thus far in his life.

For the first two years of his college life he held but little intercourse with his fellow-students. They were all too young and unthinking to have any opinion worth noticing, about his course; but as their minds began to grow with years and the effect of college studies, many of them sought his acquaintance, and expressed the admiration with which he had inspired them for his heroic project of self-improvement. It was at this point of time that Tom Towley began to taste the happiness of refined intellectual life. The men with whom he associated were the best minds in the college; for the showy, the proud, the superficial and fashionable youth avoided him of course. His friends were true friends, and those with whom he met were drawn to him by love and not accident.

It was during the third year of his career in college that, by the information he had acquired in science, particularly in chemistry, he made an improvement in some part of his trade, which purchased for him great reputation as a practical man, and put several

hundred dollars in his pocket. This gave him more leisure to cultivate his mind; and he found that mere manual labor was waste of time, when there were fields of action even in the mechanical trades, that asked for study and invention.

And now it was that Tom realized the maxim he had often heard, that 'Knowledge is Power,' and he began to discover also that knowledge pays its way in dollars and cents. Our working hero found that by what he had already acquired he could support himself, as a mechanic too, without ever putting on the apron again. A few weeks close study however, without his usual exercise in the shop, convinced him that the health of his mind and the best use of his intellect depended upon daily labor; and he was forced as a matter of health to resume the hammer at the anvil.

And nearly as great a change had in the mean time taken place in Mary as in her lover. Her figure was fully expanded into womanly grace; her eye glowed with hope and love; her cheek had that changeful coloring which shows that the heart and mind are active within. Her beauty was the admiration of every one; but this was by no means the best of her. For she too had waked to a new life and new affections; and that love which at first was a girlish preference had now become a deep, pervading principle of her nature, filling her with serious joy, and giving dignity and tone to all her words and actions. Dress had lost for her that interest it has for those who cultivate it because the mind must have something to do; those unfortunate females who expend an amount of taste, skill, labor and money upon their perishable bodies which if bestowed upon the mind would never be lost; and all because woman is not educated to think she has any very important influence out of her domestic circle. We do not mean to say that Mary neglected her person; but she was always so attired that one never thought of her dress at all; neither did she herself. And if we may state a rule for propriety in dress, it is, that they are well dressed who never attract attention either by the carelessness or extreme nicety of their apparel.

And Mary may be pardoned if at the college exhibition which took place at the beginning of the last year of Tom's college course, when he had the English oration, she felt a glow of pride as he mounted the stage to speak. She felt sure he would acquit himself well, though it was his first appearance in public as a scholar; and her hopes were not disappointed. Robert Nailer and his daughter had gone early to University Hall, and as the crowd increased, found themselves surrounded by gay and richly-attired people, who mistook him and Mary for people of great distinction, so assured and easy was his manner as he gazed in the faces of those about him, not at all aware of what he was doing, for his mind was full of Tom and his oration; another remarkable instance of the principle that extremes meet; for Robert, who would not have been guilty of an uncivil act for his right hand, was unconsciously, from ignorance, doing precisely what the most conscious and impudent do on purpose to show their indifference to others.

The old fellow sat out the Latin and Greek dialogues with tolerable patience. Ever and anon turning to his daughter, he would inquire: 'What's that, Mary?' 'Latin, father.' 'And what's that?' 'That is Greek,' perhaps she would reply, as the different parts proceeded.

'Is it? Well, I dare say it is all very fine to the President,' said Robert; 'but Mary, what does the Governor wear such an outlandish cap for?'

'It is the custom, father.'

'Ah, well, if it is the custom, of course he must. Customs are sacred. All trades have their tricks. Now I suppose that cap and gown are very necessary to keep the thoughts right and straight; just as I never can work to advantage without my apron on. I wonder if Tom will have on a gown when he takes his turn?'

'Hush, father!—there he comes!' said Mary, as the blacksmith-student made his appearance at the door.

The occasion it is true was a college-exhibition, but our hero felt he had real work to do. He had prepared himself to address his fellow men, and it was no show or pageant in which he was engaged. He had chosen his theme, one dearest to his heart, and on which he could speak from experience—the 'Value of Knowledge;' and in a clear manner he attempted to show that this view had not been recognized by the people of the country; that knowledge had been sought from feelings of ambition, taste, fashion, convenience and necessity, but not enough as a good investment of money; that not yet was it put upon the true ground of value. But let it not be supposed he was insensible to the happiness it confers, the refinement it fosters, the humanity it warms into life; all this was properly touched: but his main topic was the one we have mentioned. Frequently was he interrupted by rounds of applause; and when he retired from the stage, Robert, no longer able to contain himself, rose suddenly upon his feet and exclaimed, 'You've clinched the nail *this* time, my boy!' And then, recalled to himself by the laughter and staring about him, and Mary's 'Dear father! pray be seated!' he would have asked pardon of the President and the audience, while the tears of pleasure stood in his eyes; but some new speaker soon covered the disgrace he thought he had incurred.

After this fine effort, the growth of Tom was rapid, if not to the first, yet to a very high place in his class. Still he valued it most because it gave influence to his views, which were new and necessarily unpopular with the mass of students, many of whom were getting an education, that is, a degree, to escape labor. But now his society was sought by many not belonging to the college, and his fame grew daily as a remarkable man. Now that he had a prospect of being distinguished, the ladies called upon his 'intended;' and at the time Mary was quite independent of polite attentions, all seem anxious to shower them upon her. Robert's shop too became quite a curiosity to people who rode out from the city; and ladies

and gentlemen often stretched their necks out of coach-windows to see what might be seen in any village in New-England.

Still, as Robert and Tom, and Mary too, were human, the attentions and the curiosity of passers-by did not make them unhappy; and the wonder is that they had so little effect any way upon them. Their lives passed on much as before, in that regular round of labor and rest; both adorned and sweetened by those delights which cultivation of mind adds even to hours of sleep, in richer dreams, until the time when the student was graduated with honor, having achieved his own education by the labor of his hands.

L I N E S

ON THE STATUE OF WASHINGTON AT THE CAPITOL.

BY S. D. DAKIN.

MARMOREAL image of the mighty Dead,
 Struck by the sculptor from the shapeless stone!
 E'en as thy genius, ere from earth it fled,
 From unformed masses, vassals of a throne,
 Struck a free nation forth!

Be thou upon the troublous sea of state
 The calm firm rock that stays the tide of wrong;
 Break at thy feet the surge of rough debate,
 And round thy brow if clouds of faction throng,
 Disperse them with its light.

If Vandal hands should e'er assail again
 The sacred walls that Freedom loves so well,
 Be thou a Presence shall their rage restrain,
 As when upon a lashed sea's angry swell
 A gentle Saviour trod!

And as, when living, thou 'dst the strength sublime
 To rule the loftiest passions of the soul,
 And guide the restless spirits of the time
 By moderate counsels and by self-control,
 Inspiring faith in thee:

If e'er rude party strife or private broils
 Distract the land and desolate the hearth,
 The country's good loved less than victor's spoils,
 And selfish aims preferred to patriot worth,
 Warn them with marble lips!

And may the freedom thou hast given this clime,
 Grow like a glacier on its mountain sides
 And down its vales, which, through all future time,
 The sun may gild but melt not as it glides,
 Bright with the smiles of Heaven!

THE ENGLISH IN AMERICA IN 1776.

BY CLARKSON CROLIUS.

WE are indebted for the valuable tables which ensue, to the pen of an old and highly respectable citizen, CLARKSON CROLIUS, Esquire, formerly Speaker of the House of Assembly, Alderman of the city, etc.; a gentleman to whom the public have been frequently indebted for records of important events connected with the 'times that tried men's souls.' This account of the number of British troops in the United States, and also the number of ships, with their complement of guns, on the first day of October 1776, was gathered at great pains from official documents in the British war-office. They were first communicated to the public on the Fourth of July last, with the annexed among other appropriate remarks. Alluding to the undying Declaration of Independence, the writer said: 'It was matured with great judgment, and was solemnly and unanimously adopted by the representatives of the people in congress assembled. The people supported the acts of their representatives with that manly firmness and steady perseverance, through a long and bloody war, which was worthy of the cause in which they were engaged; and which, by the blessing of Heaven, resulted in the complete separation of these United States from Great Britain; established our independence; and gave us a name and a place among the nations of the earth. It required great sacrifices, much suffering and trial, on the part of the Americans to maintain their rights. It was by many hard and well-fought battles that the triumph was achieved. But the *iron hearts* of that day; the revolutionary patriots who boldly came to the rescue at the times that 'tried men's souls,' and sustained their country's cause, and gave us victory, liberty and peace, where are they? The answer is ready. The greater number of them are 'gone to their rest.' There are but few remaining, and their furloughs must soon run out. Friends of Freedom! cherish them while they are yet with you. Youth of America! cherish them. Hear them when they speak of revolutionary events; catch their words as they fall from their lips, and treasure them up in your memories. They will inspire your bosoms with a patriotism that will prompt to deeds of noble daring, should *you* ever be called upon to defend the rights, the liberty, and the constitution of your country. Although years have somewhat whitened my hairs, yet when I hear them relate their toils and their hardships, their defeats and their victories, and see them fight their battles over again, as they are wont to do on every returning anniversary of our independence, it excites a glow of patriotic feeling in my breast that it is impossible to describe.'

It is well known of course to all Americans that our struggling

forefathers had numerous and well-disciplined troops to contend with ; but it may well be doubted whether many of our readers are aware that the number was as great as is here given :

TROOPS IN THE UNITED STATES AND THE CANADAS, OCTOBER 1, 1776.

FROM OFFICIAL DOCUMENTS.

BRITISH,

UNDER COMMAND OF SIR WILLIAM HOWE, IN NEW YORK CITY AND VICINITY

Royal Artillery, six Companies,	486
Dragoons, sixteenth and seventeenth Regiments,	984
Drafts from the Foot Guards,	1,105
Fourth, 5th, 6th, 10th, 16th, 17th, 22d, 23d, 27th, 28th, 35th, 38th, 40th, 43d, 44th, 45th, 46th, 49th, 52d, 55th, 63d, 64th and 65th Regiments of Infantry,	14,234
Forty-second Regiment of Royal Highlanders,	1,168
Seventy-first Regiment, General Fraser,	1,298
Royal Marines, two Battalions,	1,172
New York Volunteers, one Battalion,	454
Corps of Guides and Pioneers,	610
	<hr/>
	21,511

Under the command of SIR HENRY CLINTON at the South, (since arrived at Staten Island,) the 15th, 33d, 37th, 54th and 57th Regiment of Infantry,	3,235
Royal Artillery, two Companies,	152
	<hr/>

Total number of British Troops in New York and its vicinity, 24,908

GERMAN.

Hessian Infantry,	12,579
Hessian Artillery,	588
Hessian Yagers,	936
Anspeach and Bareith, two Regiments Infantry,	1,996
Anspeach and Bareith, Artillery,	194
Anholts Zerbats, one Regiment Infantry,	1,046
Hesse Hannau, one Regiment Infantry,	1,142
Waldocks, one Regiment Infantry,	1,144
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Total number of German Troops in New York and its vicinity, 19,625

The forces sent out with General BURGOYNE to Canada in the spring of 1776, including those that arrived at Quebec, until the first of September of that year, are as follows :

BRITISH.

Royal Artillery, six Companies,	486
Eighth, 9th, 20th, 21st, 26th, 29th, 31st, 34th, 47th, 53d and 62d Regiments of Infantry, ten Companies each,	7,117

GERMAN.

Brunswick Infantry,	4,698
Brunswick Artillery	316
Brunswick Yagers,	104
Hesse Hannau Infantry, one Regiment,	1,068
Hesse Hannau Artillery,	128
Hesse Hannau Yagers,	109
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Total number of Troops in Canada, 14,026

RECAPITULATION.

British Troops in the city of New-York and its vicinity,	24,908
German Troops in the city of New-York and vicinity,	19,625
British Troops in Canada,	7,603
German Troops in Canada,	6,423

Whole number of British and German Troops in the United States and Canada, October 1, 1776, 58,559

The following list contains the number of vessels in Lord Howe's Fleet, on the first day of October, 1776. The names of vessels under twenty guns are omitted:

SHIPS OF SIXTY-FOUR GUNS. Eagle, Raisable, Nonsuch, Augusta, St. Albans, Somerset.	SHIPS OF THIRTY-TWO GUNS. Emerald, Orpheus, Ambuscade, Richmond, Blonde, Niger, Apollo, Pearle, Thames.	ARMED STORE-SHIPS OF TWENTY-FOUR GUNS. Fowey, Mercenary, Greyhound, Scarborough,
SHIPS OF FIFTY GUNS. Chatham, Preston, Renown, Centurion, Isis, Experiment, Warwick.	SHIPS OF THIRTY-TWO GUNS. (Armed Store-Ships.) Grampus, King George, Tortoise, Buffalo, Lord Howe.	SHIPS OF TWENTY GUNS. Garland, Rose, Camilla, Camel, Ariel, Perseus, Sphynx, Galatea, Daphne.
SHIPS OF FORTY-FOUR GUNS. Roebuck, Phoenix, Romulus, Rainbow.	SHIPS OF TWENTY-EIGHT GUNS. Carysfoot, Cerberus, Liverpool, Lizard, Mermaid, Milford, Siren, Tartar, Unicorn, Triton, Soleby.	ARMED STORE-SHIPS. Of eighteen guns each, 3 Of sixteen guns each, 6 Of fourteen guns each, 5 Of twelve guns each, 2 Bomb-ships, 8 guns and three mortars each, 3 Cutters, eight guns and two mortars each, 2 Row galleys, 6 Schooners, 6 Sloops, 4
SHIP OF THIRTY-SIX GUNS. Venus.		ARMED STORE-SHIP. Jersey, sixty-four guns, 1
SHIPS OF THIRTY-TWO GUNS. Amazona, Diamond, Flora, Lark, Brune, Vestal, Juno.		

RECAPITULATION.

6 ships of sixty-four guns each.	5 armed store-ships of fourteen guns each.
7 ships of fifty guns each.	2 armed store-ships of twelve guns each.
4 ships of forty-four guns each.	3 bomb-ships of eight guns and three mortars each.
16 ships of thirty-two guns each.	2 cutters of eight guns each and two mortars.
5 armed store-ships, thirty-two guns each.	6 row galleys.
11 ships of twenty-eight guns each.	4 sloops.
3 armed store-ships, twenty-eight guns each.	6 schooners.
4 ships of twenty-four guns each.	1 store-ship, or rather prison-ship, the Jersey, sixty-four guns.
9 ships of twenty guns each.	
3 armed store-ships of eighteen guns each.	
6 armed store-ships of sixteen guns each.	

It is singular that there was not a ship of higher rate than sixty-four guns in the fleet. It is known to officers in the British navy, as well as our own, that a sixty-four never was considered a line-of-

battle ship by any maritime nation except Holland, which, if my memory be correct, allowed them to come into line. It is said they were stouter and carried heavier metal than a British sixty-four. That Lord Howe had no heavier ships may be accounted for, inasmuch as the French had no fleet out at that time. There were many ships of the line here during the war. A ninety-gun ship was hove down at Peck-slip wharf. Her guns were taken out, I believe, previous to her coming up. The Asia guard-ship, Captain PARKER, who fired on the city, was ordered on another station, and therefore does not appear in the list of Lord Howe's fleet.

T H E E A R L Y L I L A C .

I.

AGAIN, attendant on the Spring,
Thy purple clusters rise,
And lift their gay rejoicing heads
Beneath soft weeping skies.

II.

Thou too hast felt the withering touch
Of Winter's icy hand,
That hand withdrawn, how soon thy bright
And blushing charms expand!

III.

Not so with man, whose faded life
No verdant leaf resumes,
And on whose wan and pallid cheek
No roseate flow'ret blooms.

IV.

Full many dark and cheerless years
These weary feet have run
Drear winter's track, not warmed like thee
By spring's returning sun.

V.

Yet can that same Almighty arm
That lifts thy drooping head,
In his own time dissolve the charm
That binds the sleeping dead:

VI.

The sleeping dead! to rise like thee,
In renovated bloom,
But not like thee to find again
A dark and wintry tomb.

VII.

And shall not the protecting hand
Which raised that flow'ret's pride
From 'dust and ashes,' yet for man
His 'better part' provide?

MISSIVE TO THE 'LADY-SUFFERER.'

A REJOINDER FROM B. F.

DEAR MADAM: The kindness of heart which induced you to leave your address with our mutual friend 'O. K.', has given me an excuse which I have long coveted, although I hardly hoped I should ever find one, for addressing a line to you. The terms of your offer are such that I cannot clearly construe them. Whether they imply an invitation to serve you in the character of a waiter or a neighbor, I do not quite understand; but in either case I will accept, with but small exactions. I have journeyed through the land of the Wolverines, and have dwelt some days in her lithographed cities, and I did not think it possible that I could be induced to return there; but to live under your eye would lure me to a worse place than 'M——e.' If it be in the character of a 'help' that I must serve you, all that I shall exact will be, one black coat with velvet collar and glazed buttons, a sad-colored vest, a pair of drabs, and half a dozen pairs of white cotton gloves, with the privilege of reading all the mss. that I may find lying on my lady's desk, and an exemption from a shoulder-knot and a gold band round my hat; but if I am to be allowed the higher privilege of a neighbor, all that I shall insist upon will be, a promise of admission as often as I may call. I have as little doubt as yourself, that the experience of one year at such a college will be of essential benefit to me; but I am persuaded that it would only establish me more firmly than ever in what you are pleased to term my Bæotian philosophy; for truly the condition of affairs must be prosperous in a country where so accomplished a mistress as yourself cannot prevail upon a proper servant to accept an appointment under her roof. If land were as cheap and taxes as few in Manchester as in M——e, would not the same conditions show the same effects in regard to menials? Trust me, they would; only there would be a difference in favor of M——e, as there is more of education there. One of two things must be endured, as the world now goes; either a beggar at the door or a bad servant in the kitchen. I will not be so uncivil as to demand which of these my good 'Lady-Sufferer' would prefer.

In penning my trifling article on 'Domestic Servitude,' I did not dream of giving even the shadow of a theory, much less of influencing the wayward temper of a solitary lady's-maid or man's-man. But in calling to mind some of my bitter experiences in house-keeping, I endeavored to find a drop of consolatory sweetness; and I could extract none other than the thought that the wide-spread prosperity which enabled the humblest individual among us to live almost at his ease, was assuredly a more comfortable state of affairs than the pinching times in such countries as Great-Britain, where

the servility of the domestics continually reminds you of the wretchedness and suffering that have driven them to seek a shelter beneath your roof at the expense of their personal freedom and dignity. But the present aspect of our own affairs almost makes us fear that we shall soon have domestics in abundance, and at our own terms too.

I do not perceive in what manner my remarks could be understood to object to the good order of society dependant upon a proper division of labor. In no country in the world is this matter better understood or managed than in this. There is a dignity in manual labor, and a cheerfulness in the performance of it, that we should seek after in vain elsewhere. Our laborers are in truth our first men; and the most popular candidates for the public suffrage are always the hard-fisted. Nothing would more certainly call down the contempt of the public than an affront put upon a mechanic 'as such.' The boots that I have on my feet at this moment were only last week patched in the stall of a member of Congress, who during the 'recess' sits on his bench with no more feeling of degradation than he now sits at his mahogany desk in the midst of the assembled wisdom of the nation at Washington. In speaking of him I must of course say, 'My shoe-maker, the Hon. Mr. E. ;' and why not, as well as 'my lawyer, the Hon. Mr. G.,' or 'my physician, the Hon. Mr. V.?' They do but administer to my necessities in their separate ways, for money; and although the callings of the two last may be considered more intellectual than the other, yet there is no more dignity in the exercise of their faculties than there is in the trade of the cobbler, since they all labor for the same end—their own profit. In truth, if I were called upon to part with one of the trio, I could more readily make shift to dispense with the services of both doctor and lawyer than with the cobbler.

Why then, allow me to ask, should one kind of labor be grudgingly performed, while all others are cheerfully done, and without a feeling of degradation? Why should your cook and chamber-maid look upon themselves as your natural enemies, and perform in spite the labor for which you pay them, while your carpenter or your clerk hold themselves your debtors, even after you have paid them their stipulated wages? Establish the difference if you please between the apothecary who puts up your pills and the cook who mixes your puddings? The difference is great indeed; one performs his labor without grumbling, takes your money, and while he bows you out of his shop thanks you politely for your custom, while the other spites you if she can, and will repay your kind words with insolence. The indignities of domestic service are not owing to the soiled hands and coarse clothes to which you would attribute them. The majority of chamber-maids are as neatly dressed and as good looking as their mistresses. The gentle princess Marie, the daughter of Louis Phillipe, amused herself with the coarse tools of a sculptor, and she wrought skilfully with them too, as did the accomplished and honorable Mrs. Damer; and the whole catalogue of illustrious names in science and art shows you an army of men who

labored with their hands in dirty materials; who sweated hard, and toiled more drudgingly than the lowest menial in a well-ordered kitchen. Think of Humboldt, Linnæus, and Audubon; what servants ever labored harder than they? Think of Burns at his plough or with his gauger's rod in his hand; Davy in his laboratory; Hogarth in his painting-room; Brinley on his canals; and Fulton among his machinery.

To what cause then must we attribute the abhorrence felt for domestic service among us, since it cannot be the bodily hardships attendant upon that condition? We seek in our own feelings for an answer — the feelings common to our race. Treat of it as you will, domestic servitude is the hardest lot that can fall to man or woman. There are some rare instances, I know, where individuals fall into a state of servitude as into their natural sphere, and endure all the indignities that are heaped upon them as though they were enamored of them. But such cases are rare every where, and most of all, thanks to our position, among our own people. Is it not a cause of congratulation, good Madam — I put the question to you seriously, and beg you to forget for a moment your own domestic inconveniences — that your own countrymen and countrywomen are not fit for servants; and that they will not be made so while good land can be had in such a neighborhood as yours for ten York shillings an acre? Would you be proud to boast of a common paternity with a people who would accept of the place of a menial, to wait and tend upon the whimsical wants of another, when they might, by a proper exercise of the faculties with which nature had endowed them, become masters themselves, and lords of their own homes? Could such a people ever have achieved their freedom as we have ours? No! It is not in the blood of an Anglo-Saxon to be a serving-man: want may *compel* him to it, but he will submit under protest. But let the habits which grow up under a state of unequal wealth and aristocratic privileges be assimilated and fitted to a condition of equal rights, not of circumstances, and the service which you require in your house will be as readily and as cheerfully given as the service which you may require out of it. Let the petty tyranny of the kitchen and the contemptuous treatment of domestics be avoided, and there will be no difficulty in procuring good servants.

The general tone and feeling of society must be altered in this regard, or the evil of which we all complain so loudly will remain as huge as ever. I have wandered over a good portion of both the old world and the new, and I have always found the servility of menials an infallible indication of the degree of facility with which a subsistence could be procured. Contrast Michigan with Massachusetts and Massachusetts with Great-Britain, and you will find the difficulty of procuring employment in exact proportion to the docility of the employed. It is true that in either place men must live by serving each other; but in one case they have the choice of occupation, and in the other their choice is Hobsonian. But even in Great-Britain the docility of servants is more deceptive than the

obedience of our involuntary menials at the South: a little learning and the natural tendencies of their nature cause them to rebel openly upon very slight provocation. There was more humanity in the opposition of Cobbett while in parliament to the education of the lower classes than at the first thought would appear. It is not in the nature of the race to be well disposed toward those whose bitter dependent bread they eat. Now I must insist that the wrong does not lie with the menial. The evil laws of the society in which he lives compel him to a course of life for which these very laws have disqualified him. The wrong lies with the employer, who must learn to conduct himself toward his employé in such a manner that his natural feelings shall not be outraged; and it appears to me that the ready writer who would reform society in this regard must direct his pen to the master and not to the servant. With us, servants have the upper hand; we work hard to support them, and they give us such return as they please. If we would open their eyes and bring them to terms, we must show ourselves independent of them; and they will then, like the artisan who solicits our custom, find their account in making themselves agreeable. Did your shoemaker or your mantuamaker ever insist on taking a cup of tea with you, to the exclusion of any of your little brood? Or did your butcher and baker ever threaten to 'cut off the supplies' unless they were invited to dine at your comfortable table? I will venture to assume that they never did. But why should they not, as well as your female help, or your master-of-horse? Simply because they know that such outrageous impudence would cost them your custom. But your 'help' does not care a copper for your patronage: if you should dismiss her, your next-door neighbor would be glad to receive her, and submit to all her exactions without grumbling. I grant you that this is an exceedingly unhappy condition for yourself, but is it for your 'help'?

I find I am mixing more gravity with this matter than I intended to do; but the subject enlarges as I proceed, and I must reserve for another occasion what is here unexpressed. I cannot pretend of course to much practical knowledge of my subject, and for that reason I look upon myself better qualified to discuss the merits of it; for the vexation which the women endure with their servants make them, as old Peachum said in another case, where they are equally sufferers, 'desperate bad judges.'

I remain, dear Madam, in the bonds of the same suffering, Yours,

H. F.

DOUBT: A FRAGMENT.

DOUBT! — Anarch old, that staggers all,
 The mighty vulgar as the small;
 Claims from all hearts the allegiance won,
 Yet satisfaction gives to none:
 The stoutest arm he fastest binds,
 Still strongest in the strongest minds;
 Who struggles hardest, suffers worst,
 And tightens bands he cannot burst.

c.

L I T E R A R Y N O T I C E S .

THE AMERICAN IN EGYPT: WITH RAMBLES THROUGH ARABIA PETRÆA AND THE HOLY LAND, during the years 1839 and 1840. By JAMES EWING COOLEY. In one volume. pp. 610. New-York: D. APPLETON AND COMPANY.

THE 'Original Papers' of the present issue have advanced so far upon the boundaries of our own especial domain, that we are compelled to limit the notices in this department to a space which must exclude the extracts we had marked for transfer from the volume before us. We must content ourselves therefore with indicating in brief to the reader some of the more prominent characteristics of the work. We were struck on opening it with the beauty of its execution, and the great number of engravings by which its text is illustrated. Of these there are, in steel-plates and vignettes, *ninety-eight*; the former, in several instances, elaborate landscape views, and the latter rougher etchings from the pencil of JOHNSTON, the American CRUIKSHANK, as he has been not inaptly termed. Mr. COOLEY claims for his records of travel only the character of 'random and familiar sketches of the manners, customs and character of the East.' In every thing relating to the affairs and condition of the interesting countries which the writer traversed, he sought to arrive at just and true conclusions. The volume he tells us is a mere compilation from the notes taken on the spots to which they refer; intended to 'blend with the author's wanderings an outline-account of the existing peculiarities of the East,' and slightly to 'compare the manners, customs, oppressions, degradations and barbarism of the modern orientals with the condition of their more enlightened and fortunate ancestors, when Egypt was the seat of learning, luxury and power; when Judea was 'a land flowing with milk and honey,' and when 'the desert blossomed like the rose.'

There is another characteristic of the volume under notice, which we think will be less likely to interest the general reader; we mean the vein of vague satire which runs through the work, upon individuals encountered in what is called in Turkey '*Frank Society*;' persons whom the writer depicts as 'exhibiting a fair and courteous exterior,' but yet who 'in all their proffered attention to and intercourse with strangers, are actuated by the most unworthy motives, and prompted by the most insidious and base designs.' Something of this, in the reader's *own* experience, would doubtless impart to the sketches of the Wrinklebottoms, Firkins, *et id genus omne*, a good degree of interest; but as it is, although the limnings evince cleverness, they are without the requisite attraction for the uninitiated. We perceive indications, we think, that in describing the English whom it was his fortune to meet in his journeyings, our author intended, where circumstances would justify

it, to return with interest the plain-speaking of the Trollopian school of English travellers in America. 'Nebby Daoood,' the backwoodsman in London, serves the author's purpose most effectually; for the record of his wanderings, and especially of his 'experiences' in the British metropolis, are graphic satires, very fresh and natural in manner. The picture of the House of Lords by JOHNSTON, ludicrous as it is, does no more than justice to NEBBY's caustic description. 'I saw nothing there,' he says, 'to astonish me. Lords are merely men, after all, and not the best specimen of the species that I have seen, either. Some of them are more indebted to their decorations, titles and wealth, than to nature, for the elevated positions they occupy. The lords were lounging about upon the great long seats like a dissipated gathering of high fellows just in from a shooting-party or a midnight debauch. They were sitting with their hats on, apparently careless about business, and seemed to have assembled merely to talk over the incidents of the last carousal and to plan another, with a view of winding up with cigars and something to drink. Few seemed to pay the least attention to what was before the house; indeed, there appeared to be little before it, of any kind, except a cadaverous little old man, dressed in a black gown, and half enveloped in a large powdered wig; and he was squeaking away at the top of his voice, seated on a wool-sack, but without being able to make himself understood at a distance of ten feet from the place where he sat. He was the presiding genius of the House of Lords.' But we must pause; leaving the reader to seek in the volume itself that entertainment which we are debarred from collating in his behalf.

PATRONOMATOLOGY: AN ESSAY ON THE PHILOSOPHY OF SURNAMES. Read before the Connecticut State Lyceum in November, 1839. By CHARLES WILLIAM BRADLEY, A. M., Rector of Christ-Church, Chatham.

WE are indebted to the author, as we infer, for a copy of this very curious and interesting pamphlet; the first attempt to illustrate the science of *Linguistics*, in its relations to etymology, ethnography and *patronomatology*, that we have ever encountered. The writer, believing with GREPPO, the commentator on CHAMPOLLION's system of Egyptian hieroglyphics, that 'the study of the names of men, which are generally significant, is connected with the study of a people and their manners,' has labored with abundant research, and we may add success, to present a clear view of the philosophy of surnames. A learned and matter-full essay upon the general theme is followed by illustrative examples of the principles which have been previously laid down. A large class of patronymics, it would appear, owe their origin to the trades or occupations of those who assumed them; as Wheelwright, Cartwright, Wainwright, Shoemaker, Slaymaker, Glover, Cooper, Weaver, Fuller, Skinner, Tanner, Thatcher, etc. Others are formed with the suffix *man*, as Coalman, Woodman, Seaman, Dykeman, Boardman, and the like. The designation of individuals by *personal qualities* is among the oldest originals of personal names; as Long, Hale, Stout, Moody, Strong, Savage Jolly, Swift, Gay, Bright, Blunt, Meek, etc. Others are prefixed to the word *man*, to denote the property of the possessor; as Merriman, Stillman, Wildman, Silliman, Longman, Truman, Tallman, Fairman, etc. There are other compounds of this nature, as Broadhead, Bushyhead, Freebody, Crookshanks, Sheepshanks, Lightfoot, Goodhue, Lovejoy, Fairchild, Goodchild, Longfellow, Gaylord, Treadwell, Proudfoot, etc. Beside the terms used in *emblazonry*, as Shield, Field, Crest, Dexter, and the like;

the extensive list terminating in *son*; and names derived from words which mark the *social relations* or *degrees of kindred*, as Parent, Child, Ladd, Minor, Tenant, Prentice, Friend, Guest, etc.; there are numerous nicknames in the possessive, denoting descent, as Dixon, Dick's son, Timms, Tim's son, Simms, Sim's son, Nix or Nixon, Nix's son, etc.; many are taken from *animals*, as Fox, Badger, Roe, Palfrey, Colt, Stagg, Bacon, Bull, Lamb, Redheifer, etc.; from *birds*, also; as Jay, Finch, Partridge, Robbins, Peacock, Teal, Swan, and the like; from *fish*, as Herring, Pike, Roach, Dace, Turbot, etc.; from the names of *plants*, etc.; as Hawthorn, Lemon, Ash, Pine, Weed, Beach, Birch, etc.; from *topographical terms*, etc., as Town, Parish, Street, Lane, Paddock, Field, Dike, Platt, Banks, Boggs, Marsh, Pool, Lakes, Brooks, Rivers, etc.; from articles of *dress*, or *use*, as Bibb, Tucker, Stocking, Slipper, Button, Frame, Rugg, Bellows, Brush, Potts, Hoe, Coulter, Sickles, Ropes, Bell, Stone, Flint, etc. Even words denoting seasons, the heavenly bodies, and atmospheric phenomena, have given names to families, although it would be difficult to discover the principle of their adoption; as Winter, Spring, Day, Doubleday, Dewey, Lowrey, Merriweather, Fog, Frost, Hail and Snow. The foregoing are a few only of the originals cited by Mr. BRADLEY, all of which however are not less clearly traceable.

RANDOM SHOTS AND SOUTHERN BREEZES. By LOUIS FITZGERALD TASISTRO: Author of 'The Revolution of July,' 'Reminiscences of Bear-hunting in Moldavia,' etc. In two volumes. pp. 505. New-York: HARPER AND BROTHERS.

WE have been very agreeably disappointed in these volumes. The earlier writings of the author in this country had led us to fear that his manner of recording the incidents of his travel would be more or less verbose, and too elaborately striking; whereas nothing could be more simple and unpretending than the prevailing style of these 'Random Shots.' They comprise critical remarks on the Southern States and Southern institutions, with semi-serious observations on men and manners; and the writer informs us in his preface that he has aimed throughout 'to exhibit Truth dressed in her native beauty, and to expose the false Divinity whenever an attempt has been made to set her off in attractive colors.' Failing to receive a copy at an early hour, our glance through the work has been necessarily a cursory one; but we have seen enough in the graphic pictures of society and manners in New-Orleans; in anecdotes of actors, criticisms upon the drama, and remarks upon the causes of its decline; in individual sketches of character, and lively gossip on music and art; we have seen enough, we say, in these features of the work to enable us to commend it to our readers, as one calculated to interest by its matter and entertain by its manner. Mr. TASISTRO has used all plainness of speech; in fact, in some of his portraitures, (those of Charleston society, and especially of its literary class, for example,) he seems to have been influenced by a desire to convince his readers that he is 'not afraid to blame' nor to apply the satirical lash with the utmost force of his arm. He tells us that 'the pretensions of the literary class to the distinction they claim are not so much founded upon positive acquirements as upon a certain tact in looking wise;' that their ideas relate principally to themselves, and that every topic they introduce has a personal application; and he limns out an individual likeness or two, in a way that causes us to fear there may be 'some offence' at the bottom of his strictures. We commend him to the tender mercies of our capable friends of

'*The Chicora*' journal, if he shall be found to have 'set down aught in malice' against their beautiful city, or its refined and hospitable inhabitants. It must be confessed, however, that a 'Southern' Magazine, *par excellence*, rather confirms our author's hints. The 'Magnolia' says that the small communities of which the Southern cities consist can never confer reputation; that they are under the control of petty cliques, who lack the courage to determine a literary question in the first instance, but who wait for the judgment of other tribunals; and that most of their judgments originate in New-York, 'whose verdict is impatiently looked for and patiently endured.' 'These be very cruel words,' and our Southern friends would not 'hear an *enemy* say them.'

COTTAGE RESIDENCES: or a Series of Designs for Rural Cottages and Cottage-Villas and their Gardens and Grounds. Adapted to North-America. By A. J. DOWNING, Author of a Treatise on Landscape Gardening. New-York and London: WILEY AND PUTNAM.

THIS is a work that was much needed; and it has been executed in a manner which reflects great credit upon the author. 'A hearty desire,' says he, 'to contribute something to the improvement of the domestic architecture and the rural taste of our country has been the motive which has influenced me in preparing this little volume. With us, almost every man either builds, or looks forward to building, a home for himself at some period of his life; it may be only a log hut, or at most a rustic cottage, but perhaps also a villa or a mansion. As yet, however, our houses are mostly either of the plainest and most meagre description, or if of a more ambitious, they are frequently of a more objectionable character; shingle palaces of very questionable convenience, and not in the least adapted, by their domestic and rural beauty, to harmonize with our lovely natural landscapes. Now I am desirous that every one who lives in the country, and in a country house, should be in some degree conversant with domestic architecture, not only because it will be likely to improve the comfort of his own house, and hence all the houses in the country, but that it will enlarge his mind, and give him new sources of enjoyment. The advantages of an ingeniously-arranged and nicely-adapted plan, over one carelessly and ill-contrived, are so obvious to the reason of every one, that they are self-evident. This is the ground-work of domestic architecture, recognized as all-important by all mankind, and some ingenuity and familiarity with practical details are only necessary to give us compact, convenient, and comfortable houses, with the same means and in the same space as the most awkward and unpleasing forms.' . . . 'How much happiness, how much pure pleasure, that strengthens and invigorates our best and holiest affections, is there not experienced in bestowing upon our homes something of grace and loveliness; in making the place dearest to our hearts a sunny spot where the social sympathies take shelter securely under the shadowy eaves, or grow and entwine trustfully with the tall trees or wreathed vines that cluster around, as if striving to shut out whatever of bitterness or strife may be found in the open highways of the world!' We cordially second the author's aim to inspire in the minds of his readers and countrymen more lively perceptions of the *Beautiful*, in every thing that relates to our houses and grounds. Numerous engravings of cottages and cottage-grounds illustrate the author's text; indeed the work is presented in a very tasteful style, typographically and pictorially. It deserves and we doubt not will receive the same liberal patronage which was bestowed upon the '*Landscape Gardening*' of the same author.

EDITOR'S TABLE.

'SHE'S BEEN AT IT AGAIN!' — We find in the last number of **BENTLEY'S Magazine** a very lively and gossiping description by **Mrs. FANNY KEMBLE BUTLER** of **'A Winter's Journey to Georgia,'** in which we have anew served up some of the most piquant characteristics of the gifted author's **'Journal in America.'** The reader must concede to her the merit of candor and plain-speaking, and a talent at graphic description of nature and character, of the first order. Take as an example the annexed picture of one of the interminable pine swamps of North Carolina:

'To describe to you the tract of country through which we now passed would be impossible; so forlorn a region it never entered my imagination to conceive. Dismal by nature, indeed, as well as by name, is that vast swamp, of which we now skirted the northern edge, looking into its endless pools of black water, where the melancholy cypress and juniper-trees alone overshadowed the thick-looking surface, their roots all globular, like huge bulbous plants, and their dark branches woven together with a hideous matting of giant creepers, which clung round their stems, and hung about the dismal forest like a drapery of withered snakes. It looked like some blasted region lying under an enchanter's ban, such as one reads of in old stories. Nothing lived or moved throughout the loathsome solitude, and the sunbeams themselves seemed to sicken and grow pale as they glided like ghosts through these watery woods. Into this wilderness it seems impossible that the hand of human industry, or the foot of human wayfaring, should ever penetrate; no wholesome growth can take root in its slimy depths; a wild jungle chokes up parts of it with a reedy, rattling covert for venomous reptiles: the rest is a succession of black ponds, sweltering under black cypress boughs—a place forbid! The wood which is cut upon its borders is obliged to be felled in winter, for the summer, which clothes other regions with flowers, makes this pestilential waste alive with rattlesnakes, so that none dare venture within its bounds; and I should even apprehend that, travelling as rapidly as one does on the rail-road, and only skirting this district of dismay, one might not escape the fetid breathings it sends forth when the warm season has quickened its stagnant waters and poisonous vegetation.'

We are scarcely willing to believe that the practice recorded in the subjoined passage is not somewhat exaggerated; and yet we have heard kindred reports from travellers who have had similar opportunities of observation:

'In the mean time the coaches were surrounded by a troop of gazing boors, who had come from far and near to see the hot-water carriages come up for only the third time into the midst of their savage solitude. A more forlorn, fierce, poor, and wild set of people, short of absolute savages, I never saw. They wandered round and round us, with a stupid kind of dismayed wonder. The men clothed in the coarsest manner, and the women also, of whom there were not a few, with the grotesque addition of pink and blue silk bonnets, with artificial flowers and imitation-blonde veils. Here the gentlemen of our party informed us that they observed, for the first time, a custom prevalent in North Carolina, of which I had myself frequently heard before; the women chewing tobacco, and that too in a most disgusting and disagreeable way, if one way can be more disgusting than another. They carry habitually a small stick, like the small implement for cleaning the teeth, usually known in England by the name of a root; this they thrust away in their glove or their garter-string, and whenever occasion offers, plunge it into a snuff-box, and begin chewing it. The practice is so common that the proffer of the snuff-box, and its passing from hand to hand, is the usual civility of a morning visit among the country-people; and I was not a little amused at hearing the gentlemen who were with us describe the process as they witnessed it in their visit to a miserable farm-house across the fields, whither they went to try to obtain something to eat.'

We hope some of our Southern contemporaries will defend their section of the

republic against such pictures of 'Southern hospitality' as the following. The lady-traveller, with her husband and party, are incidentally thrown upon the good offices of a gallant Colonel, who has the reputation of being a benevolent man, and of unwonted standing for that region :

' He entered into conversation with my husband ; and my veneration waxed deep when the old man, unfolding his history, proclaimed himself one of the heroes of the revolution — a fellow-fighter with WASHINGTON. I, who, comforted to a degree of high spirits by our sudden transition from the cold and darkness of the rail-road to the light and shelter of this rude mansion, had been flippantly bandying jokes, and proceeded some way in a lively flirtation with this illustrious American, grew thrice respectful, and hardly ventured to raise either my eyes or my voice as I inquired if he lived alone in this remote place. ' Yes, alone now ; his wife had been dead near upon two years.' Suddenly we were broken in upon by the arrival of the expected cars. It was past eight o'clock. If we delayed we should have to travel all night ; but then the Colonel pressed us to stay and sup, (the bereaved Colonel, the last touching revelation of whose lonely existence had turned all my mirth into sympathizing sadness.) The gentlemen were famished, and well inclined to stay ; the ladies were famished too, for we had eaten nothing all day. The bustle of preparation, urged by the warm-hearted Colonel, began afresh ; the negro girls shambled in and out more vigorously than ever, and finally we were called to eat and refresh ourselves with — dirty water — I cannot call it tea — old cheese, bad butter, and old, dry biscuits ! The gentlemen bethought them of the good supper they might have secured a few miles farther, and groaned ; but the hospitable Colonel merely asked them half a dollar a-piece, (there were about ten of them,) paying which we departed, with our enthusiasm a little damped for the warrior of the revolution ; and a tinge of rather deeper mis-giving as to some of his virtues stole over our minds on learning that three of the sable damsels that trudged about our supper-service were the Colonel's own progeny. I believe only three ; though the young negro girl whose loquacity made us aware of the fact, added, with a burst of commendable pride and gratitude, ' Indeed, he is a father to us all ! ' Whether she spoke figuratively or literally, we could not determine.'

' She's a very clever girl ! ' used to be the frequent exclamation of an English admirer of Miss KEMBLE's, in our hearing at the play-house, when she was in the zenith of her theatrical career ; and now that she has become a wife, a mother, and an author, the same critic finds equal pride in exclaiming : ' She's an extraordinary creature ! — a remarkably clever woman ! ' We agreed with the commentator in both cases, and our readers will agree with us.

AMERICAN ATHENÆUM AT PARIS. — We have received a communication from Paris, signed by Messrs. HENRY LEDYARD and LORENZO DRAPER, Secretary of Legation, and American consul at Paris, advising us of the establishment of an American Library and Reading-Room in the French capital, 'for the purpose of obtaining information generally relative to America, and of facilitating a just appreciation of the same throughout Europe, as well as with a view to cement amicable relations between the Old and the New world.' Such an establishment was much needed ; and we have in the names of His Excellency, HENRY WHEATON, Mr. DRAPER, Mr. LEDYARD, and Mr. VAIL a sufficient guarantee that it will be conducted in such a manner as to reflect credit upon our countrymen. Unlike the English, who forgather at their own Reading-room at GALIGNANI's, where they encounter all the publications of their Queen's dominions, the American in Paris has hitherto had no place where American papers and information on American affairs could be obtained. It is the desire of the Association that the conductors of our periodicals and journals would send their publications, free of charge, to their agent, Mr. W. B. DRAPER, 51 Beaver-street, New-York, who will pay the postage on them from the place where they are sent, and transmit them to Paris. The association is not in opulent circumstances, and cannot, in the infancy of the institution, *pay* for American journals, which they solicit from all parts of the Union, without distinction of political opinions. We invoke the aid of our contemporaries in behalf of this most praiseworthy enterprise.

NEW VOLUME OF POEMS BY BRYANT.—Messrs. WILEY AND PUTNAM have recently issued, in a neat and tasteful volume, all the later poems of Mr. WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT. Many of these have already appeared in the KNICKERBOCKER. Indeed we are proud of the fact, that some of the noblest poems of this first of American poets have been written for this Magazine. 'The Arctic Lover to his Mistress,' 'The Prairies,' 'The Winds,' 'An Evening Reverie,' 'The Antiquity of Freedom,' etc., published originally in these pages, have not been excelled by any of the author's writings, 'Thanatopsis' scarcely excepted. In the 'Gossip' of our last number we quoted the lines entitled 'Life,' one of the most thoughtful and exquisite of the writer's briefer effusions. We confess to a *fervent* admiration of BRYANT's poetry. It has 'grown with our growth and strengthened with our strength.' The faultless melody of his verse; the simplicity yet graphic force of his language; his Claude-like limnings of nature, and his enthusiastic love of the Beautiful and the True in all things, have won upon our best affections. And this moreover is the universal estimate of Mr. BRYANT's genius. There is scarcely a scene in nature or an event in life, a phase of sorrow, of passion, or affection, which he has not illumined as with 'a flaming torch held high.' The simplicity of his style is remarkable. The richest effects are produced by the use of the most common vernacular terms. We remember that on one occasion, while riding with GEOFFREY CRAYON through Sleepy-Hollow, with the skirts of a June shower distilling misty spots upon us, we ascended a hill which overlooked the whole of that wizard region, just as the sun dispersed a lingering rift of clouds, lighting up hill and upland and distant mountain, and gilding the white villages that slept in the vales along the Hudson. Gazing upon the scene, these lines of BRYANT rushed at once to mind, and we could not help repeating them:

'I stood upon an upland slope, and cast
My eye upon a broad and beauteous scene,
Where the wide plain lay girt by mountains vast,
And hills o'er hills lifted their heads of green,
With pleasant vales scooped out, and villages between.'

'How forcible and how beautiful,' said Mr. IRVING, 'are those simple vernacular terms which one so often encounters in the poems of our friend. This word 'scoop,' for example, how *perfect* is its adaptation to a scene like this:

'With pleasant vales *scooped out*, and villages between.'

Other instances of this admirable characteristic were mentioned, each of which was as natural and forceful as the one we have indicated. We may add, in closing this hasty tribute, that it is our belief that Mr. BRYANT is not only the very first of American poets, but that, with perhaps one eminent exception, he is the first living poet in the world. He has had his imitators among us; but the best of them are like the little shallop that rolls and ducks in the wake of a mighty vessel. Long may he live to write, and long may we live to read, his noble effusions.

THEATRICAL DOINGS, AMUSEMENTS, ETC.—What a treasure, in a metropolis like this, is a spot like NIBLO's GARDEN! In the hottest of nights, cool; in the dulllest times, lively; in the utmost dearth of entertainment elsewhere, always replete with rare and various attractions; now the pleasant vaudeville; now the laughable pantomime; with intervals of ravishing music and brilliant fire-works. The '*Night-Owl*' should be seen by every body. It is richer than a comedy, to watch the 'little people' scan the progress of its funny developements and magical changes; here a man crushed flat by a millstone, and then blown up into life again; there a home-made steam-boat with patent propellers, 'biling its bu'ster' in mid-ocean, and consigning its passengers to the maws of huge fishes; here a framed portrait, with 'not very beautiful feeters,' as the man said of the alligator, 'but with *so much openness* when he smiles,' which mysteriously swallows other folk's dinners; and there a palace, more gorgeous than a dream; with views of Purgatory and Paradise, 'as natural as life!' But why should we praise NIBLO's? The RAVELS are known—CHIPPENDALE is known. Moreover, the Garden is always full; so 'where's the use?' . . . At the BOWERY, the principal 'features' have been Mr. W. R. BLAKE, in '*The Last Man*,' who gave to admiring auditors a most capital performance of a very effective character; and Mr. BOOTH in his well-known round of characters, which he sustained with his accustomed ability. . . . We sometimes

step into the AMERICAN MUSEUM, to pass an hour of recreation ; and truth to say, nothing need be more agreeable and entertaining than its numerous and various enticements. The Model of the City of Dublin is one of the most perfect and altogether unique exhibitions we have ever encountered, and is of itself a crowded museum ; and yet this is but a *tithe* of the things ' too numerous to mention ' which Mr. BARNUM has brought together for the amusement of ' his friends,' the collective public. We have notes of ' *A Visit to the Museum,*' which we may possibly write out hereafter, for the edification of our readers.

GOSSIP WITH READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS. — We tender our respectful thanks to the Editor of the Southern ' *Orion* ' Magazine for his just appreciation of our views in relation to ' *Sectional Literature,*' and for the frank and cordial spirit with which he seconds them in his excellent journal. Like the ' *Chicora,*' the ' *Orion* ' is not likely to ' permit its love of literary independence to run too far ahead of that respect for the common taste, which after all is most generally correct and true.' We take it that no Southern reader will fail to recognize the good sense and discrimination which characterize the subjoined passage from the well-written article to which we allude :

' We confess that it is sufficiently 'amusing' to observe how some of our contemporaries treat this question of 'sectional literature,' as they term it, and we are quite sure that it is sufficiently tedious to read their prosings on this 'harmless' matter. We have said, in a previous number, that we disliked the term 'Southern Literature ;' as if literature were of different characters in the North and South. To our mind there is but one literature, whether it exists in the North or the South, in the East or the West. Its existence in different stages of developement, or in different degrees of elevation, is another thing. In name it is unique, in character various. Have we of the South different standards from the people of the North, for determining the merit of literary productions ? Have we even different matériel for producing literature ? Do our authors write with other aims than northern writers ? Do our poets construct their verse by different rules ? Are not, in short, the rules, the aims, the matériel of our writers similar, if not the same, with those of literary producers whose lot is cast in some ten or twelve degrees more northern latitude ? If we localize literature, we render it unworthy of the name. It would be unworthy of an intelligent mind to ask, before reading a book : ' Is this the production of a northern or a southern author ? ' It is true, if he were a southerner, the fact that the book was the production of a southerner like himself, might, and probably would deepen his interest in its pages ; and perchance somewhat affect his decision as to its merits. This is a feeling which is indigenous to human nature — a preference for our own. But it is very different from that prejudice which underrates and rejects any thing simply because of its remote and foreign origin. This however is a fault which can scarcely be laid to the charge of southern readers, if we may judge from the extent of their patronage bestowed on our northern contemporaries. We are the warm advocates of literature in the South. For its advancement we shall toil, and hope to see the fruit of our toil. For this we have displayed our constellation in the southern literary firmament, and invited our authors to become its stars. But never will we refuse light from abroad to increase its lustre ; but rather hope to see side by side in its boundaries, and united by its broad ' *bands,*' the poets and prose-writers, not alone of Georgia, and Carolina, or the South, but of the great and wide Union. We labor for the advancement and refinement of intellectual taste and habit in the South ; and most happy are we to have the co-operation of our literary brethren beyond our great sectional landmark.'

THAT is a very quaint, curious, ridiculous, and altogether laughable little tract, published recently in Boston, ' *Dexter's Pickle for the Knowing Ones.*' The writer was an ignorant, eccentric old fellow, who, having made himself a rich man, conceived the original idea of setting up for a lord. Accordingly he declared himself Lord Dexter, bought a magnificent mansion at Newburyport, and set up an equipage in splendid style. Every thing about him was original. His style of life was original ; his dress was original ; his mode of traffic was original ; the ornaments of his mansion were of a most original stamp ; and his literary compositions were more original than all the rest put together. He sent warming-pans to the West-Indies ; he filled his gardens with sprawling wooden statues ; his dress was a mixture of the Roman senator and the militia captain ; and he wrote books in most heroic defiance of the laws of etymology and syntax. Here is a specimen of his style, divested of the remarkable orthography which characterizes other portions of the little book : ' How great the soul is ! Do not you all wonder and admire to see and behold and hear ? Can you all believe half the truth, and admire to hear the wonders how great the soul is ? — only behold ! — past finding out ! Only see how large the soul is ! — that if a man is drowned in the water a great bubble comes up out of the top of the water ! — the last of the man dying under water ; this is wind — is the soul, that is the last to ascend out of the deep to glory ; it is the breath from on high doth go on high to glory. The bubble is the soul.' . . . We quote the following for the edification of a friend and correspondent, who good-naturedly threw into a late ' *Literary Record* ' a brief notice of Mr. TYSON's ' *Discourse before the Historical Society of Pennsylvania,*' which he found one day upon our table. ' The historical *soundness* of my positions,' says Mr. TYSON, in a note to the Editor, ' is one thing, but the *fact* as to what these positions are, is another thing. The *Discourse*, in no one word or allusion, controverts the pretensions of *Virginia* to any fame she has ever

made. I have incidentally noticed her colonial career, though it was not embraced in my design, in terms of warm eulogy. I certainly dispute the claims of colonial New-England to the *discovery*, *origin*, and advancement of those great principles of liberty which are recognized as fundamental in our present form of government. I assert that the growth of liberty in our soil was arrested in the New-England colonies, and that it was watered in the other settlements; in New-York, New-Jersey, Pennsylvania, Maryland, and the Southern provinces. With a view of showing how differently two colonies behaved whose settlers were equally obnoxious with the Puritan settlements to the penal enactments of England against non-conformity, I cited Maryland and Pennsylvania. These, from the religious characters of their respective populations, furnished the illustration which my case required. There is no evidence throughout the discourse of a desire to detract from 'the great minds' of New-England. On the contrary, my praise to that point is earnest and emphatic. Whoever will take the trouble to read the discourse, will find that it is confined to the discussion of the history of social freedom in the American colonies, and that the opinion is maintained that no colony can claim supremacy, or engross an honor which the verdict of impartial history will equally distribute among those colonies that united in the defence of free principles at the revolution.' . . . The '*Epitaph on Alcohol*' is itself dead; at least, there is no *spirit* in it. In the way of sepulchral literature, we remember nothing better than the following, copied from an old Scottish tomb-stone:

'Here lies the body of ALEXANDER MACPHERSON,
Who was a very extraordinary person:
He was two yards high in his stocking feet,
And kept his accoutrements very clean and neat:
He was slew
At the battle of Waterloo:
He was shot by a bullet,
Plumb through the gullet:
It went in at his throat,
And came out at the back of his coat!'

Being '*slew*' in this way is a worse death than befel the Pennsylvania legislator, who came to his end, in the language of a colleague, by 'being threw from a horse-t!' . . . There is a pleasant and graphic picture of '*Country Life in the West*,' in the following passage of a letter from a friend, now settled in one of the new and flourishing towns of Illinois: 'The only thing of general interest which has happened here of late, is the celebration of the Fourth-of-July in true western fashion. The citizens of this place united for the purpose, and gave a free entertainment to their fellow-citizens of the county. All were invited: beef, flour, pigs, chickens, turkeys, vegetables, etc., were contributed in abundance, enough for two thousand people; and a bower with seats was also prepared. The ladies worked hard and freely, to prepare dessert, cake, etc., and to adorn a room for a ball at the close of the festival. The dinner was served by volunteer waiters. I believe I never saw a more excellent dinner at any public house. About twelve hundred sat down at the first table, including all the women on the ground, of course; and their numbers amounted to more than half of those seated at that table. The festival was conducted on the Washingtonian principle. We had an exceedingly appropriate and neat address, somewhat ambitious, but filled with beautiful and new imagery, considering the triteness of the subject. The order of the day was interspersed with numerous songs; the '*Star-spangled Banner*,' the '*Marseilles Hymn*,' and others of kindred character, and appropriate to the day. The address was delivered at the court-house, half a mile from the dining-ground. You should have seen the '*Sucker*' women marching to beat of drum, in martial order; erect, and often with one baby in their arms, and leading another by the hand! This procession was a show worth a journey of five hundred miles to see. The whole company observed the strictest order and propriety during the whole day; most of them leaving the ground for home at a very early hour. The political candidates were on the ground, and having chosen a place where the whole procession of men, women and children must file before them, before sitting down to dinner, they stood with hat in hand, bowing to every body, and addressing a word to every woman they knew. They exhibited adroitness enough, at all events, in winning popular favor. After dinner the candidates were called out one after another for stump-speeches; to avow their sentiments on local and general questions, abuse their antagonists with any little bit of scandal they had gathered against him, and he in turn to balance the account. In the evening we had a ball: I cannot call it a '*splendid affair*;' yet there was hearty dancing, and mirth and fun in abundance. In want of a regular field-piece, some ingenious mechanic had got an iron gudgeon from a water-wheel, and having drilled a hole and mounted it on the end of a log, it answered a very good purpose. The gunners however served it rather too slow for a great many toasts in one day.' Primitive and simple, friend L. Would we had 'been there to see!' . . . A friend at our elbow, just returned from the country, who sits looking over our last number with an *apparent* delight that is certainly gratifying, says that the '*Error in Reversion*' puts him in mind of an old maid in Michigan, who was to have been attended to an evening party by a swain for whom she had '*set her cap*,' (in maiden

ladies of an uncertain age often a sort of percussion-cap,) but who 'regretted that owing to a press of business, he could n't come till a late hour,' and she procured a substitute — as did *he*, moreover, going early with a younger and much more beautiful lady. The elderly maiden's attention was called to her ungallant beau, with the remark: 'Pears to me C — 's gettin' *early* of late; there he is, talkin' to Miss F — .' The elderly Rejected was thunder-struck! There he *was*, sure enough. 'Well!' she exclaimed, 'if that a n't *pretty* treatment! He went and said he could n't come, and now he's gone and come! Yes! — and he's come *first* at last; he always used to be behind before!' . . . 'T. M.' does us injustice. We never notice adversely the articles of our correspondents, unless particularly requested '*candidly*' to advert to them in our 'Gossip.' In 'T. M.'s' own case, we have a *special* request from him to the same effect, in a note that at this moment lies before us. Communications in great numbers reach us from all sections of the Union; and references and answers in our 'Gossip' obviate the necessity of epistolary replies, for which we have seldom leisure or inclination. . . . We have been struck with the beauty and force of the annexed extract from the Report of a Committee of the last Massachusetts Legislature, upon the subject of making remuneration for the *Destruction of the Ursuline Convent* in Charlestown, in 1834. 'The owners of the property destroyed on Mount Benedict,' says the Report, 'are not now before us, seeking a liquidation of their claims. They came before the Legislature of eighteen hundred and thirty-five, and after a report made in favor of granting them a sum of money, they were repulsed. Since that time they have wisely and properly abstained from preferring their petitions, waiting, as was due to their injured rights, for a change in the views of the State upon the question involved in their case. They have left the blackened ruins of their walls, where piety, and learning, and charity, and useful labor dignified their peaceful lives, standing as they were left by the fires of the incendiary, when the torch could find no more to consume. They have taken down no stone from off another; and the only agent that has yet been busy to remove from before us the monument of our neglect, has been the slow, corroding tooth of time, which will remove it only after the lapse of ages. They have thus kept a continual claim before the people of Massachusetts, upon their generous justice. They have not spoken, they have not written; but the mournful dignity of their silence, made eloquent by this index of their wrongs, is more touching and more persuasive than the most elaborate appeals.' . . . '*Politics and Politicians*,' we are inclined to think, would violate our pledge of neutrality. It is a clever sketch, however, and not declined 'on its merits.' The *modesty* of office-seekers is well hit off; and this portion of our correspondent's article brings to mind a precious instance which was mentioned to us by the late lamented W. G. C., of the *Philadelphia Gazette*, and the gist of which lies before us, in the shape of a *ms.* in lead pencil. It is the rough draft of a letter which the writer desired the Editor to 'indite' to a friend in Washington, then high in official station. It should be premised, that the 'retiring' office-seeker had previously, by dint of *boring*, succeeded in inducing the kind-hearted editor to advert to his claims in the daily journal under his control, and to sign his mendicant recommendation for an office 'in which he expected to have an opportunity to sacrifice his private feelings to the public good, by accepting a pecuniary compensation of considerable amount:'

'HONORED SIR: I was called on a few days ago by Mr. J — C —, for my recommendation as Deputy Post-Master in Spring Garden District. I gave it with great pleasure; but after giving it, felt ashamed that he should ask so small a boon. Mr. C — deserves as much as any man in our city and county, if services, character, competency, talents, zeal and worth are the qualifications required. The Whigs admit his claims and deserts — but they look out for themselves. Mr. C — has talents for any thing. Why cannot the present administration give him either the Surveyor of the Port or the Navy Agency offices? No man can fill them better — no man deserves them better; no man has more moral courage to defend his patrons and friends. *But he is modest (!)* and will not wrangle for office. He has friends enough, but he will not contend nor ask, but upon the score of merit. Cannot you, my friend, espouse his cause, and let the wealthy and the ambitious, who scramble with boisterous importunity, have the *go-by*? You would do yourself great honor by this act, and the very men who are disappointed would applaud the deed. This is written without Mr. C — 's knowledge,' etc.

Alas! for the army of office-seekers! What immense mouths are opening in every quarter of the country for the loaves and fishes! — some of them perhaps little better than 'puppies, stretching their muzzles, and yelping for their little messes of prog!' . . . Were it not that a departed correspondent of the KNICKERBOCKER, who looked upon nature with the religious feeling of a true poet, had described the vast and varied view from the Catskill-Mountain House, we should at once find a place for the poetical favor of 'S. T. F.' As it is, however, we have placed it in the hands of J. A., subject to the writer's order. That 'high mountains are a feeling,' no one has more forcibly demonstrated than the imaginative German, beloved of THOMAS CARLYLE, writing from the Alpine heights of Switzerland: 'Oh Nature! art thou not the Living Garment of God? O Heavens! is it in very deed *He* then that ever speaks through thee; that lives and loves in thee, that lives and loves in me? The Universe is not dead, but Godlike, and, my Father's! Truly the

din of many-voiced Life, which in this solitude with the mind's organ I can hear, is no longer a maddening discord, but a melting one; like inarticulate cries, and sobbings of a dumb creature, which in the ear of Heaven are prayers. The poor Earth, with her poor joys, is now my needy mother, not my cruel step-dame.' . . . We have already devoted a good degree of space in this Magazine to the subject of '*Female Education*,' and must therefore decline the favor of '*M. A.*,' which is at the desk of the publication-office. We agree with him heartily, however, in relation to '*Young Ladies in the Country*,' (ay, and in the city too, for that matter,) that 'if the majority of our young women of scanty expectations would not fix their eyes on the more wealthy classes whom they vainly and ruinously attempt to imitate; if in their views, their education, their habits, their dress, and their manners, they could be prevailed on to attend more to domestic duty and less to trifling amusement and ornamental accomplishment; if they could be convinced that to make a pudding or a shirt, or even their own gowns, is a species of knowledge rather more useful than dancing a minuet, talking bad French, or spoiling a piano, it would be better for them.' In the matter of education, it is unfortunately too true, that there 'is a very general notion that if you once suffer a woman to eat of the tree of knowledge, the rest of the family will very soon be reduced to the same aërial and unsatisfactory diet.' . . . '*My Last Landlord*' is evidently personal. A friend who glanced over the ms. at our table, assures us that he 'knows the party.' If the writer will give us *his own name*, we will publish his communication, for it is well written. The story of 'the improvement' in the bed-room, reminds us of an incident in the life of a famous English miser. It is related of old ELWES, who died a very Cæsus, that a relation of his, while sleeping at one of his dilapidated houses in the country, was roused from his slumber at midnight by the rain pouring in upon him. After a searching in vain for a bell, he removed the bed several times, till a place was found which the rain did not reach. On remarking the circumstance to Mr. ELWES in the morning: 'Ay,' said the old gentleman, 'I don't mind it myself, but to those who *do*, that's a nice corner in the rain!' . . . The American traveller to whom we were indebted for the description of the ruins of *Chi-Chen* in Yucatan, in our last number, is B. M. NORMAN, Esq., of New-Orleans, to whom we hope to be indebted for similar sketches hereafter. Mr. NORMAN has brought home with him many specimens of statuary, sculptured hieroglyphics, etc., of a very remarkable character. 'They are uniformly executed upon an extremely hard stone; and when we remember that not a trace of iron has been discovered in that country, and that these elaborate works have been compassed with instruments not more finished or finer than sharpened flint, our wonder is excited at the hardy and unwearying industry that must have wrought such stupendous labor with such imperfect tools.' Mr. NORMAN's designs of the great Temple at Tehechuan, four hundred feet in length, and of a variety of mounds and monuments, which he discovered almost concealed by masses of tangled and exuberant vegetation, are fraught with the deepest interest to the antiquarian and inquirer. We have been kindly permitted to examine his numerous drawings, which were made upon the spot; and which, although the work of an amateur artist merely, are executed with great force and fidelity. . . . Reader, have you not a sympathy with such a spirit as the writer of the following? a young man of fine natural parts, and a heart full of those poetical sensibilities which come in their freshness but once? He has written before for the KNICKERBOCKER, and written well; but he must try yet once again, for a second successful effort; having a careful eye to the *rhythm*, and using the file judiciously. We need not say that his incognito is safe with us:

'I WILL not disguise the fact that I feel much diffidence in sending this to you; and I should hardly venture to do it, had it not been for the kind reception I before met. Your letter excited somewhat such feelings as DICKENS said WASHINGTON IRVING's letters to him did. I had the misfortune, if misfortune it may be called, of being born of very poor parents, who could not or who did not give me even a common-school education. I went to school winters till I was twelve years old; and when I stopped going summers, is farther back than I can remember. I learned to read—in one sense of the word, but not its proper one—and to write, 'after a fashion,' and that was all. I looked into DABOUL's arithmetic, but I was very little the wiser for it. Since that time I have earned my own livelihood by hard labor; and what knowledge I have picked up has been while others were enjoying that rest which 'tired Nature' requires. You may judge that is but very little, as in truth it is. Now all this, perhaps, should deter me from writing, and it often *does* discourage me; but there is so much gratification in writing, that I cannot always fore-go the pleasure derived from it. This, my dear Sir, will explain to you my many faults; although I am aware that it is neither apology nor justification. But I would know what my faults are, so that I may correct them. I hope thus much of egotism may be pardoned. I have written what I have reluctantly, and for the purpose of explanation.'

'*Life in New-Orleans*' strikes us as a broad burlesque. It may be otherwise, however; and yet the following 'gives us pause:': 'We have here a 'Colored Theatre,' into which, late at night, some of our white citizens are occasionally desirous to enter, in search of sport. But would you believe it? 'White folks' are denied a place in the boxes! They are directed to the *gallery* door, as the passage for people of their color!' This reminds us of our admirable '*American in London*'s' description of

the 'Beggars of Saint Giles.' 'So many,' says he, 'are engaged in the trade, that it is organized into a regular business, and companies are formed, with agents and correspondents, extending even into foreign countries. Here they have their chief place of rendezvous in the night, for the transaction of business, for feasting and enjoyment. Their gains during the day are brought into the general stock. They have even legislative and judicial meetings here; their House of Commons, their Old Baileys, and their reading-rooms, where they discourse on politics and religion, morals and the ordinary topics of society, and post up the bills, 'The Hue-and-Cry,' police-reports, lost watches, pocket-books, and other notices for the information of the trade, as at Lloyd's for the price of stocks. They are not less chary of admitting a stranger here than at Almack's. He must be regularly introduced by a beggar, or other person respectable for the indecency of his deportment, who takes the responsibility of the visit. The discovery of an intruder might have even worse consequences than at the Stock Exchange.' . . . We like not the misanthropy of 'S.'s '*First and Last Love*.' We like it the less, that if his story be correct, and not licensed to dispense poetry with its facts, he is not so unhappy as he would fain make us believe. He certainly cannot remain long in the world without finding, in the words of LONGFELLOW, that

'No one is so accursed by fate,
No one so wholly desolate,
But some heart, though unknown,
Responds unto his own.

'Responds, as if with unseen wings
An angel swept its quivering strings;
And whispers in its song,
'Where hast thou staid so long?'

SOME of the daily and weekly journals have published a letter purporting to come from Mr. DICKENS, speaking in disrespectful terms of the people of this country, and of the attentions which were shown him in his progress through the Union. We have good reasons for stating, that only *one* letter from Mr. DICKENS has appeared since his return home, and that was in relation to the International Copy-right question, in which no more was stated, save a clause reflecting in too unmeasured terms upon the mammoth weekly journals, than the writer publicly avowed while in this country. . . . We should be sorry to be considered '*small*;' but really, the three unpaid communications, endorsed '*From a Correspondent*,' were an 'imposition' and a 'laying on of hands' upon our breeches-pocket; especially when we are compelled to reflect that each and all defy publication. The writer seems to have thought that we were *waiting* for his MSS. to make out our present number. 'The articles,' he writes, 'are submitfully left to the decision of the Editor, with liberty to emendate, punctify, and so forth, as he may see fit, for the September issue!' They're burned up. . . . We do not greatly affect imitations, or the one from a friend at Burlington (Vermont,) of a well-known poetaster, should have a place in our pages. The best thing in this style that we have lately encountered, is entitled '*Hits at Poetical Styles*,' in a late English periodical. The 'hit' at the manner of Mr. SUMNER LINCOLN FAIRFIELD, in '*Madness, a Rhapsody*,' is especially successful. It commences thus:

'Ha! ha! I'm mad — mad as a hare in March:
Yonder on the Rainbow, which surrounds
The pallid brow of Eve, I see a form
Astride! He's laughing at me — hear him shout!
With what Satanic and all-fired grins
He makes the welkin peal! Laugh on, black fiend!
Methinks thou art Abaddon — he who lay
Extended fourteen thousand miles along
The gulf of Chaos, spouting lurid flames
Into the unformed void. But! if this were true —
This measure of thy length — it seems to me,
As on yon rainbow now thou sit'st astride,
Thy pond'rous legs would reach to earth,
Like to a Cyclops, who, in merry mood,
Bestraddles a Welch pony!'

Mr. FAIRFIELD is made to say in a note: 'This is *my* poem, from which Mr. BULWER stole the idea of his '*Siamese Twins*.' Any one, by comparing the two, can perceive the resemblance. Indeed Mr. BULWER plagiarized all his novels from my poems, large editions of which can be found by the curious, stowed away in bookseller's garrets.' . . . '*Hydrophobia*' is too dreadful a theme to make a jest of. Moreover, *part* of the article at least is not original; 'and which is more,' the story is spoiled by the FACT, that Hydrophobia is *incurable*. This is the opinion of an eminent English physician, who speaks thus of *palliative* but not remedial practice, in cases of this disease: 'Recourse,' says he, 'may safely and I think justifiably be had to frequent and large doses of opium, for the humane purpose of closing the eyes of the unhappy wretch in everlasting sleep; far more desirable than exposing him to the lacerating harrow of restless expectation, superior in most instances to actual suffering; or reserving him a sad, a melancholy spectacle, for odious and ever-successless

experiments; for cords and coercion, for weeping and gnashing of teeth!' . . . The following embellished *Description of a Highwayman* we find recorded on an old page of our note-book, with the remark, that 'in its adroit evasions and assumptions, it is not unlike LAMB's 'Hour in the Pillory:' 'His talents for finance were alone sufficient to have raised him to consequence. When persuasion was ineffectual, he employed force; what could not be done by direct means, he performed by circumvention. Like other great financiers, he first excited terror, and by this method generally raised supplies with facility; but he always levelled his contributions on the rich and tenacious. He had all the ambiguity of a prime-minister; in his schemes he observed the profoundest secrecy. It was difficult to know what he meant from what he said. From his countenance little could be gathered, as in the execution of his darling schemes he concealed it beneath a mask, which at once preserved his modesty and eluded observation. His courage was prudent rather than rash. He took every advantage of his enemies, frequently making his attack when they were unprepared, unarmed, and sometimes sleeping in the dead of night. In his commercial transactions his moderation was conspicuous. When inclined to part with any thing, he never received more than a third of its value; often adding with an oath, in order to increase confidence, that it was more than it cost him. In his hours of reflection or recreation he was fond of wandering over uncultivated heaths and commons, and unfrequented woods. From the fertility of his genius, he generally rendered these solitary excursions productive. His ideas of property, and the laws of *meum* and *tuum* were not always correct. Deeply engaged in the practice of raising cash, he probably had neither inclination nor leisure to attend to theory and hypothesis. He affected the *monied* interests; and so peculiar was his mode of address to men of this description, that he always gained upon them. Of his religious opinions little can be collected. He often spoke of hell, and his extemporaneous effusions were frequent and servid.' . . . Of many things in the paper upon '*Modern Relaxation of Laws and Morals*' we heartily approve; but we shall never soil the pages of the KNICKERBOCKER with the advocacy of imprisonment for debt; that relic of a dateless yet modern barbarism, of which every decent State in the Union, one after the other, is becoming heartily ashamed, and the disgrace of which all are anxious to wipe from their statute-books. Imprisonment for debt is *not* 'necessary to put business on a secure basis, discourage fraud, and place a high moral sanction upon the obligation of contracts.' In regard to the remarks upon Capital Punishment, 'a law established by God himself, and until recently held sacred by men of all Christian nations,' we are glad to agree with our correspondent. The remarks of 'E. C. A.' upon this theme we shall advert to hereafter. We are grateful for her flattering opinions. . . . We are well pleased with the short essay upon the '*Uses of Avocation*.' It bides its time in our crowded drawer. A sense of the dignity of employment is becoming general. Even at the South, a change is coming over the face of things in this regard. 'We lack industry,' says the Southern '*Magnolia*,' 'and are too much addicted to luxury; but the great master-truth, the *nobleness of labor*, is beginning, under the pressure of necessity, to be every where felt.' These are encouraging signs of the times. . . . We have often been impressed, in certain society, with the truth of the annexed remarks of a modern author. 'To expect one whose bias or profession may be literary, to be always '*talking literary*,' is a great and common absurdity. 'Literature is in its nature a delicate and retiring thing; and when it is brought forward as an '*object*' of society, it actually loses its true rank, and becomes ridiculous. Mere '*literary conversation*' almost always degenerates into twattle. The *bas-bleu* race are always triflers. Nothing can be more trying to human patience than to fall into the midst of a coterie who have no other topic than 'the last new poem;' and nothing more silly exists on earth than the waste of time that results from attempting to give a literary tone to the age or the hour.' . . . Somebody in the August issue of the '*Magnolia*' Magazine, for the lack we may suppose of something better to do, has entertained himself with an elaborate review of one of our old back numbers. It is very pleasant reading. We like it hugely. It is rather '*lengthy*;' hence we can afford our readers no other proof of the pudding than a few of the *plums*, which we proceed to pick out. Our respected correspondents will require some '*green willows*' to wear round their hats; for '*list! O list!*' The critic says that the '*Quod Correspondence*' is '*balderdash stuff*,' for quoting from which he 'owes his readers an apology;' that the good old '*Grandfather's Port-Folio*' is '*sentimental twattle*;' that '*Edward Alford and his Play-fellow*' is such an '*intelligible farrago of skimble-skamble stuff*' that it 'would be degrading to criticism to dwell upon it;' that Consul GREENE, in his '*Letters from Rome*,' has hashed up '*trite and thread-bare subjects*,' embracing only '*information of the most common-place character*;' that '*Life in Hayti*' contains '*no solitary item of new information*;' that Rev. Mr. CHEEVER's '*Grenada and the Alhambra*' is a '*mere second-hand serving up of cold condiments*;' that the '*Rime of Sir Thopas*' is an '*abortion of stupidity*,' (abortion of stupidity '*is good!*') '*puerile and silly stuff*, which it would be an insult to the understanding of the reader to dwell on; insinuates that '*The April*

Shower' by Mr. H. W. ROCKWELL is trash, and so forth. '*Ici est un pretty kettle de poissons!*' as a pleasant contemporary has it, in his *very* 'domestic French.' 'Decidedly these are the opinions' of the critic, however — all which are respectfully submitted. It is a little odd, though, when we come to think of it, that other Charleston journals should assert that 'there is no Northern periodical so well and favorably known in South Carolina as this universally popular Magazine,' meaning the contemptible KNICKERBOCKER aforesaid; and that the number of copies of the work taken in that city alone should have *doubled* within the last twelvemonth. 'Curious, is n't it?' The Editor of the 'Magnolia' tells us that his critic is one of his 'fine Roman hands,' and praises the 'good sense' and 'felicity of touch which distinguish the master' in his critique; and yet, that 'it is with some reluctance that he gives place to the article,' as he 'takes no pleasure in squabbling with contemporaries;' that 'what had been said in that journal with reference to the KNICKERBOCKER had resulted from a sense of sectional and individual injury,' etc. 'If,' says the editor of the 'Little Peddlington Weekly Observer,' in one of his 'scorching leaders' reflecting upon 'OLD NICH.' of Russia, 'if this journal *does* sometimes address the Autocrat in terms of more than usual severity, let him remember that we do so 'more in friendship than in anger;' that we regret the necessity we are under of giving him pain, but that, like skilful physicians, we *must* probe, in order to heal!' etc. '*Vive la Bagatelle!*' . . . Our agreeable friend, who discourses of '*September and Oysters*' in preceding pages, must have written his pleasant essay after 'scraping acquaintance with the illustrious bivalves' that are the glory of FLORENCE's, and while yet their delicious flavor was vanishing from his palate as the hues from a dying dolphin. If any metropolitan reader should fancy our correspondent a victim of 'entusymussy,' he has only to step into the *Gothic Oyster-Hall* to have his suspicions and his Apician wants dissipated. . . . We say it in no spirit of vain-glory; but all the arguments advanced in 'P.'s' paper on '*Copy-right*' have already been employed by 'OLLAPOD,' Mr. WASHINGTON IRVING, and the Editor, in these pages. International Copy-right is founded on the immutable laws of truth and justice, and it will sooner or later be incorporated in our national statute-book. It is not impossible, however, that the period of its adoption may be retarded by the crude and violent advocacy of certain small *littérateurs* among us, who are riding it *as a hobby*; whose apparent aim for the protection of their own 'works' against British competition gives the whole question an air of burlesque in the eyes of many here, and exerts a positive influence against 'the right.' We have heard of a rather pompous and ambitious artisan, who in the whirlwind of a crusade against one of our city banks, mounted a barrel in the crowd, and assured the assailants that 'the institution was safe; that he was confident of it; so sure in fact, that he kept *his own* deposits there, and felt not the least anxiety about them.' The 'tumult of the people' was stilled. The bank however was compelled to wind up; when lo! the exhibit of its affairs showed that the expostulating depositor had overdrawn his small account 'several tens' of dollars. The incident is not without its application, by parity. . . . The story of '*The Attorney*' is concluded in the present number. A more popular serial has never appeared in this Magazine. The public will be glad to learn that it is rapidly passing through the press, in two handsome volumes. It can scarcely fail to have a wide sale. Almost one of the first acts of Mr. DICKENS, on arriving at Boston, was to send to our agents in that city for the number containing the continuation of the exciting narrative, the perusal of which he had commenced in previous issues in England. The admiration of 'Boz,' we have good reason to know, has been shared by competent judges throughout this country. Mr. QUOD speaks of laying aside his pen for ever. 'We'll see about it!' . . . The '*Thoughts on Hearing the New Organ at the Church of the Ascension*' are rhapsodical as well as poetical. There is a *furor* in the lines that would be 'caviare to the general' reader. Let the writer not exhaust his enthusiasm, but wait until the solemn and sublime interior of *Old Trinity* shall have been completed, and its cathedral-organ shall roll its waves of sound along the tracery of its vaulted roof:

'Where light and shade repose, where music dwells,
Lingering and wandering on, as loath to die!'

WE have received since our last the beautiful volume which contains the 'Poetical Remains of LUCY HOOPER,' and to which we have heretofore alluded. It reflects honor upon the name of the graceful and gifted writer, and will keep her memory green in many a susceptible heart. . . . '*The Summer Solstice*' is almost profane. The '*Providence*' against which 'L.' lifts up his puny arm, in his 'Complaint,' looks down upon the husbandman *rejoicing* in the fervid beams which *he* contemns, and which tinge his golden harvests, already ripe for the sickle; looks onward

— 'to the farthest verge
Of the green earth, to distant barbarous climes,
Rivers unknown to song; where first the sun
Gilds Indian mountains, or his setting beam
Flames on the Atlantic isles.'

And yet 'L.' would lift up his feeble 'voice of wail' because he is '*uncomfortable*' in seasonably-warm weather! . . . We have been compelled to postpone the capital sporting sketch, 'Bull-Finches,' the paper on 'The Fine Arts,' and two or three other communications of kindred attraction. The following are on file for insertion: 'Three Passages from the History of a Poet;' 'My Grandfather's Port-Folio,' No. VI.; 'The Rime of Sir Thopas,' Canto IV.; 'Theory and Practice;' 'The Summer Flower;' 'Idleberg: a Sketch;' Lines by H. W. ROCKWELL, Esq.; 'The Antiquarians;' 'Passages from JEAN PAUL;' with other papers, in prose and verse, alluded to in our last, or which we lack leisure and space to mention.

L I T E R A R Y R E C O R D .

SOLER'S NEW SPANISH GRAMMAR.—We have before us, in the new Spanish Grammar of Mr. JULIO SOLER, an attempt toward a new method of teaching the Spanish language, which we foresee will soon win its way to public favor and patronage. The work contains only those rules which are of more general application and most useful to the student. These are associated with a pleasant and well-written Spanish book, by observing the language of which, examining its composition, and deriving from it the laws to which its component parts are subjected, the learner acquires the best method of facilitating the acquisition of the language. He soon becomes accustomed to the proper use of its peculiar phrases and idioms, its turns and structure, and is enabled to seize its very spirit, and by continually revolving in his mind Spanish phrases, he comes at length almost to *think* in Spanish. The works included in the translating-books being choice specimens from genuine sources, the student learns to express himself with the greatest purity. We have pleasure in commending Mr. SOLER's grammar and translating-book to such of our readers as are acquiring or hope to acquire the Spanish language. Messrs. WILEY AND PUTNAM are the publishers.

MR. COBB'S NEW SPELLING-BOOK.—We have not space for a notice at large of this excellent and improved school-book: but we take pleasure in commending it cordially to public acceptance for one preëminent merit over other works of its class. Its *classification of words*, by which the repetition of the same letters in the same order, in all kindred words, are impressed forcibly upon the mind of the learner, is a great excellence. The promiscuous intermingling of vowel or consonant sounds are thus avoided. Every one can testify to the serious difficulty of attaining a correct habit of spelling from books in which are jumbled together a certain number of words, of the same number of syllables, without regard to their various terminations; producing confusion and hesitation in the process by which certain sounds are associated with a certain order of letters. We agree with a contemporary, that the method adopted by Mr. COBB is in harmony with the natural operations and faculties of the mind. We are glad to find, moreover, that the writer has seen fit to discard his old and ridiculous use of *u* and *k* in such words as governor, scientific, and the like.

ELOCUTION.—Mr. JOHN W. S. HOWS, long and well known in this metropolis as a most accomplished teacher of elocution—an art which he *practices* as well as *preaches*—will henceforth devote himself to imparting this 'crowning grace of education, both for man and woman.' In announcing this fact, we need only endorse the commendation of the '*American*' daily journal: 'Mr. Hows is a man of cultivated mind, fine taste, most gentlemanlike manners and deportment, and withal is remarkable as a beautiful reader and speaker.' Mr. Hows's lectures on elocution, which met with such cordial acceptance here last season, we are glad to learn have been called for in one or two of our sister cities. They cannot fail to be admired and appreciated.

NEW MUSIC: 'EMPRESS JOSEPHINE'S WALTZ.'—This deservedly popular waltz, by Sig. CANDIDO CHIAREI, is certainly a most graceful and harmonious combination. We have no acquaintance with Sig. CHIAREI, but are informed that he has published several pieces of music, which possess great merit, and that he is a very successful teacher of his art and science (for music is both) in our metropolis; all which we can very readily believe.

DEFERRED NOTICES.—The following were in type for the present issue, and will appear in our next: HARPERS' Library of Select Novels; 'Mineral Springs of Virginia;' LEBIG's Chemistry; Dr. PAYNE's Essays; 'Domestic Architecture;' PERKINS's Algebra; YUMK's 'Settlement of Knoxville;' CAMPBELL's Magazine; 'Western Literary Messenger.'

THE KNICKERBOCKER.

VOL. XX.

OCTOBER, 1842.

No. 4.

THE ANTIQUARIANS.

—
BY A NAUTICAL OLDBUCK.
—

It was a dark gloomy morning. We were enveloped in one of those dense and extensive fogs which in certain of the spring months hang for days together over the coast along the mouths of the Mississippi. Occasionally it would rise for a few moments, so that we could see along the ground the distance of a mile, and then it would fall again flat to the water and thick as cotton, and the end of the flying-jib-boom would be lost in the mist.

On board there was a prospect of a long, dull, wearisome day. Breakfast, the first amusement, was already over; and my companions, after ranging for a while to and fro like caged animals in a menagerie, had one after another betaken themselves to various time-killing diversions. Glass, who before breakfast had been very busy putting his rifle in order, now, afraid perhaps to trust himself in the swamps on such a day, had donned cap and gown, and was bolstered up in a corner of the cabin, intent upon exposing the fallacy of an old foreign review by learned lead-pencil annotations on the margins of a leading article. Sidell and Norris had early taken to chess; Schroöder, in a corner, warbled plaintively to his guitar; while King, Isaacs and Selden, like three true 'Middies,' had divided three hand-fulls of coffee and half a dozen segars between them, and were squeezing a great deal of boisterous amusement out of a game of 'poker.'

I had 'considerable of a day's work' before me. With the first peep at the fog, I had put on my tall boots and pea-jacket; and now, while I watched the slow wasting of my morning segar, I carefully turned over in my mind the details of my intended expedition; and, as I do not like to be taken by surprise, deliberated upon the course I should adopt in case two or three kegs of curious old Spanish doubloons should fall to my share of the booty. And this was a more perplexing question than one would readily sup-

pose. At first I thought I would smuggle the gold quietly up to town, make a special deposit at the bank, and then let the world wag on just as if nothing unusual had happened. But then came pleasant fancies about what one could do up in town with so much money; and I half made up my mind to clear the coast at once. Next I thought of 'a roam o'er the salt sea foam,' as Schroöder was wont to sing; and I almost concluded to buy the 'Falcon,' the big rakish pilot-boat, paint her black as a pirate, curse and quit the coast-survey, and go a-cruising, as captain of my own yacht. But when I thought of the gay spring and glorious women that must be beaming out at the north, I gave up all other plans, decided to charter the crack boat, to go up the river 'with a rush,' over the mountains 'with a whirl,' and make a 'blue streak' for home.

We were in the habit of spending an occasional evening at the house of Captain T——, the boarding-officer residing at the Balize, for the sake of excellent entertainment in the way of anecdote and wild graphic tales of sea and land, with which our host delighted us. On one of these evenings the Captain happened to speak of the 'Old Magazine,' a mysterious brick building known to exist in the midst of the swamps, not many miles from the Balize. There was something in the description striking and wonderful; antiquity, strange old bricks, and inexplicable mystery, to excite the imaginative and awaken the curiosity of the antiquarian; and the conjectures and suggestions as to the origin and purpose of the building, which were put forth in the conversation that ensued, would have caused a money-digger's heart to leap into his throat and his hair to stand on end.

It was on a lonely unfrequented part of the coast, and which had never been less solitary within the memory of man. It was in an out-of-the-way place, lying in nobody's track; not even a fisherman would pass that way from one year to another, unless blown by, by some ill wind. It was invisible, being concealed by the tall reeds, so that a person might coast along the very edge of the marsh, within a hundred yards of it, without observing the slightest token to awaken suspicion of its existence.

The situation was several miles up a bay, and near the bottom of a cove of that bay, with nothing but shallow water for half a league around; consequently no vessel of any size could come within miles of it. There was a narrow, crooked, uncertain channel running through the bay and cove, by which boats drawing two or three feet might approach; but the swamp, from the shore to the Magazine, might be called impassable; for a person would sink in up to the middle at every other step, while alligators and moccasin-snakes would render the attempt perilous. The only way by which the Magazine could be reached was by passing on to the very bottom of the cove, where was a small bayou, which, if it could be found, would lead through the most strange turns and doublings to the building. And it was particularly remarkable that about midway an immense drift-log, nearly six feet in diameter, had in old times been placed directly across the bayou; perhaps by chance, but ap-

parently as a barrier or out-work upon this only practicable approach. The building itself was of brick, of immense strength, surrounded by a ditch, and bearing an appearance of great antiquity. It was much encumbered by piles of old drift-wood and clumps of tall reeds, and no door or other opening was visible; but on the roof, which was of brick and nearly flat, there was an excavation about three feet in diameter, where long ago some person had evidently undertaken to penetrate through the solid masonry, and having got about a foot deep had given up in despair.

It was several years since our host had even visited the place; and as far as he knew, no living man had ever seen the inside of the mysterious ruin. Some were disposed to regard it as merely a military or powder-magazine, and a relic of old French or Spanish times in Louisiana. This indeed was the vulgar and common opinion; but there were others, and particularly on that evening, who held that circumstances, instead of sustaining, entirely overthrew this hypothesis. A building for such a purpose, they said, would be placed near some station or settlement; it would be in the interior, and on the bank of the river, or at least approachable from the river. This was out on the verge of the coast; in the neighborhood of nothing; instead of being convenient to the river, was inaccessible except by going outside and approaching it coast-wise, and had every appearance of having been located with a view to convenience of access from the ocean.

Upon this, one hinted that it was a pirate's den; another suggested that Lafitte might have known something about it: while a third maintained that it must have been a store-house of the Bucaniers in the old roving times, when Spanish galleons were fair prizes, and when it was no sin to burn and plunder the golden little towns on the Spanish main. Another marvellous hypothesis was started by the Captain himself. It was well known, he remarked, that during the troubles which preceded the revolt in St. Domingo, many of the planters put their wealth on ship-board and consigned it to foreign merchants, while others sailed secretly away and buried their treasures in distant islands. It struck him that this building, without door or visible entrance, had much the appearance of a secret depository. Possibly a community of the doomed planters, trusting to the shallow waters and impassable marsh, had sealed up there their gold and jewels, and returning to their homes, had died in the massacre which followed.

In this way the old ruin was embellished by one wild imagination after another, through love of the marvellous and the natural propensity to magnify a wonder; and there is no telling to what absurd conclusion these golden fancies might at last have led, had not the worthy Doctor H——, of the Balize, promptly set his most dogmatical face against them. 'It was absurd,' he said, 'to talk of Domingo, or the Bucaniers, or Lafitte, in connection with this building. Why should the Bucaniers or the people of St. Domingo come all the way across the Gulf to bury their money? Why should they select this particular spot of all others? As to Lafitte,

who ever heard of his being so troubled with cash? Absurd! It would not do to dispute common report—the traditions of the people. They were always correct. This building was undoubtedly a Spanish work; a mere powder magazine, placed where it would be out of the way in case of an explosion. If any body felt disposed to encounter the toil and trouble of getting into it, perhaps he might get a rusty cannon-ball or a grape-shot for his pains. But it was this very fact, the consideration that it was an ancient military work, that gave it interest in his eyes. He confessed he was somewhat of an antiquarian. He regarded with more interest such an old story-telling ruin than he did the finest mansion in town. It was undoubtedly a curiosity; he should be delighted to have an opportunity to examine it; and if he should find even so much as an old rusty nail, he should consider it, on account of its age and associations, curious and interesting.

Perhaps the opposition had more reason and argument on their side; but then the Doctor had the most emphasis; and what is reason against good obstinate dogmatism? The subject was dropped, and the conversation died away until the 'Old Magazine' gave place to other topics. In some of the Doctor's opinions I had the pleasure of fully coinciding; and remarking that I had myself a slight antiquarian taste, I privately suggested that we would make this interesting ruin a visit together, on the first convenient day. I had occasion to take my leave rather early, and it so happened that the Doctor left nearly at the same time. As we walked along the bayou, we discoursed upon the western mounds, the ruins of Central America, and other antiquities; digressing now and then into the days of the Bucaniers, and discussing incidentally the vast wealth of the ancient planters of St Domingo. We were delighted with our newly-discovered congeniality of taste; we smoked over it; and it was owing to these occurrences that on the morning in question, while my companions were lounging about in gowns and slippers, I had on my swamp-boots and pea-jacket.

At an early hour I went ashore to stir up the Doctor; for he was rather a corpulent, perhaps I might say fat and sleek-headed man, unaccustomed to give himself concern about the sun-rise. He was reclining in an arm-chair, an open volume on his knees, his vest unbuttoned; comfortably picking his teeth after a warm breakfast, and ruminating probably upon antiquities. He rubbed his hands gleefully at my entrance, closed his book with a flourish, and putting on a hunting-coat and a pair of hunting-boots which tied above the knee, was in readiness.

Our way lay for a mile or two through a narrow bayou, which would bring us out into the bay on which the Magazine was situated. These bayous are very crooked, and debouche obliquely; and as the reeds grow very close upon their banks and all along the coast, it is difficult at even a little distance outside to discern their mouths: but the shore shoals so much, that with an ordinary row-boat it is necessary to keep out perhaps a hundred yards, and through this mud the current of the bayou makes a crooked wandering chan-

nel out to deep water. In clear weather, an experienced eye may detect these channels by the color of the water, and thus find the way to the bayou; but in a dark or foggy day it is exceedingly difficult to strike the channel or find the mouth of the bayou.

The Doctor was an old cruiser in these waters: he had had some experience in 'blind' bayous, and knew a great deal more about the inconveniences of groping about among mud-shoals in the dark, searching for the channel of a bayou, than I did. When he came out and saw the fog, he paused, shook his head, and said it would not do: 'We must defer our expedition to another day; we should never be able to get back into the bayou in such a fog.'

'Pooh! Doctor,' said I; 'all the fog will be blown away before we get ready to come back;' and we strode along. As we passed the Pilots' Hotel, the Doctor made another pause. 'Peter,' said he to an old pilot who was leaning against the door-post, 'what do you think? We are going to the Old Magazine. Shall we be able to find it in such a day?'

'Ah! it'll be easier findin' the Magazine than it will to find the mouth of the bayou when you're comin' back.'

'Just so. That's the very thing. It's dangerous, is n't it?'

'Yes. That is, *I* should'nt choose such a day to go. It's a goin' to rain; as like as not it'll be dark before you get back; and *I* should n't care about bein' out in the bay of a dark night with nothin' but a skiff, and a gale a blowin', as ten to one it will before midnight.'

'Well, I think we had better not go,' said the Doctor, dubiously.

'Of course you'll do as you like, you know,' resumed Peter, at the same time stepping out and scrutinizing the fog; 'but since you ask my advice, I'll tell you what it is. It's my opinion that you won't take supper here to-night, if you go.'

'Here you are talking about midnight!' I exclaimed. 'Why we shall be back to dinner! I shall certainly go. We shall take a boat-compass along; and if we can't find the bayou, we can go around and come in by Soss' Island, for I know *that* channel.'

The Doctor shook his head. He had the utmost confidence in Peter's advice and weather-wisdom; but then his fears were no match for his antiquarian passion; and just as we were pushing off, he changed his mind and came up puffing.

Our equipage consisted of a clumsy skiff, none the better for its age and hard knocks: two men, an axe, a crow-bar, tinder-box, lantern, and boat-compass. We dropped down the bayou for a while in silence; but at length an observation inadvertently escaped me. Contemplating the capacity of our dilapidated skiff, I happened to think aloud, and said: 'We could n't bring away much in this.'

'Much what?' asked the Doctor, sternly.

'Nothing, nothing. I do n't know what I was saying.'

'Much specie, you meant! I fear you forget the purely antiquarian objects of this expedition. Yes, I see; your fancy is running wild among bags of gold and silver. Now, Sir, you have some common sense, and I recommend you to not let your imagination run

away with it. Why, you'll be the laughing-stock of the Balize. The idea of a Kidd's-money-hunting expedition! Indeed, if the thing is to take *that* turn, I must beg to be set ashore at once; for I haven't the slightest desire to be ridiculed about the Balize as a money-digger.'

'Well, this is very extraordinary! To talk to me in this style; and all about an observation which you have n't understood! Why, are there not curiosities to be brought away? — old bricks, if nothing more? Now give yourself no uneasiness; I assure you I share your concern about being so horribly misunderstood. Indeed, it is preposterous to suppose there can be any thing of any considerable value in this old powder-magazine. The utmost of my expectations is, as I have said, a cutlass or a pistol; and I confess I have pleased myself with the fancy of a bloody dagger marked with the name of some notorious old freebooter; Drake, Cavendish, or Sir William Morgan. Now I should like that.'

'Or while you're about it, say a sword of old Don De Soto himself!'

'Ay, and in that case it might be diamond-hilted, for those old Spaniards were curious and extravagant about these things.'

'Well,' said the Doctor, with testy disdain, 'of course it is possible that we may meet with an article of value, a diamond-hilt, as you say; but then we do'n't expect it.'

'Oh! of course not! But certainly there must be something — a heap of rubbish, at the least; and since the building has n't been opened within a century, whatever it contains must smell a little of antiquity. Now consider a pile of old Spanish state-documents!'

'Yes! now that would be important!'

'And, Doctor, it would be very strange if this mysterious building, with walls seven feet thick, and without door or window, should contain nothing whatever — absolutely nothing!'

Upon this the Doctor rubbed his hands complacently; and, plain to see, a smile was smothered in his good-humored features. I took advantage of the moment to propose a question which had puzzled me not a little. 'Suppose, Doctor,' said I, 'that in your peregrinations about the swamps, you should have the good fortune to find a few kegs —'

'Oh! away with *that* nonsense!'

'Well, well; but I am only supposing a case. *Suppose*, I say, that you should find, in a place where it had been left by the old Spanish government, an unmanageable quantity of gold; how would you get away with it? For the State might have something to say about it.'

The Doctor winked deliberately with both eyes, and with a significant motion of the head, and altogether the air of a man whose plans are cut and dried, replied in an under-tone: '*Wouldn't* I smuggle it on board the fastest tow-boat, and then make her walk up the Mississippi and never stop this side of Louisville?'

When we passed out of the bayou the fog was very dense: we pulled out to make a good offing, and then steered to the south until

we were able to double a remarkable log, upon which sat twelve beautiful white pelicans, as grave as a panel of jurors ; then steering northerly we found the little bayou with no great difficulty. It was a more serious affair when we came to the barrier-log. It was impossible to lift the boat over, and we were obliged to get out and force her through the swamp so as to pass around one end ; a business which at that time we considered very disagreeable.

The Magazine itself now came in sight, surrounded by its ditch, or rather standing in the midst of a square black pool. Never shall I forget the impressions with which I first beheld its deep-red, time-worn walls. Never had I seen such an appearance of hoary age. The corners of the building were wasted and rounded off ; the bricks had the appearance of a honey-comb ; wild parsneps were growing on the roof, and weeds hanging from crevices in the walls. As we glided down the still bayou, contemplating through the dark vista the strange structure so long buried in mystery and gloom, old stories of magic and enchantment came to mind. I almost expected to hear some strange warning voice, or to see some outlandish gray-beard sentinel ; and I thought with something like dismay of the log, which in case of real flesh-and-blood apparitions would so effectually cut off our retreat.

The Magazine, as it may yet be called, with all its 'surroundings,' we found precisely as had been described ; strong enough for a fort, and without door or window. A timber being reared against the walls, the Doctor and I clambered up and forthwith set to work with axe and crow-bar, with great enthusiasm. The blunt crow-bar was soon found to be a useless instrument, and all our hopes centered in the axe. This I wielded for a time with great dexterity : but oh, ye back-woodsmen ! who have never tried your steel upon any thing harder than mere oak, or attempted any thing more stupendous than a log of six or eight feet diameter, what idea can you have of the job of cutting with a hoe-axe through six feet of solid masonry ? My hands, methinks, feel the blisters to this day ! I can truly say of those old builders, whoever they were, that they well understood masonry. The bricks were as hard, it seemed to me, as flint ; and as to the mortar, it was as white and as hard as beach-sand could make it. When I first arrived, and contemplated the work which had been done, I wondered how one who had fairly set to at so promising an enterprise could have yielded to difficulties and despair ; but I began now to perceive that such a thing might be. With all our ardor, the Doctor and I had deepened the excavation but a few inches, when we felt a willingness to stand back and give place to the stalwart sailors ; and after that, though there was far less spirit displayed, yet I must confess the work advanced more rapidly.

As the day wore on, and we saw how slowly the excavation deepened, our first regret was that we had brought no lunch with us. Every body knows the peculiar effect which hard work has upon the stomach ; and how, the stomach being so affected, the muscles wither and exertion flags. Our sailors' brawny arms seemed to lose their vigor ; the blows became feeble ; the axe bounded about

with a kind of stagger; and the pauses to rub the back and scratch the head became more frequent and of longer duration. At this juncture the foresight of the Doctor was strikingly displayed. He drew forth from an inner pocket a curious flask, and first applying it to his own lips with the affectionate manner of old and long-trying friendship, he passed it to the men. The effect was magical. The hands late so feeble now grasped the axe firmly, and it was whisked about like a mere straw. Whether this was the effect of the mysterious draught solely, restoring the outer or physical man, or whether it was in some measure owing to the shrewd reflection of 'more where that came from,' stimulating the inner or spiritual man, may be a problem; but certainly the whole man seemed as good as new.

When the excavation had penetrated so far that a few more blows would evidently carry it through, I took the axe into my own hands, and the Doctor at the same time seized the crow-bar. I have often reflected upon these movements. I am at a loss to say whether they were prompted by the desire to administer the finishing blows merely, or whether they displayed an instinctive perception of the great principle of right and title, so venerable for its antiquity, having been admitted to settle beyond all cavil the right to greater possessions, such as crowns and kingdoms, from time immemorial. Be that as it may: there were just four of us; and the natural division of parties was thus: the Doctor and I—the two men. A tie. Now when the first brick should fall through, if there should be a 'jingle,' it might be an important question on which side were the axe and crow-bar.

The Doctor wished to try the crow-bar, and summoning all his strength he made a powerful thrust, and was successful. It went through. There came up a puff of air, and the sound, not of 'chink,' but of a brick-bat falling into water. It is possible that between each one and himself or his own fine fancies, that sound was a damper; but nobody said so, for indeed, 'there was silence.' For my part, my hands began to tingle, and I laid down the axe and drew off my gloves to consider the extent of damage I had sustained. Teddy placed his hand upon his back and rubbed abstractedly. Tom fell into an attitude of forgetfulness; with his head drooping to one side, he ogled the excavation, while with one hand he drew off his tarpaulin and with the other scratched his head discursively. The Doctor leaned upon the crow-bar, contemplating his work, and musing; and as he mused he poised forward, plumbed his mouth over the excavation, and dropped a mouthful of tobacco-juice with great precision through the hole which the crow-bar had made.

'Well,' said the Doctor, drawing himself up and deliberately taking the cork from his flask, 'let's go through with it. What if there is a little water? State documents would n't be lying on the floor.' And the invigorating flask having circulated, the work was resumed, and the hole very soon sufficiently enlarged. Teddy volunteered to make the first descent, and laying the crow-bar across the excavation, he made a rope fast to it and glided down.

‘ Well, what do you see, Teddy ? ’

‘ Ugh ! nothin’, Sir, but an empty place full of wather ! ’

‘ Ah ? What did you put in your pocket just then ? ’ some one asked ; for it occurred to us that there might be some trifles of jewels hanging about the walls.

‘ Is it ‘ put in me pocket ? ’ Divil a thing is there here to put in me pocket, but wather ! ’

When ‘ Teddy came up I descended ; and my curiosity being satisfied, the Doctor must needs go down, for which purpose the excavation had to be considerably enlarged ; for the Doctor’s ‘ corporation,’ as before hinted, was at that time just beginning to expand with the fair promise of an alderman-like rotundity, to which I doubt not it has since fully attained. He remained down a long time, sounding with a pole, and making many interesting antiquarian observations ; and as I sat upon the roof, leaning over upon my elbow, I fancied I could hear him soliloquize as he poked about in the corners : ‘ Nothing whatever ; absolutely nothing ! ’ It was now getting late ; indeed it was already high time for us to be making our way home.

‘ Doctor,’ said I, growing impatient, ‘ what are you about down there so long ? ’

‘ Oh, antiquarian research, to be sure ! ’

Probably I was not in a very good humor ; for my dreams about going it ‘ with a rush ’ were of course at an end, and I had been thinking how hard it was that a man must work for his living ; but to the tone of the Doctor’s reply I had reason to be particularly sensitive, for I well knew that if it should once get on board the schooner I should never hear the last of it. ‘ Aha ! ’ I replied, ‘ I see how it is. You have duped yourself ; you have allowed your imagination to delude you into dreams about bushels of gold and silver ; and now because you are disappointed and chagrined, you are willing to cast ridicule on the whole expedition. ’

‘ What is all that ? ’ inquired the Doctor, in a tone that almost awakened apprehensions of a brick-bat.

‘ I say I fear you care deused little about the antiquarian part of the question. ’

‘ Well then, there ! Look there, and see whether I do or no ! ’

I looked over the wall and saw, about two feet below the surface of the water, the end of a pole which the Doctor had thrust through ; thus proving the existence of a door, and its position. When the Doctor came up, and while the men were passing the implements into the boat, I called his attention to the bricks of the coping. They were wasted to one half their original size, and had the porous appearance of a coarse sponge. ‘ Now, Sir, did you ever see any thing like that ? How very ancient this structure must be ! — for in the oldest house I ever knew, say of two hundred years, the bricks had no appearance of even the beginning of decay. ’

‘ Ah, true ; it must indeed be very ancient. Why, Sir, the oldest house I ever saw had not settled more than two inches ; now this has settled, as the door proves, not less than ten feet. ’

‘Gad!’ exclaimed Tom, ‘if that’s the way, it must be as old as Babel.’

‘But look here!’ cried the Doctor, pulling away some grass from the apex of the roof just above the door; ‘the socket of the flag-staff!’ And there, pulling out a cedar splinter, ‘a piece of the staff itself!’

‘Ah yes; curious and interesting! Well now, Doctor, I think we have settled the main question in this interesting inquiry. This was a military magazine.’

‘Yes; and absurd as it may now seem, this was once a station accessible to ships. Here,’ continued the Doctor, looking around upon the scene, ‘here, from the very staff of which this is a piece, the Spanish flag has floated many a day. Yes, this mighty river——’

The Doctor extended his arm, and was getting into something of an attitude, when he was interrupted by Tom. Ever since the remark about Babel, I had observed that Tom appeared particularly troubled; scratching his head and turning it from side to side, as if there was something unusual going on within.

‘Yes, Sir,’ he exclaimed, ‘that’s *my* opinion. It’s the river that’s done it. I’ve been a-thinkin’ how it is; and it’s my belief that the Magazine hain’t settled a jot. You see, the river brings down such an almighty sight o’ mud, that it’s filled up the bottom of the bay; and of course the bottom of the bay a-risin’ raises the top.’

‘Ha!’ said the Doctor, with much gravity, ‘I think I get your idea. The ocean is riz?’

‘Yes, Sir; that’s the way of it.’

Upon this there seemed to be a general impression that it was time to go; and passing a couple of the most remarkable bricks into the boat as trophies, the Antiquarians turned their faces homeward. Again we forced the old boat through the swamp around the log of the bayou; but, ah me! how much more easily it was accomplished when we came in the morning, full of hope and breakfast! We passed around the pelican-log, and the fog favoring us, steered for what in the distance appeared like the mouth of a bayou. When we arrived we were disappointed; and thereupon the Doctor and I had some high words; for he had become exceedingly sour, and to confess the truth, I suspect that I was a little moody. If you would try a man’s temper, take him when he is wet and hungry, and all the better if he has lost his road in the dark on the way to his supper. I maintained that the bayou was farther on, while the Doctor insisted that we had passed it. Accordingly we coasted all the way back, examining every inlet, until we came to the Magazine, and the Doctor, finding himself at fault, abandoned the command, and going forward, threw himself down in the bow in a terrible mood, apostrophizing the sagacious Peter, and muttering: ‘This is a pretty scrape! Just what I expected!’

Matters were now beginning to look serious. It was getting dark; there had been a drizzling rain for the last hour; and there was a full prospect of a dismal, or as the sailors say, a dirty night. I rounded the pelican-log again, as a point of departure, and the men

gave way with a strong pull. Our boat was, as I have said, a clumsy affair; moreover, she leaked badly; and, not having been bailed out since morning, had about three inches of water. This made her pull the more heavily; and it was nearly dark before we reached the reedy point where I hoped to find the bayou.

It so happened that we pulled directly into the mouth of a bayou, and, as may be supposed, we indulged for a time in chuckling congratulations. But as we proceeded I soon perceived that unless I had strangely forgotten appearances, this was not the bayou out of which we had come in the morning. The Doctor too, who at first was thrown into a most happy humor, now began to express doubts; next, to swear roundly that we were going wrong, and then to protest vociferously against proceeding any farther; foretelling that at last we should find ourselves in a blind bayou, and urging the imprudence of indulging in any experiments in our present situation, and the importance of husbanding the little light that remained in searching for the true way home. This was the voice of experience. But the bayou bore northerly, and I explained to the Doctor that it might bring us out into the north-east pass; and I labored to convince him that there was a current there, whereas blind bayous had none. My reasoning was most unsatisfactory; but, seeing that remonstrance was vain, the Doctor sank back to his seat in the bow, and except an occasional growl or groan, remained sullenly silent.

Soon after entering the bayou we began to hear guns fired on board the schooner, to give us the direction, as they supposed we were lost in the fog. Had there been only water between us and the schooner, these guns would have been useful; but as it was, it would have answered much better if a boat had been despatched to show a light at the mouth of the bayou; and instead of being thankfully received, each report threw the Doctor into a paroxysm, in which he poured forth anathemas upon the guns, the schooner, and the 'stupid asses' on board, until brought to himself by some inconvenience more near at home, when all the remaining sound and fury would be concentrated in an unexpected word to Teddy: 'Bail out the boat! blast your eyes! Here have I been sitting in the water these two hours!'

We had pulled up the bayou perhaps a mile when, the rain having somewhat dispelled the fog, we were able, to our agreeable surprise, dimly to discern the masts of the schooner, bearing due east. From this we knew that the pass could not be far north; the bayou still held northerly; and in view of these facts, the mercurial Doctor flourished his cap, and we indulged in three hearty cheers.

As we proceeded we passed at every turn numerous branch-bayous, many of them as large as the one we were in. These bayous cross and intersect each other in the swamp, forming an extensive labyrinth. We frequently came to small pools, from which, as a centre, bayous radiated to every point of the compass. We chose carefully those which seemed to lead most directly north: and as they continually became narrower, we were at length obliged to take in the oars and pull ourselves along by help of the reeds.

After about two hours at this work we came to a small pond, in the middle of which was a large stump. It was now pitch-dark, and we searched a long time in vain for a northerly outlet, but at last found a very small bayou, scarcely large enough to admit the boat. It was so narrow and so crooked that we had great difficulty in forcing the boat through; and at last we came to the end, where there was no more bayou — nothing but swamp; the reeds growing up through the water, which was about a foot deep!

We now jumped out, desperately resolved to force the boat through the swamp to the pass, which I confidently announced could not be more than a hundred yards ahead. This was a cruel undertaking. The mud was soft, the water frequently deep, the reeds obstinate, and the boat heavy. But we fancied that our toil would soon be done; in imagination the boat was already launched with a splash into the stream, and we saw ourselves dropping quietly down with the current to our suppers. Stimulated by these pleasant fancies, we were lavish of our strength, and forced the boat along length after length; yes, one 'hundred-yards' after another; and to my astonishment, without coming to the pass.

When we had accomplished about twice the distance which I had imagined to intervene, there was a pause, from sheer discouragement and exhaustion; and then the Doctor suggested the sensible plan of sending a man ahead to explore, and ascertain whether the pass really did exist in that direction. Teddy had the longest legs, and he volunteered; and as he waded off, Tom remarked: 'There, now *Teddy's* after 'antiquarian research!'

Teddy was gone a long time: we heard him far away, wallowing through the water, occasionally sousing in with a splash and a slight scream, until he had travelled so much farther than we could ever hope to push the boat, that the Doctor called him back; I maintaining, as indeed I still do, that the pass was there, and that Teddy would have found it, only that he lost his reckoning in the dark, and instead of going straight on, undoubtedly, like a man lost in woods, wallowed round and round in a circle.

This result was a little mortifying to me. Most certainly if our boldness and perseverance had been crowned with success, I should have monopolized all the glory and carried a high head about it; and now as all the shame and blame were mine, I consoled myself by reflecting how Bonaparte must have felt when he shambled out of Moscow. Our star that 'had led us on' had set; not 'behind a sea-girt rock,' but in the middle of a vast swamp. There was no hope to look forward to, so we turned our thoughts back upon the road we had travelled; and as there was nothing in that retrospect very cheering, we recalled them again to ourselves, and stood in the water and reflected upon our sad predicament; the pass we *had* come to, and the one we had *not*. In my distress I innocently murmured: 'How shall we ever get out of this horrid place?'

'Oh yes!' sneered the Doctor; 'what did we come *in* here for?'

There was now a remarkable sousing and floundering in the direction of Teddy, and presently he called out, in the dark: 'Hallo! this is d — d odd! Where are yecs?'

‘Oh come on!’ replied Tom. ‘That’s antiqua ——’

Tom’s wit was cut short by a silent and judicious rebuke from the Doctor; and which, as I conjectured from the sound, consisted of a ‘burying,’ performed by the Doctor’s broad hand coming down impressively upon the top of the good-natured but inconsiderate fellow’s tarpaulin.

When Teddy joined us, we all ‘laid hold’ to try how the boat would go backward. If it had been hard work to push her forward, it was harder to push her back, for the reeds which had been borne down now lay pointing at the broad stern. ‘Now!’ cried one and all. There was a ‘stimultuaneous’ and unanimous grunt, but the boat scarcely budged an inch. It was a faint, premature effort; our arms fell powerless by our sides, and we stood around the boat in solemn silence; all except Tom, who being rather a short-legged pot-bellied little man, and standing in rather a soft place, had sunk in up to the middle; and as the effort to draw out one foot only plunged the other in the deeper, there seemed a possibility of his going down altogether. ‘Oh!’ said he, hitching up one leg after the other, in a kind of tread-water fashion, ‘oh! what a pickle we are in!’

That was a dark hour. If ever my heart knew despondency, it knew it at that moment. If I could have indulged my inclinations, I should have seated myself in the bottom of the boat, covered my face with my hands, and given utterance to a moan more dismal than the midnight dog-howl. To think of the long distance of swamp through which we had forced the boat; of the interminable labyrinth which we had threaded; of the miles of bayou through which we had persevered; and to think of retracing our track in the darkness of midnight!

We were entangled almost beyond hope of extrication. It seemed as if some evil spirit had led us on from one extremity to another, until at last we were fairly trapped, and the very reeds rose up against our escape. It was impossible not to admit an occasional thought of the infernal dragons whose domains we had invaded, and which we now and then fancied were gathering around us. Alligators and tiger-cats we knew were plenty thereabout, and worse than all, the deadly moccasin-snake, of which I was impressed with most intense dread, insomuch that I had ever been dainty of putting even the toes of my boots into the swamps; and now as I strode about with the water above my boot-tops, my blood would frequently run cold in my veins at the idea of treading on one of those horrid reptiles, and I almost felt them squirming about my legs.

The firing on board the schooner still continued, and it had become an offence to our ears. We knew perfectly well our relative position, and those guns were tantalizing; a mockery of our distress — only a louder way of laughing at us. They diverted our minds to the stir on board the schooner: we saw as it were by the flash, the bright warm cabin, and were reminded of dry clothes, hot coffee, and comfortable berths. They were like fiendish tongues in the murky air, aggravating our doleful plight by obtruding the contrast of that paradise of a schooner and these infernal regions; and as they boomed

over the waste they made us more fully sensible of the vast extent of horrid swamp which lay like the impassable gulf between heaven and the damned.

I had thought that in our last efforts we had exhausted all our energy; but we came now to the strength and nerve of desperation; and putting our shoulders to the work with a loud 'Yo-heave-o! there-she-goes!' we moved the boat along by inches, and at last got her afloat. When this was accomplished, and we were able to draw our legs out of the water and stand in the boat again, we considered it an achievement; and there, in a darkness in which we could not see each other's faces, and with the rain pouring upon us, we flourished our caps and screeched a 'three cheers' which could fall on no human ears but our own.

The Doctor now suggested that we should make fast to the stump in the middle of the pond, before mentioned, and pass the night. This was a strange proposition; for sleep was out of the question, the floor of the skiff being two inches under water; and indeed, how were four to lie down, unless stowed in two layers?—an arrangement by the way which would have one advantage; since the superincumbent sleepers would be above water, while the substratum would be sheltered from the rain. I proposed that we should persevere, find our way out of the bayou, and then coast along down to Soss' Island; and I called up all my eloquence to expatiate upon the inducements of hot coffee, and dry boards to sleep on.

Against all this the Doctor expostulated with great vehemence; urging that in the first place, persevere as we might, there was no getting out of the bayou in the dark; then, as to coasting down to Soss', it was a ridiculous project; for since we could not see the length of an oar, how was I to distinguish the island from any other part of the coast? Moreover, (and now it was eloquence for eloquence,) since every thing so far had turned out according to Peter, we might now look for the gale, and if *that* caught us in the bay there would be an end of us! It was put to vote, and carried for my plan; the men thinking it better, as Tom said, to work all night than to lie down in the water to be rained on.

Although it was very dark, the water presented a surface of dim light; and when we came to two branching bayous we were sometimes able to recognize an object to guide us. In some cases we remembered that it was the right or the left branch; but then in others we could remember nothing at all about it. In the latter cases the confusion and differences of opinion were sometimes wonderful; more especially in those little pools from which a dozen branches diverged, and where each one had a bayou of his own, and as much to say in its favor as if they had all been up at auction. Oh! sometimes the clamor and caterwauling were tremendous! In several instances my disputes with the Doctor ran high; and when he was overborne, and we took the contrary bayou, you would have thought from his agony and despair that we were launching into the 'lake of fire and brimstone!'

It was with no little astonishment that we at last found ourselves

at the mouth of the bayou ; and I need hardly add that our caps again revolved in airy circles, while we honored the event with a hearty 'three-times-three.' 'Now for Soss'!' cried one and all, not even excepting the Doctor ; but after a few pulls we stuck fast in the mud. We got out, pushed off, and started again, and presently were aground upon another shoal ; and this occurred so often that the Doctor suggested that we might as well not get into the boat at all, any more, but wade the whole five miles to Soss'.

It was plain that the plan of coasting within sight of shore was impracticable ; I therefore requested the Doctor to keep sight of a clump of reeds near him, while I should light the lantern, so that we might steer by compass and make a bold push for it. After hammering at the steel for a quarter of an hour, striking out showers of sparks without effect, it occurred to me to feel of the tinder ; and truly I might as well have tried to fire a soaked sponge. In the mean time the boat had drifted, and when I looked around, the bush was not to be seen.

'It's here,' said Tom.

'Yes,' said Teddy, 'it's there.' They were pointing in different directions !

'Oh ? eh ? what are you looking for ?' inquired the Doctor, evidently arousing from a nap. 'Here's the bush. Pull !' And pull we did ; and pulled, and pulled ; but without seeing the bush, and without running aground.

'Try the depth with your oar, Teddy.'

'No bottom, Sir.'

Here was a pretty situation ! Fairly out in the broad bay, without compass, and the land lost !

'Well, well !' exclaimed the Doctor ; 'now let the gale come ! *Now* you see what you've brought us to ! First, you got us into a blind bayou ; and that was n't enough for your wrong-headed obstinacy, but you must get us into the middle of the swamp ! And *now* here we are, adrift !'

'Oh yes !' I replied ; 'lay it all to me, will you ? Why did n't you keep your eye upon the bush, as I desired ? Any man who will sleep at his post at such a time ——'

At this ~~moment~~ our ears seemed to catch the far-off sound of a conch-shell. We listened. Never was there a night of more dense darkness. I could not see my hand before me ; and we could hear no sound save the pudder of the rain pouring in perpendicular streams upon the bay. I thought we had been deceived, and we were just beginning to jabber again, when there came a full unequivocal blast, and at the same moment a light gleamed through the darkness. Then did we give tongue ! Then did a shout go up from the face of the deep ! Tom, and Teddy, and the Doctor, to say nothing of myself, seemed afraid that our friends would not hear us, and would turn away discouraged ; and nobly did they make up our deficiency of conch-shells ! .

In the height of this uproar the boat fell into a strange fit of convulsions ; tipping violently from side to side, now up at the stern,

now down. Never was I so tossed and tilted about. I had much ado to keep the lantern and compass from flying overboard. At first I thought the sea-serpent, or some other marine monster, conjured up by the noise, had got hold of the boat and was trying to swallow us; but then hearing a great splashing of water in the bow, I inferred that the Doctor was dancing. Upon this point I have never been able fully to make up my mind; but if the worthy Doctor really *was* dancing in the bow while we were tilted and tossed so strangely, I can only say that I should like vastly to see the same group in broad day-light.

It was with a sense of exquisite comfort that I transferred myself from the wretched skiff to the roomy stern-sheets of the Sea-gull; and after having been jogged about all day like cripples in a go-cart, we enjoyed with peculiar satisfaction the rapid motion of the Sea-gull, as she trembled and darted under the impulse of six long oars. The Doctor supped with me that night, amid the quizzical ghosts of those who had peopled the cabin in the morning; and we enjoyed our coffee, though some of my friends grumbled next day about broken slumbers. There was one inconvenient result which I experienced. I never afterward could get into a boat to prepare for even a ducking expedition, but half the ship's company, with portentous faces, would be leaning over the bulwarks; and some of my more particular friends would be inquiring, with formal gravity, whether 'the objects of the expedition were purely antiquarian!'

A. H.

L I F E ' S M E M O R I E S .

I REMEMBER, I remember
 When my life was in its prime,
 Yet untouched and uncorrupted
 By the blighting hand of Time:
 When the flow'ret and the sunshine
 Were companions of each scene,
 And Hope was in its vigor then,
 And Pleasure in its green.

I remember, I remember
 When the storm of sorrow came,
 And extinguished, and for ever,
 All the glory of life's flame:
 When one by one the blossoms
 Of Affection dropped away,
 And Despair came with the darkness,
 And Affliction with the day.

I remember, I remember!
 But ah! 't is vain to mourn
 For the bright hours and the loved ones
 That will never more return!
 Let the Present have its torture,
 And the Past its store of ill;
 To the Future, to the future
 We will look with gladness still!

. Three Passages from the History of a Poet.

S C E N E I.

A church of the Carmelites at Asti in Piedmont. The evening service is performing by the monks and a chorus of boys and maidens. Two priests are whispering in the chancel.

FIRST PRIEST.

Look ye, brother! yonder comes the tall gawky youth that you spoke of.

SECOND PRIEST.

Ay, there he is, as punctual as ever. Now note him, and see if he is not strangely moved by the service. We may set him down for a pure soul. I'd insure his conversion for a Parmesan.

FIRST PRIEST.

He has chosen the duskiest corner he can find, behind the screen; that is his favorite pillar. Come brother, we're wanted at the desk.

VITTORIO: (*the lad, speaking to himself as he stands apart.*)

This is the only spot in all the village
That lifts me from myself. How mistily
The setting sun streams in upon the pulpit!
As if, before he bids the world good night,
He needs must get the bishop's benediction.
See those fair girls! fresh as the evening star!
Oh beautiful! how beautiful they stand!
Those white-robed ones, around the sacred chair!
Yon little boys must be the seraphim:
Yet no; there's our Battista—dirty rascal!
He looks another person with his robe on,
Than when he's rubbing silver in the kitchen.
I'll seat me farther off: I find 't is hard
To be religious when one knows the actors.
On my old bench, by this confessional,
I'll sit as I am wont. Hark! they begin!

H Y M N.

I.

GUILTY thoughts the bosom shun
With the waning of the sun;
With the waning of the sun
Sin and sorrow fade away;
Troubles vanish, one by one,
Earthly wishes die with day.

VITTORIO: *to himself.*

So up in paradise all day they sing,
So might they sing without cessation here;
So might I listen without need of rest,
Or interruption from necessity
Of exercise or hunger, thirst or sleep;
This too were paradise; I'm happy now,
And when I left the house I hated life.
Hark!

II.

Rest from working and from winning,
 Twilight's truce is now beginning :
 When the darkness is beginning,
 Dews like tears of stars descending,
 Rest thee, sinner, from thy sinning,
 Night's first hour is trouble's ending.

VITTORIO.

I cannot wholly catch the words; the air
 Is most accordant with the mellow hour;
 This is the day of Saint Veronica:
 I could myself make music such as theirs.
 Oh God! I would I were a hoary hermit,
 Perched high on some cold cliff in Sicily,
 That I might sing all summer to the sun,
 And die worn out with worship. Hark again!

III.

Holy night! on land and ocean
 Every murmur breathes devotion;
 Breeze and billow breathe devotion.
 Now the mariner's anthem swells;
 Hark! the organ's sweet commotion
 Gently wakes the cloister bells.

IV.

Child of Bethlehem! virgin-born,
 Childrens' hymns thou wilt not scorn,
 Virgins' hymns thou wilt not scorn,
 Wheresoe'r on shore or sea,
 At dusky eve or rosy morn,
 Holy One! they rise to Thee!

VITTORIO.

Their hymn is ended, yet I hear it still;
 Far off it sounds up yonder in the vaults!
 Faint, faint it grows — 't is on its way to God.
 I wonder if these ladies are all saints!
 'Amen! amen!' — for that amen alone
 God will not scorn the stupid bishop's prate;
 How strange it is! The organ now is hushed,
 And yet I hear it floating in the air:
 A sound as if of bells is in mine ear;
 They are heaven's bells — 't is vespers too in heaven.
 I feel afraid to stay with such good beings,
 For I'm a sinner, so our chaplain tells me:
 And yet I fear not, for I'm better now
 Than when I'm playing checkers with the chaplain.
 Hark! now the bishop's talking Latin to them!
 That's a long word, that '*Seculorum*;' doubtless
 It means the Almighty or the Virgin Mary.
 How red the pavement and the statues look!
 Through the stained window as the sunset streams,
 Those marble knights resemble flesh and blood;
 Their cheeks are crimson like the bishop's. Hark!
 The service is concluding.

BISHOP.

The blessing of the Father and the Son
 And Holy Spirit be upon you all,
 And with you all remain, forevermore!

VITTORIO: *aside.*

Thank you, old gentleman! — now go to supper.
What need has he to mock those angels' anthem
With his gruff blessing? Hark! the organ sounds.

An aged Priest and a Verger advance toward VITTORIO, and contemplate him from behind a column.

PRIEST.

What lad is that? I think he's fallen asleep;
Go wake him, for the chapel's damp at night:
'T were pity so devout a youth should catch
His death by too much constancy in worship.
Church pleurisies I know are no less mortal
Than those which punish midnight serenaders.

VERGER.

He's not asleep; he often sits there thus,
Just at this hour. I know not what his name is.
One of the college lads I think he be —
Belongs I guess to Turin.

PRIEST.

Look! he's weeping.
I fear he's ill, poor child! — how pale he is!
Yet is there something in his restless eye
And on the fair sheet of his forehead written,
That to my mind betrays a worse disease
Than day is subject to. He hath a soul:
See how he's muttering to himself.

VERGER: *gaping.*

Bad boy!
I'll turn him out, Sir; shall I?

PRIEST.

Wherefore? No:
Let him remain.

VERGER.

'T is almost bed-time, Sir:
I've been twelve miles to-day to dig two graves,
And scarce can speak for yawning: dearie me!

PRIEST.

He oft comes here, you say?

VERGER.

A regular nuisance.
He comes (excuse my yawning) every night,
And sits, and sits, and keeps me from my nap,
For I ne'er sleep until the cloister's closed.
Alone, I am not willing to encounter
So fierce a bit of manhood; he's as cross
As a Maremma buffalo in dog-days.
Beside, I know he is a gentleman;
He throws me every now and then a scudo,
As if he were but spitting on a cur.

PRIEST.

You stoop I s'pose to pocket such rare spittle ?

VERGER.

Sometimes I, with my besom, raise a dust ;
Soon as he sneezes, then I know he 'll start.
Ha ! ha ! he looks as fiercely at my broom
As if 't were Beelzebub's fork. Shall I go sweep ?

PRIEST.

Go *sleep* you may, but let your broom alone.
Go, go ; I'll be your warrant ; get you gone,
And leave the keys to me. You must be weary.

VERGER.

Almost too tired to tell how tired I am :
Here are the keys, good Father : thank you kindly.

[*Exit.*]

PRIEST.

That is the very lad I've met so often
Moodily musing by the river side ;
And something in my thought prophetic tells me
That he's marked out for greatness.

VITTORIO : *to himself.*

I wish those virgins would return ! No matter ;
I'm sure to see them in my dreams to-night,
For every night this week and all night long,
Soon as I bolt mine eye-lids, I'm among them.
Perhaps I'm dreaming now ; who knows ? for oft
When I have felt most sure I was awake,
I've woke and found it but a vision merely.
How can we tell then what is true or false ?

PRIEST : *tapping him on the shoulder.*

Thus, thus, my lad ; this gentle slap convince thee
Whether thou sleep'st or no.

VITTORIO.

How dare you touch me ?
And wherefore are you prowling round me thus ?
Go get your broomstick, an' you needs must sweep,
But keep your hands from me !

PRIEST.

You're hasty, child ;
You're very hasty ; do not be offended ;
You take me for the Verger : look again.

VITTORIO.

I see, good Father, you are not the sexton.
Well ? — am I harming any one ? What would you ?

PRIEST.

Nay, what would *you* ? These are *our* premises.
I chanced to oversee you from the chancel,
And by your gestures thought your mind was troubled.
You're far too young to know much worldly grief :

But as my office is to comfort sad ones,
 I made thus bold, as you 're but a stripling
 And I'm three score, to tap you on the shoulder.
 First let me tell you, you're in danger here.

VITTORIO.

I wear a poniard, Sir.

PRIEST.

Young Catiline!
 Nay do not look so tragical; forgive me —
 I cannot help a smile.

VITTORIO.

Danger of what?

PRIEST.

A cold, a fever, and a funeral service.

VITTORIO.

Delicious danger! What is life to me?
 Think you I care for dying? By the gods!
 I could, in listening to that organ, die
 With tears of thankfulness; these tears, alas!
 Are shed for thinking I am doomed to live,
 Without a deed to make life worth the keeping!

PRIEST.

You're a strange boy; what makes you thus unhappy?

VITTORIO.

Why, what should make me happy?

PRIEST.

Youth and health;
 But no; I fancy you're not well in body;
 Your locks are dry, and your complexion's clouded;
 You're pale and thin: give me your hand; 't is feverish.

VITTORIO.

Ay, I'm new-risen from the couch of pain,
 Which I had hoped would be my final one.

PRIEST.

What was the matter? Come; your shrift? Confess:
 What caused your illness?

VITTORIO.

Sucking hemlock juice.

PRIEST.

What do'st thou mean? Wert playing Socrates?

VITTORIO.

Playing? O no! I was *myself* — in earnest.

PRIEST.

Come, tell me all. I love thee: trust in me;
Tell me thy story.

VITTORIO.

To be laughed at, eh?
Just as I was when I exposed my dirk:
Poh! I'll not gabble with you: see! 't is night.

PRIEST.

Nay, but you stir not till you tell your story:
Confess, I charge you!

VITTORIO.

Then I'll do as guns do,
Which being *charged*, go off. Good night, Sir.

PRIEST.

My child, you called me father, even now;
Then, though a father might a son command,
Yet, like a son petitioning his sire,
I beg of you — I, a gray-haired man,
Entreat of you, a little boy, to tell me
What troubles you? What is 't you say of hemlock?

VITTORIO.

Why, then I'll tell you, since you say *entreat*.
Know then, that, urchin as I seem to you, Sir,
The wretchedness of miserablest age
Dried up my life within me: I was bowed
And am bowed still with sadness past all speech.
No special sorrow, but a settled hate
For all this world, and mainly for myself.
The duties fortune and my friends assigned me
To do in this dull world were loathsome to me:
This village was a hell: I went to Turin;
Then, wearying of the city, sighed to be
Again at Asti. Soon as I had reached home,
And kissed my mother and my sisters round,
I longed to journey back again to Turin;
For in the University I was
Of the young comers youngest; back I went,
Studied a se'nnight — ran away at last,
And homeward came once more, though home displeased me.

PRIEST.

O! Some professor's daughter had beguiled you?

VITTORIO.

You're wrong, Sir — wrong; all boys and girls I hated;
Meanly enough of my poor self I thought,
But not so meanly as to waste my soul
In dogging pretty she-things round the corners.
The one I love the best lives here in Asti,
And she's the widow of a notary,
And has young notaries — a room full of them.

PRIEST.

You'll be a famous antiquarian,
Being so young, to love such ancient relics.
Well? — so you hated life? Was it for her?

VITTORIO.

I will not say I were a fool to answer,
For that implies you were not wise to ask me.

PRIEST.

What made you then hate life?

VITTORIO.

Why Sir, myself.
I read all day in Plutarch, and all night;
Dinner still found me where my supper left me,
Fasting o'er Cæsar and Coriolanus;
I loved Timoleon better than rich dishes.

PRIEST.

Ay; a man is more deserving than a goose,
Even though the one be dead and t'other roasted.

VITTORIO.

Reading of such illustrious ones, and seeing
What puny people I was born to play
A puny part among, I swore I would not
With such small spirits dwindle through my being:
So having read how Socrates the sage
Was doomed to sup of hemlock, forth I went
Into the wood that borders on Dorla,
And fed deliciously on hemlock stems,
And other noxious herbage growing by.

PRIEST.

O silly, crazy, crazy child! What folly!
There's something dropped into your blood unwholesome,
Which pricks your brain with impulses insane.

VITTORIO.

Fast as the leaves I chewed, the juice I swallowed.

PRIEST.

A druggist's shop had furnished better means.

VITTORIO.

Did Socrates with an apothecary
Go chaffer for his hemlock? Well, 't is told;
The weeds I ate were but a little fatal,
And made my stomach groan. Sick, sick I was,
And ——

PRIEST.

What follows may be guessed: 't is easy fancying
What strains your liver suffered: this is all, then?

VITTORIO.

Now let me go; 't is dark, and chill and dewy.

PRIEST.

And time you were abed — all good boys are ;
Yet stay ; before we part, I want thy promise.

VITTORIO.

Of what, good Father ?

PRIEST.

Nay, for one so old
'T is a small boon to beg of one so young.
Promise you 'll grant it.

VITTORIO.

I have promised : speak.

PRIEST.

Kneel at the foot of this enshrined Madonna,
And while I give thee for thy follies past
Free absolution, promise what I bid thee.

VITTORIO.

Well Sir, I 'm kneeling.

PRIEST.

Never, from this day,
In any misery of want or doubt,
In any sudden sinking of the soul,
Or cooling of ambition ; in no time
Of desolation, when the stagnant heart,
Thick with a melancholy scum of thought,
Breeds noxious vapors of distrust in Heaven ;
Never, in looking forward with a fear,
Or backward with a self-condemning pang,
Think that thy life is thine !

VITTORIO.

Whose is it then ?

PRIEST.

God's and the world's ; mankind's — posterity's.

VITTORIO.

What mean you ? What's posterity ?

PRIEST.

Cæsar was that of Socrates ; we're Cæsar's, and he
And Cæsar too, and you and I, are Homer's.

VITTORIO.

I understand you now, but was not sure.

PRIEST.

There's that within thee which if used aright
May make thee famous in the hearts of men,
And with the proud memorials of thine age
Rank thee in Time's remembrance.

VITTORIO.

Oh, Sir — Sir!

Good Father! — nay, forbid me not your hand:
These are the kindest words that ever lips
Doled forth to poor Vittorio; yet impart
The way, the cause, the means I must pursue,
To make my name immortal! I would fight
Like valiant Godfrey or Leonidas,
Toil on a pilgrimage to China's wall,
Cross the rough Caspian, scale the Himala,
Or in the foul womb of Siberia's mines
Shut myself up with felons grim, for ever;
These would I do, and count it easy work,
To write my name on Fame's proud catalogue
Among the well-deservers!

PRIEST.

Less will answer:

We're not required to crucify our souls,
That honor may be won. 'Tis Nature's law
That men should task but not torment themselves.
All self-inflicted torture is superfluous:
Glory not much in suffering; stoop t' enjoy;
For when a man is most the friend of man,
Even then he is most happy. Find some path
In which thy spirit may with pleasure walk,
Then labor in it; not too furiously,
For toil's excess and indolence are one.

VITTORIO.

I am afraid I apprehend not justly
All of your words. You bid me serve my race,
And so I would, were any fit work doing.
Tell me a noble task: I could be Brutus,
Were there a Tarquin here in little Asti.
I'd save my country like Pelopidas,
Or Conon, whom I read of in my Nepos.
Show me your Leuctra, here's Epaminondas!

PRIEST.

Epaminondas in the clouds sits laughing
To hear a little lad in petty Piedmont
Spout like a Theban! Do not be offended.

VITTORIO.

Must I be doomed, for being born in Piedmont,
To make my mind a copy of my state,
Servile and insignificant?

PRIEST.

Content thee:

The surest way to be a little man,
The surest sign of being a little man,
Is to ape greatness only in small things:
Great spirits, when the cause is wanting, wait.
Learn thou to wait: thou'rt troubled with an itching
To do what is not called for: 't is excess
Of fiery life in thy young nature pent;
Restless in ignorance, ardent without strength,
Venting itself in sparks without a flame.

VITTORIO.

You're very wise, or fancy that you are so.
I wonder why so reverend a sage
Should deign to chat with such a fiery fool!

PRIEST.

Because I see within thee some few signs
Of a rich fruit—nurse but thy blossoms rightly.

VITTORIO.

What shall I do?

PRIEST.

'Sequi la tua stella.'

VITTORIA.

That is in Dante.

PRIEST.

What! have *you* read Dante?

VITTORIO.

I found a volume of his comedies,
And read it through: they suit my liking better,
Far better, than Goldoni's. What do ye laugh at?

PRIEST.

No matter; nothing.

VITTORIO.

What have I said that's foolish?

PRIEST.

A misconception merely: what's thy name?

VITTORIO.

Vittorio: there; we're talked enough: 't is dark.

PRIEST.

Stay; ere we say 'Good-night,' inform me
(Think me not bold or curious) what's thy surname?

VITTORIO.

My name is ALFIERI. Fare thee well!

PRIEST.

Good night!—good night! *'Sequi la tua stella!'*

SCENE II.

Westminster Abbey: two keepers watching at the gate. An Italian Gentleman enters.

FIRST KEEPER.

HERE'S a customer, Bill; a foreigner, I take it: twig his buckles! If he ain't a damned Spaniard, I'll be blowed.

SECOND KEEPER.

Never mind ; his money's British, any how. Valk in, Sir.

ITALIAN: *reading a board inscribed*

'Admittance sixpence!' — that's a fair inscription ;
'Lasciate qui *one sixpence*, voi ch' entrate ;'
There's ne'er another tavern in all London
Where one may find good company so cheap.
Are you the keeper, Sir ?

FIRST KEEPER.

Sich is my sitivation. Von sixpence, Sir ; thank'ee, Sir ; this vay, Sir. This is the vaulted passage, Sir, considered to be one of the most remarkable specimens of gr'ining in the United kingdom, excepting that in Holyrood. This leads you to the far-famed and extraordinary department of this time-honored and majestic pile, called Henry VII.'s Chaypel, vich contains : first, the curiously carved and highly ornamented oak stalls of the Knights of the most illustrious Order of the Bath ; second, the magnificent and highly-valuable relics of —

ITALIAN.

I wish to see the place called Poets' Corner.

SECOND KEEPER.

That ain't reg'lar, Sir ; the Chaypel comes first, according to Gunter ; then Queen Elizabeth —

ITALIAN.

Do as I bid you ; show me Poet's Corner.

FIRST KEEPER.

Thank'ee, Sir. This vay, Sir. (Hold yer jaw, Bill ! As long as the gemman pays for it, we can rewerse the order of hexhibition.) This, Sir, is the far-famed and highly-celebrated spot known as the Poet's Corner, vich contains some of the most remarkable monuments of this time-honored pile : First, that of the celebrated MILTON, one of the hornaments of the hage ; author of numerous popular works, vich has passed through several editions ; among w'ich may be named the highly pleasing and satisfactory production, 'Paradise Lost.' On the right sleeps the renowned BUTLER, who was not a real butler, as his name signifies, but the witty author of the celebrated poem of Sir Hugh de Brass. Here sleeps the ashes of the eccentric GAY ; and here slumbers the mortal relics of O Rare BEN JONSON.

ITALIAN.

Your fee for chatting to your customers
Is sixpence ; here's a guinea : hold your tongue !

These are the conquerors whose wreaths are fresh
To all eternity ! SHAKSPERE and SPENSER !
Weighing such names with Marlborough's and Nelson's
Is putting gold into the vulgar scale
That balances brown soap and farthing candles.
Here I go back to an old-held conclusion,
And see that Glory is not all the Sword's.
I have been until now too much deluded
By what the noisy voices of the world
Call glory ; deeming it man's noblest aim
To carry carnage to its farthest limit,
And drench the globe with pitiless ambition.
Here in this quiet corner stand the tombs
Which are to England more than proud Poictiers.
Your fame grows dim, O Agincourt and Cressy !

Before these lettered slabs of sacred marble !
 I lose all relish here for martial fame.
 Surely that solitary word there, DRYDEN,
 Speaks to the understanding more intently
 Than pages could of sweet and luscious lies,
 Daubing the statue of a battle-gainer.

FIRST KEEPER.

There 's another gemman, Bill, at the door.

SECOND KEEPER.

Shall I let him in ?

FIRST KEEPER.

Ay; lug him along this vay, and show him the Corner first.

A STRANGER enters, and stands gazing on the monuments near the Italian.

STRANGER.

Where 's MILTON's tomb ?

FIRST KEEPER.

Here it be, Sir. This is the tomb of the celebrated Milton, one of the hornaments of his hage; author of numerous popular works, vich has passed through several editions, among which —

STRANGER.

I'm well acquainted with the gentleman;
 You need not speak of him.

FIRST KEEPER.

The monument, Sir, as the t'other gentleman is a-contemplating, contains the ashes of the far-famed Dryden, translator of the In-kneed, and composer of Alexander's Feast; also the author of —

ITALIAN.

Your pardon, Sir; I've paid this man a guinea
 For keeping quiet; do you wish to hear him ?

STRANGER.

Not I. You 've paid him well, Sir; and deserve
 To be tormented with his prate no more.
 There are more visiters; go wait on them,
 And leave us by ourselves.

ITALIAN: *to himself.*

I just remember when I was a child,
 About this hour, attending vesper service
 In our old church o' the Carmelites at Asti;
 Even then I was afflicted with the fever
 That burns me still—a thirst for noble action;
 The violent lust, as 't were, to join my soul
 In fiery union with some deed of worth,
 Such as might rank me with the deathless ones.
 An aged priest, as I can recollect,
 Stole on my privacy, and counselled me:
 'Follow thy star!'—'*Sequi la tua stella!*'
 That whisper yet is dinning in mine ear;
 For years I've heard it; yet on looking back

To my past life, I sicken to behold
Amid the fragments of good resolution,
How many nothings I have chased in vain —
Wasting my energies in half-done follies.
I might have been, had Fortune proved my friend,
A hero now, instead of a repentant
And self-condemning idler. Yet, alas!
What's to be done? save to fret on for ever?

STRANGER.

I never felt so proud of mine own language,
As here where all its mightier masters rest.
I come from where men are not used to kneeling,
But here I cannot help it. I must down.

ITALIAN.

That person seems a most devout admirer
Of these great names; such homage is worth earning.
How many noiseless worshippers would kneel
Thus to the bust of any Alexander?
How many shall hereafter kneel to mine?
Fie! fie! I lag behind my promises;
My hopes drop withered from my languid heart.

STRANGER.

You'll think me childish, Sir, or else affected,
To render such strange reverence; but bethink you,
I was not born in Britain; but have come
O'er the salt seas, a thousand leagues or more,
To visit this famed shrine. You, born perhaps
Within the shadow of these antique walls,
Know nothing of the awful adoration
Which distance lends to glory.

ITALIAN.

You mistake, Sir:

I am a foreigner as you are; yet
I cannot for these English minstrels feel
Such love as if their language had been mine.
I'm an Italian.

STRANGER.

Sir, I thank my God
The tongue they sang in was the first I lisped!
I'm from the land your countryman COLUMBUS
Gave to the free for ever.

ITALIAN.

From *New England*?

STRANGER.

Ay; I have wandered from America
To set my foot upon this holy pavement;
So do not wonder at my bended knee.
Born in the forest, by primeval streams,
I've come to polished London; I have looked
Without a thrill at the magnificence,
The wealth, the crowds, the rush of busy being;
The costly shows, the priceless equipage —
These could not move me; no, nor gay St. James's,
Nor stately Windsor, nor the swollen Thames:

Back to the Susquehanna's woods from these
I could with rapture fly ; but when I stood
Where Father CHAUCER sleeps by SPENSER's side,
And — and —

ITALIAN.

Sir, you have a soul
That does not creak upon its hinges yet ;
Your feelings are not thumb'd as mine are, threadbare.
We Europeans have most hoary hearts :
I would to Heaven I lived i' the woods with you !
What might a man find there to give his strength to ?
By God ! I'll cross the wide Atlantic with you !
What work is to be done there ?

STRANGER.

Felling forests,
Hunting the red man from his native pines,
Inventing traps for deer, and building bridges.

ITALIAN.

Then is that all ?

STRANGER.

No ; for some prophets say
Ere long more manly work shall be in hand ;
Till then, we wait and serve His Majesty.

ITALIAN.

Why do you serve him, being so far off ?
What ! you, the sons of a new hemisphere,
Divided by three thousand miles of storms
From this worn-out old world, why do ye wear
A chain as far from the weak hand that holds it
As mortals are from that famed golden one
Which Jove lets down with puissant hand from heaven ?
Snap it ! Why not ? Pull the cursed links asunder !
Be free — be free ! What ! will you hunt the otter
And chase the Indian, while so good a cause
Bids you to cope with *men* ? O Liberty !
I swear I'd rather in a jungle dwell,
And couch with tigers and envenomed snakes,
Than in submission to a master live
Who was not mine own choosing !

STRANGER.

Have a care !
Such talk is treasonable ; 't is not wise :
Have you no fear of listeners ?

ITALIAN.

In free England ?
No ! By the gods ! I would I had *more* listeners,
And that my voice might penetrate as far
As your own Andes, or the thousand springs
Of the flood-fed St. Lawrence !

STRANGER.

So it may ;
Speak but in song as you have spoke to me,

And the wide earth will listen. Fare you well !
 These old cathedrals are the damn'dest p'aces
 For catching a consumption ! Take my card, Sir.
 I should be proud to know you.

ITALIAN.

Here 's my name, Sir ;
 I 'll walk with you, Sir.
 I live at Highgate.

(After exchanging cards, the Gentlemen retire together.)

FIRST KEEPER.

loo ! gem'men ! that ain't the reg'lar vay ! You have n't seen the Chaypel, nor
 stutes in the vest aisle, nor the far-famed stone of Scone, upon which —

SECOND KEEPER.

y won't hear you ; let the bloody fools go : a couple of d—d foreigners !
 ye, that fellow that got so mad has dropped a card.

FIRST KEEPER.

's see, Bill ; a Frenchman, ain't he ? Can't you read it ? Vit — vit — Vic-
 ! What's the t'other name ?

SECOND KEEPER.

orio — All — All fiery ; ay, that's it ; Mr. All-fiery ! I'm blowed if 't is n't !

FIRST KEEPER.

ha ! ha ! Mr. All-fiery, sure enough ! I never see such a furious fellow !
 along the keys, Bill : let's go and get a pot o' 'alf-and-'alf.

SCENE III.

The Church of Santa Croce, in Florence. Enter two Strangers.

FIRST STRANGER.

How hushed and solemn seems the noon-day here,
 Contrasted with the life on the Lung' Arno !
 The Sun himself, that pierces the dim panes,
 Puts on a sober face, and shines abashed
 On these black beams and roughly-shapen pillars.

SECOND STRANGER.

This must at midnight be a place where ghosts
 Hold their high 'change ; not even a friar stirring !
 In every other church I've seen in Florence
 Some priest or penitent was ever present ;
 But here I see no life — not even a spider.

FIRST STRANGER.

Look round you : here the great of Tuscany,
 Shrined in their vaults, await the final doom,
 Having already passed Posterity's.

SECOND STRANGER.

I wish there was a cicerone here
 To tell us what our guide-books have omitted.

FIRST STRANGER.

Don't wish for one ; I'd rather be alone.
 If you want people, to the gallery go,
 And seek for voices at the Pergola : *
 Silence is here society and music.

SECOND STRANGER.

That's a fair marble —

FIRST STRANGER.

Hush ! 'tis GALILEO'S !
 Look not upon the sculpture — think of *him*,
 Before whose name Art throws her chisel by !
 He needs no bust nor picture for remembrance :
 Whoever sees the stars must think of him
 Whose name is nightly written in the skies !

SECOND STRANGER.

Here is the monument of MICHAEL ANGELO.

FIRST STRANGER.

His memory too hangs high above the world ;
 Lifted in air, it overhangs Saint Peter's,
 Whose canopy is his name's cenotaph.

SECOND STRANGER.

Here lies OLD NICH. at last — NICH. MACHIAVELLI.

FIRST STRANGER.

The wronged yet wrong-advising secretary,
 Whose appellation is a word of honor,
 Though passed into a proverb of disgrace,
 And adjectived with blame. But he can bear
 Much scorn unharmed, who sleeps in Santa Croce.

SECOND STRANGER.

These are great names ; I think this spot more worthy
 A second visit than the Pitti Palace.

FIRST STRANGER.

And yet you'll find more travellers prefer
 The posied allies in the Boboli,
 Or the wax women in the thronged Muséum.
 I find indeed more real religion here,
 If reverence for divine things be religion,
 Than in a crowded chapel at high mass.
 When I was young, and first arrived in England,
 I recollect that in Westminster Abbey,
 When I stood nigh to Dryden's tomb and Milton's,
 I could not in my boy's enthusiasm
 Forbear from dropping on my knees : 't was silly :
 A gentleman was with me who has since
 Himself become a piece of immortality.

* La Pergola is the chief opera-house in Florence.

SECOND STRANGER.

Here is a monument you have not seen ;
These are fine statues.

FIRST STRANGER.

Ay ; they are CANOVA'S :
But read the name ; here, were I young again,
Again I'd kneel —

SECOND STRANGER: *reading.*

'VITTORIO ALFIERI.'

FIRST STRANGER.

That is the man ! 'T was he I met i' the Abbey.

THE ULTRA MORAL-REFORMER.

A SKETCH FROM ACTUAL LIFE.

'dear,' said Mr. Mallory to his wife one morning at the breakfast-table, 'my dear, you know I have fully adopted the principles of Moral Reformism, Abolitionism, and Non-resistance. Upon reflection, I have come to the conclusion that principles are of no use whatever, unless they are put into practice ; and I have determined to carry mine out to the full extent, and be governed by them in every act of my life, however apparently trivial.'

'The theory sounds very well, Mr. Mallory,' said his wife, 'but what change do you intend to make in your practice ? I am sure you have always been temperate ; you have always raised your voice against slavery at all proper times ; and certainly, you are not a quarrelsome man : I never knew you to get into a quarrel in your life, though your temper may have been occasionally ruffled. I cannot see how I can alter your practice, except by keeping a more strict watch over your thoughts, actions, and words, so as to offer as perfect an example as possible of a Christian life, I confess I cannot see.' 'I must go farther than that, my dear. It has been the fault of the ultra moral reformers that they have endeavored to eschew evil in their own lives, to wash their own hands clear of sin, and at the same time have practically upheld others in their iniquity. As for myself, I have determined to make thorough work, be the consequences what they may. We must discontinue the use of sugar and molasses, and all the products of slavery ; and I will not uphold that institution, in any way, directly or indirectly. I will have no more cotton used in my clothing, for the same reason. You must purchase linen instead.'

'Mr. Mallory, how expensive that will be !'

'I will help it, wife ; I will not sell my soul for money. And

there is another thing; you must not buy any thing more of Mr. Winkle the grocer. I hear he sells wine by the gallon, and I cannot conscientiously patronize such a man. And you know I told William the next time he played truant I would punish him, and lock him into his room two days. Now, yesterday morning he did not go to school as he was told to do, and in the afternoon he carried a forged excuse for his absence. Superficially considered, perhaps if he ever deserved punishment he does now: but mature reflection convinces me that the principles of non-resistance forbid the use of coercion even to a boy. We must rule by love. Is it not written: 'Vengeance is mine, I will repay it, saith the Lord?' And are we not commanded: 'Resist not evil?' No exception is made in the case of children. It would be doing evil *in* my family for the sake of keeping evil *out* of it. No; I'll not punish William; for it is no better for a full grown man to fight a little boy, than for two men to fight. It is a relic of barbarism, this using the rod, and shutting up children in dark rooms. It is an awful crime for a parent to strike his child. No; I will use love and moral suasion, and leave the rest to God.'

'But, Mr. Mallory, have n't you always punished William in love? I should be sorry to think you had punished him in anger. You know he is always a good boy for two or three months after punishment; while on the other hand, talking and persuading seems to have no effect whatever upon him, at certain times. I fear you will ruin him for ever by this sudden change in your system of government.'

'I think not, Mrs. Mallory; but even the fear of that should not deter me from doing my duty, which I conceive to be plainly this: Whenever I discover that I have been acting on wicked principles, I must discard them at once, and adopt Christian principles in their stead; and no considerations of expediency should induce me for a moment to continue in my old course. I cannot serve God and Mammon.'

'I have a case in point, which I think you will allow to be an exception to your rule. A man was injured by a fall last week, who had been accustomed to drinking a pint and a half of spirits daily. He was taken to the hospital; and the doctor, who was a thorough-going teetotalist, refused to allow him any stimulant whatsoever, because he considered the use of spirituous liquors as a great sin; and no considerations of expediency, he said, should induce him for a moment to consent to such a thing. 'He must do *his* duty and leave the rest in the hands of God;' and the consequence was that the poor sot had the *delirium tremens* and died; when half his usual quantity of spirits, slightly decreased daily, would probably have saved his life. Now I am afraid the sudden change in your system of government will prove equally fatal to William. Can't you make the change more gradually?'

'Gradually! Would you ask a pirate to leave off robbing and murdering gradually? The principle is the same in my case; the difference is only in degree.'

After uttering this sage opinion, Mr. Mallory put on his hat and

walked down to his counting-room to attend to his mercantile business, mentally reiterating on the way the new rule of action which he had laid down for himself: Never to depart for an instant from his non-resistant, abolition, and tectotal principles, whatever might be the consequence to himself or others. He determined to test every act of his life by his new code of morals. **Poor man!** he did not reflect that there was a higher principle—the **only** primary, true, and immutable rule of action: ‘Cease to do evil; **learn** to do well;’ and that all others were but secondary to this **great** principle; and when found conflicting with it, cease to be correct rules of life.

Now it chanced that one of Mr. Mallory’s ships had arrived on the previous night, and one was to sail on that day, after clearing at the Custom House. But as he had repudiated human government, absolved himself from all allegiance to it, and renounced its protection, what could he do with those vessels? Pay duties on his cargo in one case, or pay for clearance in the other, he could not; for would not these sums contribute toward upholding a system of violence and war? His vessel could not go to sea without papers; so he discharged captain and crew and laid her up at the wharf. He could not for the same reason pay the duties on the cargo just arrived; so he discharged the crew and laid up the other vessel also!

Not many days elapsed before Mr. Mallory discovered that the person to whom he paid wharfage led a very dissolute life. He came to the conclusion that the money which he paid him went to support him in his extravagance and dissipation. He could not encourage any man in such courses; and as he owned no wharf himself, and could find no wharf-owners whose characters were immaculate, he was sorely puzzled what to do with his vessels. Providentially, he succeeded in finding a sufficient number of abolitionists and temperance men whom his conscience would allow him to employ, and thereupon he caused his vessels to be taken to the middle of the stream and safely moored. He was then easy on that score. He had many offers for his vessels, but they all came from men to whom his conscience forbade him to sell. As a matter of course, none who agreed with him in **opinion** wished to engage in such unholy traffic; and he could not **sell** to others, for that would be encouraging them in sins which **he dared not** commit himself.

A FEW days after this, Mrs. Mallory asked her husband for a little money, which she needed for some household purpose.

‘I have no money, my dear,’ said Mr. Mallory.

‘You have no money, Mr. Mallory! **Why**, you have become very poor all at once! There were large dividends declared on your bank-stock last week; why do n’t you draw them?’

‘I can’t, Mrs. Mallory; my conscience will not allow me to **do so**.’

‘Heaven help us!—is the man crazy?’ **exclaimed** his wife.

‘I trust not, my dear; but listen and judge whether I am right or not. I have discovered that large profits are made in these banks in loans of money to distillers and traffickers in spirits and wines; to traders in the products of slave-labor; and to the government, where it is employed in building war-ships and in carrying on wars of extermination against the poor Indians. This capital which I have placed in those banks is used in a thousand ways to uphold vice and crime. It grieves me to the heart to think that money of mine is employed for such base purposes. It has become the sinews of war, the oppressor of slaves, and the demon of the distillery. That money of mine is scattering moral pestilence and death wherever it goes. And it is potent for evil; for no sooner has it finished one work of darkness and returned to the bank-vaults than it is again sent forth on another errand of iniquity, and so on for ever. I will touch no more of the spoils!’

‘Then sell your stock,’ said Mrs. Mallory; ‘sell it, and we can live on the principal.’

‘Sell it, woman!’ said the short-sighted moralist, with virtuous indignation; ‘do you suppose I would encourage *others* to commit crimes of which I shrink to be guilty *myself*? Never! I leave the matter to Providence. I will neither touch, taste, nor handle the accursed thing.’

‘If you are not mad yourself, you will drive *me* mad, Mr. Mallory. It is lucky that you owe no debts. But there are many things wanted in the family, and unless you can contrive some way to get them, we shall all be obliged to go to the poor-house soon.’

‘Oh, I can raise a little money, my dear, for immediate use. Brother Bumble wants to buy some furniture for his parlor; and as I know he is a good man, and will not make a bad use of it, I intend to sell him all our drawing-room furniture.’

Mrs. Mallory controlled herself with difficulty; and when she saw the furniture carried away, she retired to her chamber and wept bitterly at the miserable prospect before her.

WILLIAM soon got wind of his father’s new system of family government. He concluded not to go to school any more; spent his time in bad company; rode about a great deal; and ran up a large bill at every tavern and stable in town. He was but thirteen years old, yet he soon reached half a century in sin. Mrs. Mallory was heart-broken. Mr. Mallory *would* have been wretched, but his principles upheld him in this hour of trial. He could not interfere, for it would violate his conscience; and so it came to pass that William went to the devil as fast as he could travel.

Time rolled on. With bills against his son continually coming in, and never-ceasing demands for household expenses, Mr. Mallory was sorely puzzled for money. One by one every piece of spare furniture was disposed of; expenses were curtailed, domestics dismissed, and yet there remained many calls unanswered and many

debts unpaid. Mrs. Mallory at this time discovered that her husband was a large proprietor in the Lowell rail-road; a circumstance of which she was not before aware, for all husbands do not inform their wives of all the property which they possess. This corporation had lately made a semi-annual dividend of four per cent. Mr. Mallory owned fifteen thousand dollars' worth of stock: six hundred dollars would make them quite easy again. She resolved to mention the subject to her husband; and accordingly at supper that evening she began by inquiring of Mr. Mallory why he did not draw his dividend on his Lowell rail-road stock.

'Lowell rail-road stock!' said he; 'how did you know that I owned any?'

'No matter how I discovered the fact,' said she; 'you *do* own it: now why don't you make use of it, and relieve your family from disgrace and want? I have been obliged to take Emily and Ann from school because I have no means of paying their tuition; and unless you will avail yourself of the means you possess I shall be compelled to send them to the district school; no great hardship certainly, were it not that we are able to do better by them. Almost every decent article of our furniture has been sold; yet our butcher's and grocer's bills are unpaid, and our children are greatly in need of dresses and shoes. Do, my dear husband, draw this rail-road dividend; we shall then be at ease at least for some months to come, by which time I hope you may be brought to entertain more rational views on these matters.'

'Rational views!' said Mr. Mallory; 'that is ever the way with you advocates of expediency! When one has grasped the truth and determined to hold fast to it, be the consequences what they may, he is 'irrational;' he is 'a *fanatic*;' he 'carries his principles too far,' etc.; as if truth were a thing to be taken up when convenient and dropped when burdensome! In my days of sin and darkness I purchased a large amount of stock in the Lowell rail-road; but now that my eyes are opened, my conscience will not allow me to draw any support from that polluted source. The profits of that road are made by conveying passengers of all kinds, many of whom are engaged in morally unlawful business, and are enabled by it to prosecute their sinful undertakings with vigor and success: for instance, distillers, and wholesale and retail dealers in wine and ardent spirits. The money of pick-pockets, gamblers, drunkards, keepers and inmates of bad houses, and of almost every kind of vile creature in the shape of humanity; all goes to make up and swell the profits of this corporation. And yet you ask me to *partake* of this unholy spoil! But there are worse objections still. A large proportion of the revenue of the road is derived from the transportation of cotton, a slave-product, from Boston to Lowell, and from the freight of manufactured cotton goods from Lowell to Boston. This is the great business to which the road is devoted; this, and the conveyance of persons engaged in manufacturing cotton. The Lowell rail-road is one great prop of the tottering edifice of slavery. I will touch none of the unhallowed spoil!'

And thereupon Mr. Mallory put on his hat and walked out of the house with his head very erect and his face glowing with the expression of the self-satisfied and self-righteous feelings which filled his heart, and which he mistook for philanthropy and virtuous resolution.

As he passed along the street, and recognized many whom he knew to be engaged in what he considered 'morally unlawful business,' he indulged in thoughts and feelings which would have startled him could he have seen them put into words. Thus they ran; and though he knew it not, the Devil was busy with his heart: 'I thank thee, God! that I am not like those whom I see around me.' He forgot the publican who was justified before the pharisee. 'I thank Thee that I am not a wine-bibber.' He forgot that his Saviour drank wine, and when there was none to be had, even turned water into wine, for the use of the wedding-guests. 'I thank Thee that I do not, like these sinners around me, contribute to support human government and all its attendant iniquities.' He forgot that the Saviour paid tribute unto Cæsar, which went to support the government of Rome and all its vile concomitants.

Thus wrapped in the mantle of self-righteousness, and possessed by the demon of scorn, he passed through the streets; in his heart despising all whom he met, and arrogating to himself a purity beyond that of his divine Master. And yet poor Mr. Mallory imagined that his heart was filled with true philanthropy and the pure religion of the meek and lowly Jesus. Alas for him! alas for us all! For are we not all liable, in a greater or less degree, to the same condemnation?

Time passed on; and Mr. Mallory, being determined to 'act up to his principles' in all things, extended the operation of his impracticable theories day by day into the minutest ramification of the business of life. He was soon looked upon by many as an insane man, and his friends had a guardian appointed to administer his affairs and look after the welfare of his family. This had become a necessary step, and Mrs. Mallory readily consented that it should be taken.

But from that day and hour her husband refused to live in the house, or partake with the family in their meals. He said this 'would be but sharing in unholy spoil.' He went about preaching his favorite doctrines, living upon alms, and altogether leading a vagrant and a precarious life. For instead of 'eating such meats as were set before him,' on the principle that 'the workman is worthy of his hire,' into whatsoever house *he* entered, he first asked: 'Are you abolitionists, teetotallers, and non-resistants here?' If answered in the negative, he proceeded no farther; but retracing his steps to the street, faced round and poured out such a volley of terrible denunciations against them and their's, dooming them to infamy in this life and eternal perdition in the next, that the inmates soon closed their doors and windows in self-defence,

and left him to deliver the rest of his lecture to the crowd of laughing and hooting boys who always gathered about him on such occasions.

If, on the contrary, the answer were in the affirmative, he would enter that house with pleasure and sit himself down for a talk on his favorite and only topics. He seldom found any of his friends however who held doctrines so ultra as his own; and when he discovered that they were not inclined to carry their principles to such a ridiculous extent as he had carried his, he charged them with 'making a compromise with the Devil;' with attempting to serve both God and Mammon; and invariably departed from that house immediately, refusing to partake of any refreshment, and breathing out denunciations even more bitter than he bestowed upon those who differed from him wholly, both in principles and practice. 'For,' said he, as he shook his skirts clear of such friends, '*you sin with your eyes open; you sin against the Holy Spirit that is within you, whose teachings you comprehend but refuse to obey; and never, either in this world or the next, shall the dew of forgiveness descend on your parched and thirsty souls!*'

Mr. Mallory would have been starved outright were it not that some charitable persons kept their opinions to themselves, tacitly allowing him to believe that they agreed with him in all things, and by this laudable hypocrisy inducing him to accept of their hospitality. Not always however could these considerate friends avoid giving cause of offence to his scrupulous conscience. He would inquire the history of every article of food that was set before him, and if he could detect any slavery, alcoholic, or warlike taint therein, he would refuse to partake of those viands, and would often quit the house altogether, lest he should be contaminated by those who, as he said, 'professed one thing with their mouths and practiced the very opposite in their daily lives.' He once spent a few days with a benevolent physician for whom he did some writing, as an offset for his board; but he left his house in holy horror on being requested to copy a prescription for the cholera in which the word 'brandy' appeared!

Thus, sane on all other points, (and some may think on *all*,) Mr. Mallory led a vagabond life, preaching through cities and villages his favorite doctrines of moral reform, speaking really a great deal of truth, laying down generally correct premises, but reasoning thereon in such a manner as almost invariably to lead to error. His motto was: 'Never stand still; follow unhesitatingly where principles lead; always improve.' An excellent motto certainly, and worthy to be adopted by all. But unfortunately, Mr. Mallory, though possessed by a strong desire to be a great reasoner, had only a semi-logical mind. The consequences were lamentable. His principles, as he called them, proved but *ignes fatui*, which led him away from the great highway of truth into the wilderness of error; convenient disguises assumed by Satan to lure him to destruction.

It can be no wonder therefore that every day found him engaged

in some new vagary. The last was the wildest of all. He laid it down as a fact not to be controverted, that our ancestors obtained possession of this country by fraud and murder. He thought the receiver as bad as the thief, and one who would profit by murder as bad as the murderer. He came therefore to the conclusion that all who occupied lands which were originally obtained by fraud and murder *were themselves* guilty of fraud and murder! He *had* shared in the unholy spoil, but he would partake of it no longer, either directly or indirectly. He had renounced houses and lands himself; he would now refuse to receive any sustenance or support whatever from the occupants of the polluted soil of his country. He resolved to leave it for ever.

He sought but sought in vain for any conveyance by which he could escape, without violating the principles which he had adopted as his rule of action. Either the ships in which he thought to embark were owned by wicked men, or they were bound on some sinful voyage; or in the act of leaving the country he would be obliged to do something by which he would recognize the validity and propriety of a civil government which relied upon war for its defence. Finding himself thus hedged in by his 'eternal principles of truth,' so that he could turn neither to the right nor left without committing sin, he wandered away to the sea-coast, that being the very verge of the polluted land from which he wished to escape; and there, seating himself on the brow of an overhanging cliff, he darkly mused of himself and of the unhappy world in which he was placed. The land-breeze bore to him the scent of flowers and of new-mown hay; but to him it seemed the rank effluvia of corruption. The stars were shining in the clear sky, and the moon was just rising from her ocean-bed; but their mild glances bore no heavenly message to his heart. To him they appeared to glare in fiery wrath on the iniquitous world below. He could not bear to look at them; they seemed to consume his very soul within him.

His gaze fell upon the ocean. Unrippled by the light fanning of the land-wind, it was calm and smooth as glass as far as the eye could reach. Its bosom rose and fell regularly, like the young breast of a lovely maiden in a deep and placid sleep. The radiant fires of heaven and the distant blaze of the light-house flashed brokenly from its surface in long lines of undulating light. It presented to his weary spirit a picture of rest and peace. And tossed and worn indeed must his mind have been, when the never-resting ocean seemed peaceful in comparison. Only when it touched the accursed land on which he stood did it arouse from its slumbers and thunder forth its indignation and wrath.

Up to this period, amid all his vagaries, Mr. Mallory had been in some measure a sane man; but the balance of his mind was now irretrievably lost. Behind him lay the depraved and vicious earth; above him from the countless eyes of heaven glared Almighty wrath; before him was peace and rest. His brain whirled; he leaped from the cliff, and plunged into the waves below. He perished!—a victim to a false system of morals and philosophy.

T H E M U S I C O F T H E S O U L .

BY WILLIAM WALLACE.

I.

THE music of the soul! — it sweeps
Through many a measure changing;
Wild as the viewless wind o'er deeps
In God-like freedom ranging.
That wond'rous music! — like the tone
Of evening flowers, breeze-shaken,
Will it, whene'er 't is left alone,
With seraph-harps awaken.

II.

And now it changes: see the strings
Glad notes around us throwing,
As if some pilgrim angel-wings
Were o'er the great harp going:
In vain! in vain! The numbers still
With wo so oft prevailing,
Show that the harp was made for ill,
And voices of deep wailing.

III.

The music of the soul! — in hall
And cot 't is ever ringing;
Amid the thorns of life, to all
An Eden-memory bringing.
Alas! that from the mighty lyre
Should fade the primal sparkle,
And where an angel scattered fire
The dross of earth must darkle!

IV.

But seldom now we hear the strain
Which once to heaven ascended,
With all the morn-rejoicing train
Of starry minstrels blended.
Yet gloriously the anthems roll,
Majestically swelling,
Wherein the humblest human soul
Hath made its holy dwelling.

V.

The silver lute, of rarest tone,
The torrent madly darting,
Or Storm upon its cloudy throne,
From awful slumber starting;
So deeply speaks the wond'rous might
Of our Almighty Sire,
As this soul-music, breathed at night,
Or thundered in the noon-day light —
For God hath touched the lyre!

MY GRAND-FATHER'S PORT-FOLIO.

NUMBER SIX.

A CHAPTER ON HOUSES.

‘WHAT *can* you find worth looking at in such an old black house?’ This question has been put to me a hundred times by some companion, when we have been riding together in the country, and I have stopped the chaise to take a close survey of some poor hovel by the way-side. If it have come from a slow-hearted, unimaginative person, I have merely replied: ‘Ah, excuse me for my absence of mind;’ and as if I had involuntarily been guilty of a trifling rudeness, have made amends for my fault, and changed the current of his thoughts, by a smart jerk of the reins and a feigned reprimand of our unoffending horse. Or when my fellow-traveller has been a man of feeling, I have entered into an explanation of my impressions, and endeavored to enlist his sympathy by pointing out the characteristics of the place that had attracted my attention.

The truth is, I never pass by any human abode, however mean or rude, without bestowing upon it somewhat more than a cursory glance. A house, a *home*, is never a common-place object to me. It is largely suggestive of interesting thoughts and feelings. It has a character, an air, a moral. It has been, or is, or is to be so interwoven with the life of man; with the history, the associations, the remembrances, the hopes, the characters of human beings; that it seems to me not so much a feature of the landscape as a part of humanity itself.

For what a sacred purpose was the turf first opened, and its foundation laid! With what expectation and interest was the progress of the craftsmen watched from day to day while beam was laid upon beam, and every joint compacted and the sheltering roof spread over all! How many pleasing visions of future domestic uses and joys were sketched together with the drafting of the plan of its various apartments and conveniences! Perhaps a father built it for his child, as a monument of his sheltering and surrounding love, while his kindness was wrought and fastened with every nail and rafter into its comfortable arrangement. Perhaps a young man purchased it by the stored earnings of his brightest years as the home of his future bride, and that airy, white-robed company that flitted around her image in his affectionate dreams. Perhaps a son, who had become rich and prosperous by practicing upon the prudent counsels of his mother, prepared it as a small thank-offering of the first fruits of his industry, for the comfort of her latter years.

With what joy was its completion hailed! What a proud moment was that in which the owner took the key from the master-builder into his own hands! What satisfaction was taken in disposing the

furniture on its clean floors and against its fresh, unspotted walls ! With what a sweet home-feeling, when the last act of preparation was over, did the tired occupants throw themselves into chairs, and heaving a long sigh, look musingly around for a little while without speaking, then look into each other's faces and smile !

And as the building has grown older, of how many scenes, the most interesting and most eventful in human life, have its walls been the unconscious witnesses ! What affectionate gatherings, poor as it may be, have been held around its hearth-stone ! What mirthful faces have glowed there in the broad winter-evening blaze ! What melancholy and anxious hours have been spent in the twilight of its westerly windows, or during the solemn night-watches in its gloomy chambers, dimly illuminated by the grated lamp ! What welcomes and farewells, what estrangements and reconciliations, what various trials of the heart, have taken place under its roof ! How often have the mysterious gates of Time and of Eternity opened to the undying spirit in its chambers ! How have its walls and furniture become hallowed and endeared by their connection with those who are now the absent or the dead, and consecrated by their association with the joys and griefs of many years, and the complicated interchanges of faithful services of love !

Moreover, a house becomes gradually so characteristic of its occupants, that it almost tells you who and what they are, what sort of a reception they would give you, and whether or not you could be happy in their company. I often amuse myself by studying the disposition and character of a family by the signs, more or less distinct, which are offered to one's notice in the site, size, form, color and appurtenances of their abode. To a practiced eye there is a certain air about a house, as there is about a man, which cannot easily be described, but which nevertheless goes far to determine at first sight our future antipathy or liking. It seems to me, though a zealous physiognomist, that I could no more be deceived in my impression of the prevailing spirit and influence of a man's home, from the *tout ensemble* of the buildings and grounds, than of his character from the general expression and particular muscular actions of his countenance. There are some houses in which I would no more seek hospitality than in the lair of a wolf. It would make me sick at heart to think of spending a night under their roofs.

Of such a class is one, not many miles from P —, which I never pass by without a mysterious sense of repulsiveness. It stands alone, on the side of a straight, level turnpike road ; looking as if it shunned all neighborhood, or as if all honest and companionable houses kept aloof from its society. It is three stories in height ; which in the open country, and under the most favorable conditions as to situation and scenery, is an unpardonable offence against a decent taste, but is absolutely shocking in the centre of a broad and barren plain. Its walls are of brick, and were once painted white, but the storms of many years have in some places quite washed off the color, and left the remainder so stained and streaked as to present a still more beggarly appearance. It has no door in front, and

that which is on the side opens directly from the outer line of the wall, without a step or a stone to relieve the long descent from the sill to the ground. There are no blinds nor curtains to the windows; but on the inside are unpainted pine shutters, dun with age, which in every room that looks toward the road are uniformly closed. There is neither tree nor flower, nor so much as a solitary shrub growing any where about the house, with the exception of a single old poplar, which, decayed and broken, and putting forth scanty foliage on a few tall branches, among a far greater number that are entirely leafless, seems to stand there as the very genius of misanthropy and desolation. No shed projects from either side of the building, to relieve its naked and stiff appearance. No barn appears in the back-ground, to lend a sign of comfort to its meagre aspect. No curious faces are seen at the windows when your horse's feet patter on the smooth road, and no pleasant light streams through them in a boisterous night. Upon the whole, it is just such a house as one may easily foretell will by and by become 'desolate, without an inhabitant,' and after remaining for years a terror to the superstitious and an eye-sore to the lover of beauty, fall a prey to the mighty abater of all nuisances, Time; or, under his hand which often beautifies while it demolishes the monuments of human folly or pride, will become at length picturesque as a ruin.

Of the inhabitants of this house I know nothing, except from the occasional glimpses I have caught of them while riding by. But these have been quite enough to prove the correctness of the opinion I had formed of them from their dreary abode. And without having seen or felt any curiosity to inspect the interior of their home, I have no doubt that several of those darkened rooms are unfinished, and that such an air of coldness, disquiet and melancholy reigns in the remainder, as would soon drive a person of my temperament to madness or despair.

But in saying this, far be it from me to cast reproach upon all *unfinished rooms*. A good, honest, sunny unfinished room is not a feature that any man who has a spark of sentiment would object to in a country-house. Such a one may be found in almost any of our pleasantest farm-houses in New-England, and forms indeed one of their attractions and comforts. There is one of these rooms in an old farm-house, which is quite a pet of mine. I have visited it a hundred times, and never without discovering some new charm. My horse, who knows the signs of comfort almost as well as his master, always turns into its gate without my direction, which however he would generally have in a very decided manner if he did not save me the trouble.

It is situated about a hundred yards from the road, which winds along between old stone-walls, in some places overrun with blackberry bushes, wild grape-vines and ivy, in others skirted by thick natural hedges of the barberry and the thorn, interspersed with ranges of locust-trees that are without their rivals, and here and there a walnut or an oak. It fronts toward the south on a spacious yard, in which are five or six huge old elms — two very near to the

house, and quite overshadowing it with their pendant branches. The building is of two stories in the front and one in the rear, with its eastern end toward the road; so that in passing one has a full view of the long line of the roof, that sloping down behind appears almost to reach the ground. If you look at the house from the yard, it greets you with a broad, generous front, with heavy, over-arching eaves, and a capacious porch, that in summer is almost hidden by the woodbine and honeysuckle, which seem to love the hospitable portals to which they cling. If you look at it from the rear, which is bordered by a fine kitchen-garden, you see three or four small windows with diamond panes, a low door with a bobbin that a child might grasp, and over all, sweeping upward from within your reach, a vast and wide roof, looking as if it were intended to offer the broadest surface possible to the genial heavens, upon whose kind protection it humbly relied. Along the surface of the roof, if you examine it as closely as I am wont to do, you see sprinkled patches of moss and leaves from the elms, with here and there a stone, which to the disappointment of the lad who threw it, instead of rolling back to his hand, so gradual is the descent, lodged midway on its return. And to crown all, precisely in the middle of the ridge your eye lingers upon the immense and irregular chimney, that seems to have been piled up to give consolidation to the edifice, as well as to lead off the smoke from the deep fire-places below.

Attached to the house, on the side opposite to the road, is a long range of deep sheds, ending in a chaise-house, whose doors are usually shut, lest a friend seeing them open as he comes along the road, should argue that the family were not at home, and go on his way without being prompted to call.

At the bottom of the yard, and facing you as you enter it, stands a barn, such as a farmer of taste, or any man who has an eye for rural scenery, (for what object in the landscape of the country is more beautiful than a proper barn?) could not look at without admiration. The whole country does not furnish its equal. It is neither new nor old, too long nor too short, too high nor too low, too narrow nor too wide; but is perfect in its proportions, and comes as near as may be to the beau-ideal of a barn. Graceful, substantial, capacious and airy, it looks as if it were competent to hold the entire harvest of a hundred rich acres, and to give choicest comfort to a score of tranquil kine.

I have seen many houses more beautiful and striking at first view than this; many whose architectural merits, as estimated by the rules of the art, would be pronounced incomparably greater; many whose gardens and grounds are far more tastefully arranged; but far or near, there is none, the image of which comes back to me so often, and clings to me so strongly, and grows so continually upon my heart. When I think of domestic comfort, or plenty, or neatness, or peace, its picture rises at once before me. It is a house that no man would pass by who was in search of good cheer and a generous reception. The wide and deep yard betokens largeness of welcome. The benches under the trees invite you to come in and

rest under their pleasant shade. The tin porringer dangling on a corner of the well-top seems to beckon to the dusty traveller to stay and quench his thirst; while the wide portico emboldens him to knock at the door, and the glistening milk-pans leaning against the shed encourage him, if he be needy, to ask for a more nutritious draught. In truth, the whole premises smile with the frankness of an open heart. The owner's idea of *home* was evidently not that contracted one which many have; a place in which 'I' and 'mine' can shut ourselves *in*, and take comfort alone, and shut every body else *out*, to find comfort where they may; but rather a roof large enough to shelter a stranger or a friend; under which love and happiness may have an intense radiating centre and a full fountain, not a circumference or a reservoir; a place wherein plenty may be garnered for the pleasures of hospitality, and peace be sought for no selfish end, but to nurture all those blessed affections which, while they twine more closely the ties of kindred, send out ever-fresh tendrils to find new brothers and sisters and friends, throughout the whole family of God.

Now let a stranger stand at the gate of this farm-house, and picture to himself such a group as he would fancy its family ought to be, or would desire to find them, and I will stake all my reputation for sagacity — great as I hope it is, or little as it may be — that he would not be disappointed if he were to go in and test his fancy-sketch by a sight of the reality. Honest Ralph Burney! who but he, with his broad, brown, ruddy face, his full, clear blue eyes, his gladsome and dauntless air, bespeaking a heart willing to be searched, and blissful in its guilelessness; who but he should be seated at that large table, loaded with the healthful fruits of his own labor? And who should be opposite to him but that same tidy, quick-sighted, motherly-looking woman, whom he calls Mary? And who should be ranged on either side between them, but those very boys with their good, wholesome looks, and those self-same girls, from the mother's name-sake and helper at her right hand, who sits more sedate than the rest, having been taught always to set them an example of good behavior; to the lawless little prattler that takes liberties, without a rebuke, with her father's plate? Who but these would any one expect to find within those walls? Who but such a family should call that house home?

It is hard for me to break away from the supper-table of mine host of the 'Brookville Farm,' to pay a visit, as I purpose next to do, to the stately mansion of his neighbor on the hill. For of all the expressions which a dwelling-house can wear, that of *pretension* is to me the most disgusting. In the country, among the decent houses of plain people, which are scattered about on the hills and in the valleys, generally so much in keeping with each other, and in harmony with nature and use, as to appear rather to have grown up where they stand, as they have been wanted, than to have been put there by the will of man, one sometimes sees, as I do now, on a commanding height, an immense white house, with tall, heavy pillars, more fit for a temple or an academy than a private residence;

towering up as if on purpose to attract notoriety, to excite the envy and aversion of the neighbors, and to put to shame all the humbler tenements for miles around. A gentleman's country-seat in the neighborhood of a large city may be as splendid as wealth can make it, and no man will be disposed to find fault with the owner, if his money have been expended with good taste. And a costly, even a magnificent house, at a greater distance from the metropolis, may be an object worthy of admiration, if it be fashioned after a beautiful model, and if it wear its grandeur and ornaments with a graceful and unassuming air. There are several such mansions in my own county, with which every body is delighted; wherein an almost princely hospitality reigns in connection with all a farmer's simplicity.

But the house which I have now before me displays splendor without taste, extravagance without comfort, and capaciousness without a sign of hospitality. It has nothing about it to give one an idea of home. It strikes you at once as having been made to be looked at and not to be enjoyed. It seems like a vast mausoleum, built to entomb the owner alive, and to bury the last relics of domestic happiness. It proclaims him to the most superficial observer to be what he is, a vain and cold-hearted man, who has blundered into the possession of wealth, without the capacity to enjoy it, and without the taste or good sense to know how to spend it. Our people have rightly named the place 'Haliburton's Folly,' and it is pointed out to every traveller as a monument of his ostentation and weakness.

If I were to go on describing other houses, the images of which come before me, as strikingly characteristic of their owners, or as expressive of one sentiment or another, I could not hope to commend the theory which is at the foundation of this chapter to any with whom it is not already in favor. And if the descriptions which have been given chance to meet the eye of any whose experiences have been similar to my own, they are already in possession of far better illustrations than any which I could furnish.

For myself, I shall ever be disposed to attach a deep significance to the simple saying of an ancient sacred writer, that '*Every house is builded by some MAN.*' I look upon it as the work and offering of a human mind and heart; far more worthy of study by one who is interested in the various phenomena of humanity, as expressive of the character and embodying the sentiments of a fellow-creature, than a minute examination of the curious and beautiful habitations which God has constructed for the testaceous animals is essential and pleasing to the natural historian, who would investigate their habits for the furtherance of his favorite science, or to multiply illustrations of the Creator's wisdom and goodness.

I cannot conclude these reflections without alluding to the confusion which I have sometimes felt, accustomed as I am to individualize houses, when I have occasionally visited a large city. In the country every house stands by itself. It is occupied often for a century by one family, with its descendants of several generations. It becomes gradually stamped with the prominent peculiarities of its

inhabitants. Their associations with it are very deep and strongly marked. It is *home* to them, in the truest and fullest sense. But in cities it seems to me that many of the inhabitants can have comparatively but little sympathy with our strong attachment to a particular dwelling. The houses they live in are often not their own. They are easily and frequently changed. Public improvements demolish them. In some instances there is none that can be called 'the paternal roof.' That in which the child was born, as he grows up is sometimes forgotten, and is in no respect dearer than any other. Long blocks are built by rich men, on the same model, for investment or speculation, in which it would of course be a puzzle to find any sentiment. When I have looked at them, I have said to myself, 'These city folks are too much alike, to suit me. The individual is too nearly lost in the mass. These houses may be very comfortable, and very well adapted to the practical purposes of a family in the city, but I am sure my heart would pine if I were to be long immured in one of them. Give me rather Uncle Timothy's hut, that he inherited from his mother, who was as simple-hearted as himself, with its two lower rooms and the attic, with a ladder for stairs; with its sanded floors, and its smoked rafters that were never plastered; with the two old trees before it, that his grandfather left when he came out into the wilderness and hewed down the forest; with the sweet briar and honeysuckle creeping up by its walls and windows, and the tall sun-flowers staring over the fence, and the spring that bubbles up hard by, from which his fathers quenched their thirst, and the parrot chattering over the door, that Tim brought home for his mother from beyond the seas; give me this, or even a rude hovel in the free air of the country, and in the fields open to the sunshine and the stars, so that I can call it home, and twine my sympathies about its hearth-stone, fearing no dispossession, and sleep at night among familiar images, and close my eyes, when I am called to the home not made with hands, amidst the scenes which have been dear from the beginning, and in the very chamber where they first opened to my mother's smile!'

T H E T H U N D E R - S T O R M .

PAVILIONED by the hurricane, oh God!
 When, lightning-streaked, thy banners are unfurled,
 And thy loud thunder jars the solid world,
 THEE do the whistling winds and tempests laud!
 Mid the pitch-darkness, on each misty peak,
 Wild mountain pass, and rock-bound promontory,
 Their anthems rushing through the branches hoary
 Mingle to-night with the roused eagle's shriek,
 In forests sobbing to the hurricane
 Their deep Te-Deum! Now the Atheist lies
 Watching upon his couch, with half-shut eyes,
 The lightning glimmering through the window-pane!
 Alas, vain man! what wilt thou do when He
 Thou scorn'st, before his face shall summon thee!

THE SUMMER FLOWER.

ELOQUENT moralist of man's decay,
So pure, so humble, and so innocent,
Not vainly hath God given thee thy birth
And nourished thy sweet beauty. Ere the winds
Of autumn had thrown down the yellow leaf,
Torn from thy berry by the silver bill
Of the white mountain-bird, thou here wast dropped
Among the crimsoned thickets. Then the rains
Of brown October glued thee in the ground,
And the leaves rustled in the low sad wind,
And soon the snow lay white upon the tops
Of the far mountains. Mid the springing grass,
Thou wast pent up in thy sweet citadel,
When spring had made the mountain-forests bud,
Patiently waiting for the soft south wind
And the warm April showers. O'er thy head
The small field-cricket, mid the embroidered leaves
Of the young fern, made music. Pleasantly
The fresh moss brightened round thy resting-place,
And wood-flowers blossomed; then the rain drops came
Tinkling upon the little leaves, and soon
The blessed sun-light of the summer months
Shone on thy perfect beauty. Forest-bees
Singing all day among the meadow-flowers,
Swung in thy scarlet cups, and merry birds,
Up-springing from the young and fragrant grass,
Poised on their golden pinions, rose and sank
In the sweet throbbings of the summer air,
Upon thy slender stems. Now thou dost look
Down on thy grave with meek humility;
For the gay summer-time hath passed away,
And the blithe singing of the birds is o'er,
And the red leaves are thick beside the pool
And in the beaten wood-walks. Sere and pale
Thou waitest patiently for the sharp winds
Which are to sever thee and cast thee forth
To moulder in the long and latter rains
Of the sad autumn-time, which soon will come
Drizzling upon the cold and yellow hills,
And soaking the dead leaves. Soon from the north
Shall the strong winds shoot howling o'er the dark
And desolate wilderness; and he who goes
Homeward amid the cold November mist,
Shall heed thee not beside the forest road,
Where once thy summer beauty cheered his eye.

Verily, 'man springeth up e'en like a flower —
He withers and abides not!' Soon the sleet
And the white frost of winter shall be seen
Sparkling upon our grave-stones. Soon the snow,
Driving before the northern gale, shall fall
O'er all the forest wide, while we, laid low
Beneath the frozen clods, shall hear no more
The peevish chiding of the wintry wind,
Nor the deep voices of the stormy night
In the grim wilderness. Oh! not in vain
Doth Nature teach us lessons of our weak

And poor mortality! They come to us
 Solemn, and low, and full of mystery:
 They speak to us in sweetest dialect,
 Whispering of beautiful, departed days,
 When friends, now slumbering with the summer flowers,
 With smile and song were round us; ere the dark
 And dreary hours had come, or ere the heart
 Had learned that life was utter mockery;
 Or gentle Hope, with her gay artisans,
 Ceasing to work in our bright palaces,
 Had left the enchanted country of the heart.

H. W. ROCKWELL

BULL-FINCHES: A SPORTING SKETCH.

BY THE VERITABLE MAN IN THE CLARET-COLORED COAT.

FIRE-EATER. Know'st thou, my lord, the pleasures of the chase?

SNAP-DRAGON. Nay, for the chase I cannot speak so boldly:
 But I can wing the eagle on his perch,
 Bring down the wild-goose, fluttering, from the cloud,
 And strike the pheasant as she springs toward heaven.
 Then, for the hosts of lesser game, my friend,
 As moor-fowl, wood-cock, plover, snipe and quail,
 They're mine ere I draw trigger.

FIRE-EATER. Then, by Jove!
 Thou art the prince of sportsmen! But, my lord,
 Didst ever bag a BULL-FINCH?

SNAP-DRAGON. Bull-finch, Sirrah!
 I tell thee of the game that MEN pursue,
 And, in the self-same breath, thou prat'st to me
 Of bull-finch! By the mass, I pri'thee, Sir,
 When next we meet, gravely demand of me
 How many sparrows, tom-tits, humble-bees,
 I've shot down of a morning!

'THE FOWLING-PIECE, A TRAGEDY.'

You know NED WINDUST? A quiet man; but *does n't* he broil oysters!

However, 't is not my cue to write Ned's biography, albeit he is a prince among caterers: nor will I now discourse on the delicacy of his chef-d'œuvre, though it deserves a place in the *Encyclopædia Americana*: but it so happens that Ned's restaurant is, by a pleasant coincidence, situated on the very apex of Broadway. You ascend, in approaching it, come from what quarter you may; and you descend in leaving it, whether you wend your way toward the Battery, Hudson-Square, the Gallery of the Apollo, or the Tombs of the Pharaohs.

Strictly speaking, J. (i. e. James) Boristhenes Crookshanks, Esquire, was neither a fop nor a fashionable, though he affected a touch of both qualities; but he was a fool, in spite of himself. And when, in addition to this, I tell you that he had recently taken it into his wise head to become a sportsman, I have said all that can be said touching the personal characteristics of my hero.

Jim — I beg his pardon! — he bore that familiar nick with commendable meekness until he received the appointment of vice-

assistant-secretary of a ward-meeting, after which he followed the great novelist's lead and styled himself Boristheness — Boristhenes, I say, being as confident as a more sensible man could have been that arms and ammunition were prerequisites to successful shooting, had just purchased from Cooper a thirty-three-inch Westley Richards, with the latest style of a powder-flask and shot-pouch; to which he added a canister of the Roslin Mills, a bag of Number Three, a box of wads, and a thing full of caps. *Why* he bought number three shot, by the way, in the month of June, is among things undiscovered: certain it is, he did not know one size from another; but it is probable enough that the gun-smith, detecting a verdant tinge in his customer's peepers, concluded to 'do' him in the matter of shot.

All this, as I was saying, had been despatched, and Boristhenes, on his way home, stood at the door of '*Nunquam non paratus.*'

Here he encountered three friends, all clever men too, in their way; but neither of them had made quite noise enough in the world to warrant his dropping the primary baptismal *nymic* and luxuriating in a high-sounding middle name like Boristhenes, Bell-the-Cat, Funnymore, or the like. However, such as they were, four mortal men, including our hero, they bethought themselves that this was the very witching time o' day when oysters are the best: so entering the premises of the said Windust, they incontinently ordered three dozen broiled, with refreshments 'to match.'

The table was soon spread and garnished, from pepper-castor to cold-slaw, and the work of destruction was begun, as Cæsar began his battles, by munching and moralizing.

'Hunger,' quoth Sam Jenkins, the tallest and *altogether* the handsomest man of the group, 'is a blessing or a curse, according to circumstances. We, here present, enjoy hunger because we have a good supper before us: ergo, I drink to the goddess Hunger!'

'The goddess what?' exclaimed Tom Bibb, who was par excellence the scholar of the company.

'Hunger, to be sure!' replied Sam, boldly.

'That's a deity of your own creation, I reckon,' rejoined Tom.

'Oh, as to that,' continued Sam, 'one man has as good a right as another to set up his idol. The ancients peopled three worlds with gods, heroes and devils, and it's hard if I can't add one to the catalogue, without being brought up for sacrilege.'

'I bar all argument on that point,' cried Fred Pillsbury; 'and if the flavor of these oysters is owing to the good offices of your goddess ——'

'Which it is,' interrupted Sam.

'I,' continued Fred, without noting the interruption, 'I join your pledge in a bumper: here's to the goddess Hunger!'

'We'll come in for that too,' exclaimed Tom and the redoubtable Boristhenes, both together.

'Nay then,' said Sam, 'let us do the thing over again, and all together. Gentlemen! are you charged for the first regular? Here's to the goddess Hunger!'

‘But recollect,’ said Tom, as he emptied his glass, ‘the next time we drink, that we must add a condition: ‘Here’s to the goddess Hunger, whenever we have a well-spread table before us;’ for let me apprise you, gentlemen, Hunger, when one has nothing to eat, is not the divine personage she’s cracked up to be.’

‘True enough,’ said Fred, ‘and well put. We’ll drink Tom’s health upon it. Pass that champagne, Bosphorus.’

Boristhenes perceived from Fred’s manner that he had spoken to *him*; but resentment at being ‘called out of his name,’ as Paddy has it, prevented his paying attention to the request. A pause ensued, and the gentlemen began to look at each other.

‘Well! what’s the matter?’ inquired Fred, at length.

‘Nothing in particular is the matter,’ replied the stately Boristhenes, with dignified coolness; ‘if you’ll call me by my right name I’ll give you the bottle.’

‘Well, what the deuce is your name?’ retorted Fred, rather sharply; ‘for since you have dropped your first name, by which we all knew you, and taken up that heathen one with a long tail to it, hang me if I know *what* to call you!’

‘You’ll have to call him *out* after that,’ whispered Sam.

Not so, however, thought the aggrieved individual; for, I am sorry to confess it, he fell short of a reputable standard in the article vulgarly called *pluck*, and while he was deliberating how to escape the present dilemma, Fred went on:

‘Is it Beresina, or Bohemia? — oh, I remember now, Boristhenes! Boristhenes! Jove! what a mouthful! Well, pass the wine, and let us know what is the meaning of Boristhenes.’

‘It’s a very good name, for all that I know to the contrary,’ replied our hero calmly. ‘As for its meaning, that’s neither here nor there; names have no particular meaning, that ever I heard of.’

‘You are quite right, my good friend,’ said Tom, with a sly wink to the rest of the company; ‘names do not necessarily mean any thing. Boristhenes is a name of high antiquity. It is a river of Denmark, which takes its rise near the Pyramids, and throws its broad torrent into the Caspian Sea. Bonaparte crossed it on skates the night before the battle of Wagram.’

‘Did he, though!’ ejaculated the bearer of this distinguished name, with a mixture of unction and complacency. ‘I thought ——’

‘No matter what you thought, my friend,’ interrupted Tom, with the patronizing air of one who sees that he has astonished and delighted his auditor. ‘But,’ continued he, ‘I saw you at Cooper’s this morning; what’s in the wind?’

‘I did’n’t mean to say any thing about that,’ replied the gratified Boristhenes; ‘but the fact is, since you ask me, I am going a-hunting.’

‘N-o-o-o!’ cried Tom, with a significant drawl of astonishment, yet chuckling at the thought that whatever the valiant Boristhenes might do upon the birds, he was certain to make game of himself. Then, fearful lest the stolid youth might perceive that he was quiz-

zing him, he began to interrogate him with great gravity about his skill in shooting; where he proposed to go; what birds he expected to find *in June*, etc., etc.; concluding all with a regret that the unlucky fact of his being about to be married prevented him from accompanying his excellent friend.

This announcement of Tom's matrimonial intentions was news to all the parties; and I must leave them to discuss it.

ON the morning of the seventeenth of June, in the year one thousand eight hundred and forty something, simultaneously arose J. Boristhenes Crookshanks, Esquire, his tiger, Pompey Scipio Cæsar, (who, however, in accordance to his master's example, begged to be hereafter designated as P. Scipio Cæsar,) and the Sun. The last shone brightly, and the first two determined to make the most of it.

Theoretically, the shooting-dress of our hero was perfect. Impervious to rain, a faultless fit, buttons as big as a dollar, and an infinity of pockets: what more would you have? I will tell you, my dear Sir. That which excludes rain excludes also air; and when you look at that closely-buttoned breast and consider the range of the thermometer — not a fraction less than ninety degrees — and reflect that a sportsman has to do his work in the sun; why, the notion of being over-heated will suggest itself. However, Boristhenes was nothing daunted.

‘Pomp, you black rascal!’

‘Ye’ Sir.’

‘Got the horse ready?’

‘Ye’ Sir.’

‘Gun in the wagon?’

‘Ye’ Sir.’

‘And the basket? and the ammunition? and the valise? and the umbrella?’

‘All in, Sir, and all right,’ answered Pomp, with vivacity; for he presumed his master was a dead shot, and anticipated great sport in picking up the birds.

‘Here goes, then: ssp — ssp — ssp! — get along, Charley!’ And away went our hero down Broadway, Barclay-street, and on board the Hoboken boat, bound for the Jersey flats.

‘Sporting, Sir, eh?’ inquired a decent-looking countryman in a russet frock, who stood near Mr. Crookshanks as he alighted on the deck.

‘Umph! yes, a little; just to get my hand in,’ replied Boristhenes condescendingly.

‘You’re rather early, are you not?’ continued the stranger.

‘Not very,’ said Boristhenes; ‘it’s a quarter past five.’

‘But I mean early in the season,’ said the man; ‘the law is n’t up till the fifth of July, and the Jersey men are very particular.’

‘The law!’ exclaimed Boristhenes, in alarm; ‘what law?’

‘The game-law,’ answered Russet.

‘But, my dear fellow,’ rejoined Boristhenes, with some confidence and more trepidation, ‘I have nothing to do with the game-law; I am just going out to try my gun and kill a few birds.’

‘Yes, but there’s a *fine* for killing them,’ said the stranger solemnly; for he began to see that our hero was *particularly* green.

‘A fine for killing what?’ echoed Boristhenes.

‘Woodcock,’ replied Russet.

‘Oh, la! that’s no matter; I am not going after woodcock,’ rejoined Boristhenes, greatly relieved and quite reassured.

‘Why,’ said Russet, ‘what else do you expect to find in June?’

‘I have a notion of my own on that subject, my fine fellow,’ replied Boristhenes complacently; ‘and if you won’t say any thing about it, I’ll tell you.’

‘I’m as close as a half-roasted oyster,’ said Russet, now well satisfied that he had a flat to deal with; ‘what is it?’

‘I am going to shoot *bull-finches*,’ replied Boristhenes in a whisper.

‘Whew!’ whistled Russet gravely, though he expected every moment he should burst his jacket-strings with smothered laughter; then, commanding his voice as well as he could, he whispered in return: ‘But where’s your dog?’

‘Eh?’ inquired Boristhenes, with a new misgiving; for this was a branch of the business he had quite overlooked: ‘Shall I want a dog?’

‘Want a dog!’ exclaimed Russet, in a tone that seemed to imply a doubt whether any man *could* be so green as to ask the question: ‘Want a dog! to be sure you will! How do you suppose you are to shoot bull-finches without a dog? I should like to see you try it!’

‘But,’ interposed Boristhenes hesitatingly, ‘I thought that bull-finches — that is — at least — I thought you always found them on the cherry-trees.’

‘Cherry-trees!’ cried Russet with a tone of raillery that he could not suppress; ‘bull-finches on cherry-trees! and I suppose you would look for shad in a corn-field! No, no,’ continued he soothingly, for he saw that our hero’s pride had taken the alarm; ‘you have been deceived, my good Sir; you’ll find bull-finches on the salt meadows; and if you’d make it an object, I don’t know but I could spare an hour or two to go with you.’

‘Can you, though?’ inquired Boristhenes eagerly; ‘do then, for I see you understand the business. I’ll pay you for your time.’

‘But about the dog?’ inquired Russet.

‘True, true!’ said Boristhenes uneasily; ‘can’t you find me one?’

‘I don’t know,’ said Russet slowly, and at the same time measuring Boristhenes with his eyes, as if to ascertain his exact calibre: ‘I don’t know; I *might* sell you mine; but if I did I could never get another like him.’

‘Where is he?’ promptly demanded the vigilant Boristhenes.

‘This is the animal,’ said Russet, pointing at a half-breed terrier slut in an interesting condition; ‘she’s the best blood in America, and as she’ll pup soon, I hardly know what she *isn’t* worth.’

‘That dog!’ cried Boristhenes, with as much amazement as he dared express on a subject where he was far from being at home; ‘why, it’s nothing but a terrier!’

‘True,’ said Russet quietly, ‘it’s nothing but a terrier; but if you could once see her after bull-finches ——’ And he left his sentence unfinished, for reasons best known to himself.

‘You must be quizzing me?’ said Boristhenes, half doubting, yet desirous of believing the stranger’s sincerity.

‘Oh, very well,’ replied Russet, ‘do n’t buy her! And now I reflect on it, you would never pay the price. But let me tell you, as a friend, if you want a dog for bull-finches, buy a terrier, that’s all!’

‘Stop! stop!’ said Boristhenes, as Russet was coolly walking away; ‘if she is really the thing, I do n’t mind the price; how much will you take for her?’

‘Why,’ said Russet, ‘I *would* take — but no! I have made up my mind; I won’t sell her.’

‘But say how much; name your price; perhaps I’ll buy her and perhaps I won’t,’ said Boristhenes, now quite alarmed lest he should miss a good opportunity.

‘Well, if you insist on it,’ said Russet, with great apparent reluctance, ‘I would sell her — let me see, pups and all — yes! I *would* take two hundred and fifty dollars.’

Now it did so happen that Boristhenes had lately heard that some crack sportsman once paid three hundred for a Devonshire setter; and of course two hundred and fifty, if the animal was really what she was represented to be, was not beyond the *possibles*. He therefore boldly answered:

‘Done; she’s my dog. But on one condition; you shall give me a chance to try her.’

Our friend in russet could make no objection to a proposal so reasonable; beside, from the sly twinkle in his eye it was clear that he anticipated some fun in the trial. As soon therefore as the boat reached the quay, he went ashore with Boristhenes, and made his arrangements. His own house, he said, was near at hand, and he would take charge of Boristhenes’s horse and wagon, and with his gun lead the way to the scene of action.

Once arrived at the house, Mr. Crookshanks made use of his first leisure to charge his new gun, which operation he performed as scientifically as could have been expected. He did not indeed reverse the true order of loading, for he placed the powder first, then a wad, then the number three, and so on; but the *quantities* he used, not knowing the strength of Scotch powder, were, as the phrase goes, ‘a caution to new beginners.’

When Russet presented himself for the march, he took a rapid survey of our hero; marked his self-satisfied air, and could not help dwelling on his boots a moment longer than was prudent.

‘Any thing the matter with my boots, friend?’ inquired Boristhenes, who did not quite relish the look of his companion.

‘No, no,’ replied Russet quickly; ‘very good boots, but *rather*

high in the heels. Sportsmen generally go flat-shod; and for the meadows they like grease better than blacking, and cowhide better than morocco. But you'll do, if you don't mind the mud.'

Now, if the truth must be spoken, the idea of mud was equally new and disagreeable to our cockney; it was *another* of the things he had not taken into the account; but he scorned to betray himself, and replied to Russet's last suggestion with well-affected disdain:

'Pooh! mud's nothing. We sportsmen mustn't stand for trifles.'

'All right then,' said Russet, determining in his own mind that the gentleman should have the shine taken off his new clothes before he had done with him. 'Go ahead's the word. Here, Ponto! Ponto! come here, Ponto!' and as they moved on, the dog followed reluctantly and at a respectful distance, for she could not imagine what was to pay.

Boristhenes, with all his stupidity, could not fail to remark this behavior of the dog, and suggested that she did not take much interest in the business, after all. Russet easily quieted his doubts, however: 'It's the weather, Sir,' said he; 'it's a very hot day; wait till you see her come to a point.'

The dust of the road and the dew of the fresh meadows soon 'did for' our hero's nicely-polished boots, and forced him to think that he might as well have driven to the shooting-ground; but he took good care to say nothing. He began too to feel the oppressiveness of the weather; for he was trussed up like a baby in December, and the perspiration streamed all over him; still he dared not or would not complain. Then as they approached the salt meadows, he was enveloped in a cloud of musketoes that stung him almost to madness; and he began to look around in the faint hope that *something* would happen to furnish a decent apology for giving up the sport; but nothing of the sort occurred.

Russet saw the trouble intuitively, without looking round; and to mend the matter, he changed the subject a little:

'Which shot,' said he, with as much gravity as if he thought his unfortunate companion had handled a gun before, 'which shot do you like best? — the bird going right or left?'

'As to that,' replied Boristhenes, with all the coolness and indifference he could possibly assume, 'if it's quite the same thing to the birds, I'd rather take them sitting, to begin with; after I've got used to the gun and picked up game enough for a fair start, why — why —' continued he, hesitating and alarmed at his own audacity in talking so largely about what he did not understand, 'it makes very little difference which way they go.'

'Umph! I thought so!' *thought* Russet; then speaking aloud: 'A'n't afraid of bogs, I s'pose?' — and he pushed rapidly on over the broken ground of the salt marsh. 'We'll find birds directly.'

And in fact as he spoke, one of those diminutive snipe, about the size of your thumb, denominated *ox-eyes*, jumped up and went off with a whistle.

Boristhenes already had his hands full with steadying his gun and jumping on the bogs, which were as they always are, round, spongy,

elastic, and separated from each other by ruts of soft mud, some one, some two, and some three feet in width; as to their *depth*, the gentleman dared not hazard a conjecture, though he had an instinctive fear that before he was much older he would be forced to *measure* some one of them from the top to the bottom. However, he was not yet quite so far gone as to be insensible to the matter in hand; and when he looked up at the comforting assurance of his leader that they would soon find birds, he happened to catch a glimpse of the little ox-eye, whistling his adieu.

‘What’s that!’ exclaimed he, with his eyes very wide open.

‘That? why, a bull-finch, to be sure!’ cried Russet: ‘why did n’t you shoot? You must work sharp if you expect to get bull-finches, let me tell you.’

‘I was just putting up my gun,’ lied the brave Boristhenes, deprecatingly; ‘but it wasn’t cocked, and my foot slipped a little, and ——’

‘Never mind,’ said Russet, interrupting him with an encouraging smile, and scarcely able to ‘contain himself’ as he did so; ‘you’ll do better next time. But keep your eye on the dog; remember that! A true sportsman always watches his dog.’ And so saying, the veteran gunner turned away to hide the laugh he could not repress, and dashed on over the marshes with more rapidity than ever.

Mean-time our hero, who had now a third duty to perform, to wit, watching the dog, courageously resolved to do his best, even though it should prove his last. He strode and jumped from one bog to another with a success that was *really* surprising, until suddenly the dog made a halt on her own account. Boristhenes, not being up to trap, mistook this for *a point*, and making a bold leap over a pool of muddy water, prepared to distinguish himself by a good shot. But as the fates would have it, he watched the dog so closely that he miscalculated the length of his leap, and over-reaching the bog at which he sprang, he landed upon it *all sitting*, his feet projecting into the mud beyond. This certainly was embarrassing, but not as bad as it might have been; so without losing his self-possession or taking his eyes from the dog, our hero brought the gun to his shoulder, determined this time to be quick enough.

As Ponto did n’t move much, but poked out her nose suspiciously, Boristhenes concluded that the bird must be somewhere in the direction of the nose; and in the belief that the scattering of the shot would make up for any contingent defect in his aim, he, as he thought, ranged a little to the left of the dog and pulled.

The result was tremendous! Not being used to a double-barrel, our cockney pulled both triggers at once, and the over-loaded piece recoiled with such force that, being seated and having nothing to brace himself against, he rolled over and over into three feet of soft mud, and for an instant entirely disappeared from the sight of the astonished Russet, who was not aware of his intention to shoot.

But this was not all. The dog too had disappeared! Our hero had *allowed* a little in his aim for the bird’s being out of sight; but

unfortunately he allowed it on the wrong side, and without knowing it—for he shut both eyes when he pulled—had covered the dog instead of the bull-finch, at less than twenty yards!

Now a terrier is a tough animal; but two charges, and especially such charges! of number three shot, poured into her at such proximity, were not to be endured for a moment. The poor dog, torn all to pieces, had, like her unlucky destroyer, rolled into the mud and sunk under it.

‘My eyes!’ exclaimed Pomp, grinning loud, ‘*wa’n’t* that a shot! Great gun, too; he bring down game with both ends! haw! haw! haw! haw!’

‘What in thunder!’ shouted Russet, startled at the noise and alarmed at the disappearance of every thing but the negro. ‘Here, Ponto! Ponto! Sportsman! Mister! Stranger! Halloo, you cussed nigger! what are you grinning at? Where’s your master? and where’s the dog gone to?’

‘There’s master,’ replied Pomp, pointing at a hat and arm that were just emerging from the mud, and to the assistance of which he now hastened; ‘but the dog! by golly! I suspicion, Mister, that she has gone to the wery debbil!’

‘Then by Jingo! your master will have to pay for her, that’s all!’ cried Russet, who now also ran to our hero’s assistance.

J. Boristhenes Crookshanks, Esquire, was truly in a sad plight. Smeared, soaked, saturated in every thread of his garments and every pore of his body with vile, slimy, salt mud!

He was not long in finding the use of his tongue; but its first functions were confined to a desperate expectoration. That being done, the road for his voice being not exactly *cleared* but *opened*, out came a volley, a storm of curses: not so loud as the double-barrel; not so deadly as the number three; but oh, how much more prolonged! It was in comparison to that one deafening peal, a perfect *feu-de-joie* of small arms. For instance:

‘H—— and d——! D—— the gun to h——! and d—— the rascal that sold it to me! If I don’t sue that d—— Cooper! the d—— inf—— son of a ——!’

But what printed words can do justice to the flowing, raging, astounding, overpowering and unstudied eloquence of the bespattered, besmeared, bedaubed, bemired, bewildered, beblubbered, bedabbled, bedashed, bedraggled, bedrenched, beducked, befouled, begrimed, benumbed Boristhenes?

The unfortunate youth was conveyed to the domicile of our friend Russet with all speed, and there underwent such ablution as circumstances permitted. He paid for the dog whatever her owner chose to demand; conditioned, that he would keep as close about the day’s transactions as the oyster he had cited. Then, after delaying his return until he could drive home in the dark, he bade adieu to Jersey flats and Jersey bull-finches.

As for his secret, since he paid for it, it should have been kept. But some few days after, when Tom asked him the price of terrier pups, he was forced to believe that Russet had broken his faith.

THE SOJOURNERS IN THE DESERT.

BY MARY E. HEWITT.

'Some of these mounds are of very considerable dimensions, and on one of them a number of refugee monks of the order of LA TRAPPE found a retreat for some years, during the troubles in their native land. They cultivated the Apron, or step of the Big Mound as their kitchen garden, and set themselves down in the solitude of the Prairie to the silent observance of their severe monastic rule, among these everlasting monuments of a deserted race. They have however long ago quitted their temporary retreat, from them the principal eminence has since often been termed the 'Monk's Mound.'

LATROSE'S 'RAMBLER IN NORTH AMERICA.'

I.

THE deepening hues of twilight fell,
Empurpling all around ;
When a silent, banded company
Along the prairie wound.
No armed and war-clad host were they,
With plumed and waving crest,
But a pilgrim's staff was in each hand,
And a cross upon each breast.

II.

Their bark had crossed the stormy sea,
A stranger soil they trod ;
Faith-led, amid the wild to seek
A refuge with their God.
The mattock delved, the hatchet rang
Amid that still profound,
And a hut of boughs soon crowned the swell
Of the ancient burial-mound.

III.

Still fearless o'er his broad domain
The bounding deer would pass,
And bowed beneath the bison's tread
The waving prairie-grass :
The uncurbed steed, with eye of fire,
And neck that scorned the rein,
Still snuffed, with nostrils keen, the air
Of freedom on the plain.

IV.

The strong-plumed eagle from the wild
Went soaring on his way,
For the silence of the wilderness
On that green desert lay.
There were marks of culture on the mound,
And dwellers on the steep,
But a vow was on each sealed lip,
That hush, unbroke, to keep.

V.

The brow of manhood and of age
Were there, beneath the cowl ;
And thoughts whose untold bitterness
Was wormwood to the soul.

For each his own deep, cankering griefs
 Wore locked within his heart;
 Mysterious mounds! oh! had they not
 In your dark being part!

VI

A brother's wounds they might not bind,
 A brother's sorrows share;
 Theirs was the mien, the life austere —
 Penance, the scourge, and prayer.
 Uncheered by aught of sympathy,
 Their days sped darkly on,
 Nor thus hast thou, REDEEMER! taught
 May eternity be won.

P L A C E D E L A C R O I X .

BY T. B. THORP.

THERE is much of beautiful romance in the whole history of the early settlements of Florida.* De Soto and Ponce de Leon have thrown around the records of their searches for gold and the waters of life a kind of dreamy character, that renders them more like traditions of a spiritual than of a real world. They and their followers were men of stern military discipline, who had won honors in their conquests over the Moors; and they came hither not as emigrants, seeking an asylum from oppression, but as proud nobles anxious to add to their numerous laurels by conquests in a new world. The startling discoveries, the fruits, the gold, and the natives that appeared with Columbus at the court of Isabella, gave to fancy an impetus and to enthusiasm a power that called forth the pomp of the 'Infallible Church' to mingle her sacred symbols with those of arms; and they went joined together through the wilds of America.

Among the beautiful and striking customs of those days ~~was~~ the erection of the cross at the mouths of rivers and prominent points of land that presented themselves to the discoverers. The sacred symbol thus reared in solitude seemed to shadow forth the future, when the dense forest would be filled with its followers instead of the wild savage; and it cheered the lonely pilgrim in his dangerous journeys, bringing to his mind all the cherished associations of this life, and directing his thoughts to another world. In the putting up of these crosses, as they bore the arms of the Sovereign whose subjects erected them, and as they were indicative of civil jurisdiction and empire, the most prominent and majestic locations were

* THE name of 'Florida' was given originally to almost the whole of the southern portion of the continent east of the Mississippi.

selected, where they could be seen for miles around, towering above every other object, speaking the advances of the European, and giving title to the lands over which they cast their shadows. Three hundred years ago the sign of the cross was first raised on the banks of the Mississippi. From one of the few bluffs or high points of land that border that swift-running river, De Soto, guided by the aborigines of the country, was the first European that looked upon its turbid waters, soon to be his grave. On this high bluff, taking advantage of a lofty cotton-wood tree, he caused its majestic trunk to be shorn of its limbs; on this tall shaft was placed the beam that made the cross. This completed, the emblazoned banners of Spain and Arragon were unfurled to the breeze, and amid the strains of martial music and the firing of cannon, the steel-clad De Soto, assisted by the priests in his train, raised the host to Heaven, and declared the reign of Christianity commenced in the valley of the Mississippi.

The erection of this touching symbol in the great temple of nature was full of poetry. The forests, like the stars, declare the wonderful works of the Creator. In the silent grandeur of our primeval forests, in their avenues of columns, their canopies of leaves, their festoons of vines, the cross touched the heart, and spoke more fully its office than it ever will, glistening among the human greatness of a Milan cathedral, or the solemn splendor of a St. Peters.

Two hundred years after Ponce de Leon mingled his dust with the sands of the peninsula of Florida, and De Soto reposed beneath the current of the Mississippi, the same spirit of religious and military enthusiasm pervaded the settlements made by both French and Spanish in this 'land of flowers.' Among the adventurers of that day were many who mingled the romantic ambition of the crusaders with the ascetic spirit of the monk, and who looked upon themselves as ambassadors of religion to new nations in a new world. Of such was Rousseau.

It requires little imagination to understand the disappointment that such a man would meet with in forest life, and as an instructor of the untractable red man. The exalted notions of Rousseau ended in despondency, away from the pomp and influence of his church. Having been nurtured in the 'Eternal City,' he had not the zeal and lacked the principle to become an humble teacher to humbler recipients of knowledge. Disregarding his priestly office, he finally mingled in the dissipations of society, and in the year 1736 he started off as a military companion to D'Artaguet in his expedition against the Chickasas. The death of D'Artaguet and his bravest troops, and the dispersion of his Indian allies, left Rousseau a wanderer, surrounded by implacable enemies, he being one of the few who escaped the fate of battle. Unaccustomed to forest life, more than a thousand miles from the Canadas, he became a prey of imaginary and real dangers; unprovided with arms, his food was of roots or herbs; at night the wild beast howled round his cold couch, and every stump in the day time seemed to conceal an Indian.

Now it was, that Rousseau reviewed the incidents of his past life with sorrow. He discovered when it was too late that he had lost his peace of mind and his hopes of a future existence for a momentary enjoyment. Wasting with watching and hunger, he prayed to the Virgin to save him, that he might by a long life of penance obliterate his sins. On the twelfth day of his wanderings he sank upon the earth to die, and casting his eyes upward in prayer, he saw far in the distance, towering above every object, the cross! It seemed a miracle, and inspired strength in his trembling limbs; and he pressed forward that he might breathe his last at its foot. As he reached it, a smile of triumph lighted up his way-worn features, and he fell insensible to the earth.

Never perhaps was this sacred emblem more beautifully decorated or touchingly displayed, than was the one that towered over Rousseau. From indications, some fifteen years might have elapsed since the European pilgrim had erected it. One of the largest forest trees had been chosen that stood upon the surrounding bluffs; the tall trunk tapered upward with the proportions of a Corinthian column, which, with the piece forming the cross, was covered with ten thousand evergreen vines, that spread such a charm over the southern landscape. It seemed as if Nature had paid tribute to the sacred symbol, and festooned it with a perfection and beauty worthy of her abundance. The honey-suckle and the ivy, the scarlet creeper and fragrant jasmine, the foliage enamelled with flowers, shed upon the repentant and insensible Rousseau a shower of fragrance.

Near where he lay, there was a narrow and amply-worn foot-path; you could trace it from where it lost itself in the deep forests to where it wound round the steep washed bank until it touched the water's edge. At this point were to be seen the prints of footsteps; the traces of small fires were also visible, and one of them still sent up puffs of smoke. Here it was that the Choctaw maidens and old women performed their rude labor of washing. In the morning and evening sun a long line of the forest children might be seen with clay jars and skins filled with water, carrying them upon their heads, and stringing up, single file, the steep bank and losing themselves in the woods; with their half-clad and erect forms making a most picturesque display, not unlike the processions figured in the hieroglyphical paintings of Egypt.

Soon after Rousseau fell at the cross, there might have been seen emerging from the woods, and following the path we have described, a delicately-formed Indian girl. In her hand was a long reed and a basket, and she came with blithe steps toward the river. As she passed the cross, the form of Rousseau met her eyes. Stopping and examining him, with almost overpowering curiosity, she retreated with precipitation, but returned almost instantly. She approached nearer and nearer, until the wan and insensible face met hers. Strange as was his appearance and color, the chord of humanity was touched; the woman forgot both fear and curiosity, in her

anxiety to allay visible suffering. A moment had hardly elapsed, before water was thrown over Rousseau, and held to his lips. The refreshing beverage brought him to consciousness. He stared wildly about him, and discovering the Indian form bending over him, he sunk again insensible to the earth. Like a young doe the girl bounded away and disappeared.

A half an hour might have elapsed when there issued out of the forest a long train of Indians. At their head was the young maiden surrounded by armed warriors; in the rear followed women and children. They approached Rousseau, whose recovery was but momentary, and who was now unconscious of what was passing around him. The crowd examined him first with caution, gradually with familiarity; their whispers became animated conversation, and finally blended in one noisy confusion. There were among those present many who had heard of the white man and of his powers, but none had ever seen one before. One Indian, more bold than the rest, stripped the remnant of a cloak from Rousseau's shoulder; another, emboldened by this act, caught rudely hold of his coat, and as he pulled it aside there fell from his breast a small gilt crucifix, held by a silken cord. Its brilliancy excited the cupidity of all, and many were the eager hands that pressed forward to obtain it. An old chief gained the prize, and fortunately for Rousseau, his prowess and influence left him in undisputed possession. As he examined the little trinket, the Indian girl we have spoken of, the only female near Rousseau, crossed her delicate fingers and pointed upward. The old chief instantly beheld the similarity between the large and small symbol of Christianity, and extending it aloft with all the dignity of a cardinal, the crowd shouted as they saw the resemblance, and a change came over them all. They associated at once the erection of the large cross with Rousseau, and as their shout had again called forth exhibitions of life from his insensible form, they threw his cloak over him, suspended the cross to his neck, brought in a moment green boughs with which a litter was made, and bore him with all respect toward their lodges. The excitement and exercise of removal did much to restore him to life; a dish of maize did more; and nothing could exceed his astonishment on his recovery, that he should be treated with such kindness; and as he witnessed the respect paid the cross, and was shown by rude gestures that he owed his life to its influence, he sank upon his knees, overwhelmed with its visible exhibition of power, and satisfied that his prayer for safety had been answered in the perfection of a miracle.

The Choctaws, into whose hands the unfortunate Rousseau had fallen, (although he was not aware of the difference,) were not the bloody-minded Cherokees, from whom he had so lately escaped. Years before, the inhabitants of the little village on their return from a hunting expedition discovered the cross we have described: its marks then were such as would be exhibited a few days after its erection. Footsteps were seen about its base, that from their

variance with the mark left by the moccasin satisfied the Indians that it was not erected by any of their people. The huge limbs that had been shorn from the trunk bore fresh marks of terrible cuts, which the stone hatchet could not have made. As is natural to the Indian mind, on the display of power they cannot explain, they appropriately though accidentally associated the cross with a Great Spirit, and looked upon it with wonder and admiration. Beside the cross there was found an axe, left by those who had formed it. This was an object of the greatest curiosity to its finders. They stuck it into the trees, severed huge limbs, and performed other powerful feats with it, and yet fancied their own rude stone instruments failed to do the same execution from want of a governing spirit equal to that which they imagined presided over the axe, and not from difference of material. The cross and the axe were associated together in the Indians' minds, and the crucifix of Rousseau connected him with both. They treated him therefore with all the attention they would bestow upon a being who was master of a superior power.

The terrible and strange incident that had formed the life of Rousseau, since the defeat of his military associate D'Artaguet, seemed to him, as he recalled them to his mind, an age. His dreams were filled with scenes of torment and death. He would start from his sleep with the idea that an arrow was penetrating his body, or that the bloody knife was at his heart. These were then changed into visions of starvation, or destruction by wild beasts. Recovering his senses, he would find himself in a comfortable lodge, reposing on a couch of soft skins, while the simple children of the woods, relieved of their terrors, were waiting to administer to his wants. The change from the extreme of suffering to that of comfort he could hardly realize. The cross in the wilderness, the respect they paid to the one on his breast, were alike inexplicable; and Rousseau, according to the spirit of his age, felt that a miracle had been wrought in his favor; and on his bended knees he renewed his ecclesiastical vows, and determined to devote his life to enlightening the people among whom Providence had placed him.

The Indian girl who first discovered Rousseau was the only child of a powerful chief. She was still a maiden, and the slavish labor of savage married life had consequently not been imposed upon her. Among her tribe she was universally considered beautiful, and her hand was sought by all the young 'braves' of her tribe. Wayward, or difficult to please, she had resolutely refused to occupy any lodge but her father's, however eligible and enviable the settlement might have appeared in the eyes of her associates. For an Indian girl she was remarkably gentle; and as Rousseau gradually recovered his strength, he had through her leisure more frequent intercourse with her than with any of the tribe. There was also a feeling in his bosom that she was, in the hands of an overruling Providence, the instrument used to preserve his life. Whatever might have been the speculations of the elders of the tribe, as day after day Rous-

seau courted her society and listened to the sounds of her voice, we do not know ; but his attentions to her were indirectly encouraged, and the Indian girl was almost constantly at his side.

Rousseau's plans were formed. The painful experience he had encountered while following the ambition of worldly greatness had driven him back into the seclusion of the church, with a love only to end in this life by death. He determined to learn the dialect of the people in whose lot his life was cast, and form them into a nation of worthy recipients of the 'Holy Church;' and the gentle Indian girl was to him a preceptor, to teach him her language. With this high resolve, he repeated the sounds of her voice, imitated her gesticulations, and encouraged with marked preference her society. The few weeks that Rousseau passed among the Choc-taws had made him one bitter, implacable enemy. Unable to explain his office or his intentions, his preference for Chechoula had been marked by the keen eye of a jealous and rejected lover.

Wah-a-ola was a young 'brave,' who had distinguished himself on the hunting and war-paths. Young as he was, he had won a name. Three times he had laid the trophies of his prowess at the feet of Chechoula, and as often she had rejected his suit. Astonished at his want of success, he looked upon his mistress as laboring under some charm, for he could find no accepted rival for her hand. The presence of Rousseau, the marked preference which Chechoula exhibited for his society, settled in his own mind that the 'pale face' was the charmer.

With this conviction, he placed himself conveniently to meet his mistress, and once more pleaded his suit, before he exhibited the feelings of hatred which he felt toward Rousseau. The lodge of Chechoula's father was, from the dignity of the chief, at the head of the Indian village, and at some little distance. The impatient Wah-a-ola seated himself near its entrance, where from his concealment he could watch whoever entered its door. A short time only elapsed before he saw in the cold moon-light a group of Indian girls approaching the lodge, in busy conversation, and conspicuously among them all, Chechoula. Her companions separated from her, and as she entered her father's lodge, a rude buffalo-skin shut her in. Soon after her disappearance, the little groups about the Indian village gradually dispersed; the busy hum of conversation ceased; and when profound stillness reigned, a plaintive note of the whip-poor-will was heard; it grew louder and louder until it seemed as if the lone bird was perched on the top of the lodge that contained Chechoula. It attracted her ear; for she thrust aside the buffalo-skin, and listened with fixed attention. The bird screamed, and appeared to flutter as if wounded. Chechoula rushed toward the bushes that seemed to conceal so much distress, when Wah-a-ola sprang up and seized her wrist. The affrighted girl stared at her captor a moment, and then exclaimed: 'The snake should not sing like the birds!' Wah-a-ola relaxed not his hold; there was a vol-

cano in his breast that seemed to overwhelm him as he glared upon Chechoula with blood-shot eyes. Struggling to conceal his emotion, he replied to her question by asking, 'if the wild flowers of the woods were known only by their thorns?' 'The water-lilies grow upon smooth stems,' said Chechoula, striving violently to retreat to her father's lodge. The love of Wah-a-ola was full of jealousy, and the salute and reply of his mistress converted it into hate. Dashing his hand across his brow, on which the savage workings of his passion were plainly visible, he asked, 'if a 'brave' was to whine for a woman, like a bear for its cubs? Go!' said he, flinging Chechoula's arm from him, 'go! The mistletoe grows not upon young trees, and the pale-face shall be a rabbit in the den of the wolf!'

From the time Rousseau was able to walk, he had made a daily pilgrimage to the cross, and there upon his bended knees greeted the morning sun. This habit was known to all the tribe. The morning following the love-scene between Wah-a-ola and Chechoula, he was found dead at the foot of the sacred tree. A poisoned arrow had been driven almost through his body. Great was the consternation of the whole tribe. It was considered a mysterious evidence of impending evil; while not a single person could divine who was the murderer. 'The mistletoe grows not upon young trees!' thought Chechoula; and for the first time she knew the full meaning of the words, as she bent over the body of Rousseau. She attended his obsequies with a sorrow less visible but more deeply felt than that of her people; although the whole tribe had, in the short residence of the departed, learned to respect him and to look upon him as a great 'Medicine.'

His grave was dug where he had so often prayed, and the same sod covered him that drank his heart's blood. According to Indian custom, all that he possessed, as well as those articles appropriated to his use, were buried with him in his grave. His little crucifix reposed upon his breast, and he was remembered as one who had mysteriously come and as mysteriously passed away.

A few years after the events we have detailed, a Jesuit missionary, who understood the Choctaw language, announced his mission to the tribe, and was by them kindly received. His presence revived the recollections of Rousseau, and the story of his being among them was told. The priest explained to them his office, and these gentle people in a short time erected over the remains of Rousseau a rude chapel; his spirit was called upon as their patron saint; and Chechoula was the first to renounce the superstitions of her tribe, and receive 'the holy sacrament of baptism.'

In the year 1829 a small brass cross was picked out of the banks of the Mississippi near Natchez, at the depth of several feet from the surface. The crucifix was in tolerable preservation, and was exposed by one of those cavings of the soil so peculiar to the Mississippi. The speculations which the finding of this cross called forth revived the almost forgotten traditions of the story of Rousseau, and of his death and burial at the *PLACE DE LA CROIX*.

TO THE OLD ELM ON BOSTON COMMON.

BY HANS VON SPIEGEL.

BENEATH thy spreading boughs, old Tree !
With saddened heart and tearful eye,
Once more I stand, while Memory
Lifts up the veil of years gone by.

Swiftly, to greet me, gather here
Loved ones who in the cold, cold tomb
Voiceless have slumbered many a year,
Unconscious of its damp and gloom !

They speak to me — and quickly now
Again a happy child I seem ;
Care sits no more upon my brow —
The past is but a mournful dream.

And now are innocence and truth,
And cheering hope, again mine own ;
Light-hearted is my early youth,
As yet to grief and care unknown.

A thousand scenes of joy appear,
To make the cheating vision real ;
To lure my senses, lest I fear
That what I see is but ideal.

Life's sky bends cloudless o'er my head ;
Its sun is warm, its earth is green :
And flowers around my path are spread,
To cheer me with their glorious sheen.

But from the dim horizon's line
A frowning storm obscures the sun ;
And joys and hopes that once were mine,
And friends, have vanished one by one !

And years have changed me — made me old
Before my life has reached its prime :
My heart, so warm, is stern and cold,
And I am selfish e'er my time.

But I will struggle with Despair,
Like a strong wrestler with his foe ;
Or like the nervous boxer, dare
Fearless to render blow for blow.

Farewell, old Tree! Like thee, I'll stand
Through storm and sun the same,
And in a distant forest-land
My fearful grief will tame.

But not in utter loneliness,
Will I my sorrows quell;
Like thee, I'll shelter weariness:
Farewell, old Tree! farewell!

Boston, July 20, 1842.

EDWARD ALFORD AND HIS PLAY-FELLOW.

BY THE AUTHOR OF 'WILSON CONWORTH.'

CHAPTER FOURTEENTH.

'For the working of the good and brave, seen or unseen, endures literally for ever, and cannot die. Is a thing nothing because the morning papers have not mentioned it?'
CARLYLE.

THE good *appear* to suffer often more than the bad; but it is yet to be proved that they do. We deny the fact, and say that the good man never suffers, never can suffer, the pain that a guilty conscience inflicts. You may rob him of fortune, even reputation; you may rack his bones with pain, put out his eyes and cut off his limbs, and still he will be happy, in comparison with him who, having eyes, limbs, and sound bones, disobeys the voice that speaks within him, and surrenders himself to his appetites and passions. The pretended infidel asks triumphantly for the proofs of the beneficence of a God, as he points to the outward appearances of happiness and misery. 'Here,' he says, 'virtue is defeated, innocence betrayed, and the humble believer in Christianity, losing his health, his fortunes and his friends, is the victim of that villain who knows no law of honor or of humanity. Tell me not that a just God governs the universe!' How easy, perhaps, would it be to refute him, could we carry him into the presence of the souls of these persons; could he see the *inner* as well as the *outward* man!

This is a sore difficulty to many a young, thinking mind, that the good should suffer and that the bad should ever escape suffering. But there need be no difficulty. Let such an one recollect periods of his own life when he received the sympathy of friends for supposed pains and mortifications which he did not feel himself, having that calm and heavenly peace in his breast which a clear conscience alone can bestow. And again, let him recollect the times when he has been ill at ease because of some imprudence in conduct, and has been greeted with the congratulations of his friends for his supposed good fortune; and he will readily perceive how shallow is the argument of the infidel, who denies the existence of a God from

appearances of happiness and misery, when he can know nothing of the frame of mind about which he talks so confidently.

The strong man, Robert Nailer, was prostrated by sickness, and Tom and Mary stood sadly by his bed-side, watching his uneasy breathing; for the physician had said that it was doubtful if he lived through the day. Just as Robert was about to realize the fruits of a life of industry and virtue, near the time when he was to see his daughter united to the man of all others whom his heart preferred, he was told that he must die, and leave all his pleasant prospects. Did the feelings of the old man rebel at this sudden call?

The disclosure of his situation had a few hours before been made to him: he received it with a calmness and apparent unconcern that surprised the doctor and the young people. Soon after, he sunk into a deep sleep, breathing heavily, as if Life was holding a contest with Death. Presently he waked, and looking round, he seemed pleased to find those he best loved together and near him. A great deal is said about death-beds by those who rarely see the picture they describe. It is taken for granted that the departure of the soul from the body is as terrible as it is solemn in its consequences. Our instinctive fear of death and the excited imagination associate with this natural law, terrors, throes and horrors by no means belonging to it. Intelligent physicians have lately stated that death is attended with little pain, in ordinary cases; and certainly it is reasonable to suppose that Nature accommodates herself to circumstances here, as in all other necessary events. With those who have made this subject one of profound study, it is contended that *hanging* is by no means a painful death, but on the contrary, attended with a sensation of pleasure.

Whatever may be the truth, as far as bodily pain is concerned, instances are numerous in the memory of all, of men going to this passage with the calmness of those 'who lie down to pleasant dreams.' The terrible pictures of death are often drawn to excite the fears; for rhetorical effect; to electrify an audience: they are neither founded in nature nor fact; and if they serve to drum up professions of piety, they do much also to imbitter the hours of the ignorant, the credulous and superstitious.

Much is said also about the preparation for this last solemn event. Men are addressed upon this theme as if they had never thought of it — as if any man with a human soul had *not* thought of it! We venture to assert that all men do think of it often and long and seriously. You can hardly find a man who has not a system of faith, if you sound him carefully. You will find, even among the most unlettered and uncultivated, that God has written upon the 'tables of their hearts;' that they have views of an hereafter, of the nature of the soul, the fate of the body, the employments of another state of existence; and that they have thought deeply and reverently about the probabilities of a reünion with the 'loved and lost.' The cottager in his humble, solitary home, and the shepherd on the hills, are taught in these subjects by their Heavenly Father. The thunder, as it bellows among the mountains, seems the voice of God;

and the lightning is the glance of the eye of the Omnipotent. The soul bows before these tokens of an author and governor of nature: and the beauty of all things that he has made, when viewed together; the comforts of their home, their sense of happiness, themselves the receivers of unasked-for benefits—all lead them to consider their relation to this invisible Power that surrounds them. Men are religious by instinct.

As Robert turned his languid eye upon those who stood by his bed, he observed the signs of tears in his daughter's face, and he said: 'Mary, I hope you have n't been crying on my account.'

'I am sorry to see you suffer so much, father.'

'Nay, child, I do n't suffer now. This has been a hard pull for a man who has never learnt how to be sick: I can't tell you how it is, but I feel clearer just now than I have for weeks, and weaker too. I feel like one sliding down an easy slope, where the motion is pleasant.'

'You have been dreaming, Sir,' said Tom.

'May be; but I am awake now,' said the sick man, rousing himself up; 'and I have a great deal to say in a short time; for I heard the doctor say that if I waked free from pain, it would be a sign that death was near.'

'Do not try to talk now,' said Tom.

'I've always been the governor of my own household,' said Robert, 'and must be so a little longer. Mary, send and ask Mr. Stanton in, for a few moments.'

While Mary went out to execute his wish, Robert, turning to Tom, said: 'You need n't think I have sent for the minister to talk religion with him. I settled all that part of the business a long time ago. Such an hour as this is no time to *talk* about religion, and creeds, and faith in this or that; it is the time to *feel* it; and thank God! I *do* feel it!'

'How do you feel, Sir?' said Tom.

'I feel willing to die, my son,' said Robert, for the first time addressing the apprentice by that title; 'and more yet, I feel that it is for the best I should leave you. During hours when you and Mary thought I was asleep or dreaming, I have had thoughts and arguments about us all, that have convinced me that this time is the best for me to go. God has been good to me for many years. I love him as my Father; and now I feel he is quite near me, to support me over the gulf that divides me from Mary's mother.'

'How happy you make me, Sir!'

'I feel sure you will love and cherish Mary, as I cherished her mother. You must be to her father and husband. In a few months you will finish your work at college, and I have sent for Mr. Stanton to marry you; now, this hour, if you consent to it.'

'My dear father! my best friend!' said Tom, grasping Robert's hand. 'I was about to make the same request of you. I have thought for many days that it would ease your mind at the last to see Mary my wife, before you ——'

'Do n't be afraid to say the word, my son,' said Robert, observing

that the apprentice hesitated; 'you would say before I die. Do you think I have obeyed the commandments, as far as I could; that I have been honest and fair with my fellow-men; have always spoken the truth; and fear to die? Because I am not a church-member do not think I fear to go.'

'May I ask,' said Tom, 'why, with the respect you have always manifested for God's word in your words and actions, you have not made a profession of religion?'

'I'll tell you, my son; it has always seemed to me to be a matter of human pride, and I have been afraid that if I depended upon the *form*, I should lose the *substance*. There is many a man, when he has joined the church, thinks the work is all ended, and instead of looking to his God, he begins to look to the minister and the church to know his standing. Beside, I never could agree with any of the creeds I have seen. Some have been too narrow and some too loose; so I concluded to be a kind of church to myself, and to make the whole Bible my creed.'

'But is not this dangerous to the cause of religion, Sir? Suppose all were to do the same, we should have to close our churches.'

'By no means; for there might be public worship without this distinction of church-members and non-church-members. We might all meet in some great temple to worship God on the Sabbath, and leave the particulars to every one's own conscience. You may depend upon it in this way there would be more religion and less pretension to it. But as things are managed now, the church is a kind of religious aristocracy; and they give themselves as many airs as they say the lords do in England over the common people. They drive the people who cannot agree with them entirely into hating the whole subject of religion, as the lords I have spoken of, by their pretensions, have driven the people into revolts and revolutions. You may depend upon it, an aristocracy, either in the government or in the religion, tends to destroy both.'

'Ah, now I understand you.'

'I hope you do, my son, for I am sincere in my opinion, and never meant any disrespect to religion by my course. I have all my life felt accountable to God, but I never felt any accountability to man. And do you think that now, when it is not probable I shall ever rise from this bed, I should persist in this opinion unless it had become a part of my mind?'

'I believe you sincere, Sir,' said Tom, 'and I honor and respect your opinions. I have gained much from you from my youth, and think I can agree with you in your present views.'

'If I have been able to teach you any thing, my son, it is not by gift of learning I have done it, but because I look subjects right in the face. I have long thought that most of the errors in the world, about things as plain as a man's nose, were the result of the attempt to make up opinions so as to please all sides and every body, instead of asking the simple question, 'What is true in this matter?'

The animation and excitement which had supported the sick man to give utterance to his favorite views, quite exhausted him, and he

sunk back into a dozing sleep, while the working of his lips and incoherent words spoken at intervals, showed that his mind was still active.

Robert Nailer represents a large class of men among his countrymen, who long ago became dissatisfied with the religious opinions most prevalent. With the highest respect for religion and a full belief in the Word of God, they are too honest to give their assent to doctrines they do not believe; and while they attend meeting, respect the Sabbath, and pay the salary of the clergyman, they refrain from taking any active part in the ceremonies of the church. Such men are often branded by bigots with infidelity and unbelief; while in fact they believe too much and too sincerely, to allow them to practice forms and utter creeds in vain. They have too much respect for religion and its blessed Founder, to permit them to make it a stepping-stone to money-making, popularity, and ambition. It pains them to see the base hypocrisy of some, and the foolish assumption of others, which claim for a human construction of the Word of God all the skill, consistency, and fairness possible; and in silence they wait for the dawning of that sun of general intelligence which shall free the world from superstition, and bestow in its place piety, and love of God and man.

Mary soon returned, accompanied by Mr. Stanton, a coarse, vulgar man in black, who looked as if he might unite the office of undertaker and sexton to his other avocations. Robert waked as the door opened; and now he was weaker than before, and his voice was scarcely audible.

'This is a solemn hour!' began Mr. Stanton, looking as doleful as he could, and sinking his voice to its most sepulchral tone.

'My children,' said Robert, 'come hither; your ear, Mary, my child;' and he whispered something to her which for a moment brought the color to her cheek.

'Any wish of yours, father, is sacred to me,' she said.

'Mr. Stanton, I wish this hour to be a cheerful, instead of a sad one. Let us be serious but not sorry,' said Robert.

'When we consider the shortness of life, my good friend, our desperate state and carnal affections and desires ——' again began the minister.

'We will dispense with the sermon, Mr. Stanton,' said Robert; 'I invited you here to unite in marriage these two persons; you see I am feeble, and must shortly leave them; perhaps within the hour. Do not delay, for I am weaker and weaker every moment.'

Tom and Mary fully understood each other in a few moments, as they talked together. They approached the bed and knelt by its side, as Robert laid his hand upon their heads successively and blessed them, and then mutely pointed to Mr. Stanton. They rose and stood before the minister, who in a short service made them man and wife. They turned to salute their father; but with the amen of the marriage-service he had dropped asleep, never more to waken in this world.

We need not describe the funeral of such a man in New-Eng-

land, where moral worth is so highly estimated. The high in station in the town attended his obsequies out of respect to themselves; those of his own class were there from a sincere regard to the man; the poor came with tears in their eyes because they had lost a benefactor. A few it must be confessed were present to see how the mourning bride looked in black. But the tears that bedewed the grave of the worthy black-smith were not fewer than fall upon the turf of many a richer and prouder personage; and though his name and history passed quickly from the minds of men, the effects of his example can never be obliterated in his town. Every man, good and bad, lives for ever, and is immortal in the influence his life exerts upon others that come after him.

When *our* friends die, we wonder the world can go on as usual; that people can laugh as joyously as ever, and bargain and eat and drink as eagerly as before. We ask sympathy from the stranger as he meets the funeral train, and for the hour of our grief we claim a brotherhood with the world, and by our manner and countenance we ask them to mourn with us because a brother man is dead. In a few months, perhaps days, *we* are the careless stranger, and look coldly and unfeelingly upon the passing hearse and the tearful train that ask our sympathy as vainly as we did ourselves. And worse; we fret that the procession stops our passage in the street, and think it unmannerly that people should walk so slowly, to our inconvenience. Is it wise, we ask, to live for so selfish a world, when we may live for duty, for virtue, for heaven? And is it not fitting that we should moralize in our story over this new-made grave, and draw from it lessons that may teach us to look to a truer sympathy than the bustling, anxious world can give, and realize if we can that there is a world beyond, for which we may well prepare, even though suffering and solitude may be our lot in this?

When all was over, and Robert was left at rest by the side of the wife he loved so well, it was found that the deceased had died possessed of a very handsome property, all of which was bequeathed to his daughter Mary, on condition that she married with her father's consent.

We might tell here how in a few months, when the grief of Mary was assuaged by time, the memory of Robert's death-bed and his easy passage home became a source of happiness to the youthful pair, and gave new strength to the bond that united them. They seemed to themselves as if some spirit from the other world had presided over their nuptials, and felt that their vow had a peculiar solemnity; and they spoke of their father as if he were still in existence, and consulted what they thought would be his wishes, could he speak and advise them as he had been wont to do.

A few months after the event we have just recorded, Thomas Towley was graduated from college, and more than fulfilled the expectations of his friends, who began to be many; and there is little doubt but the new obligations he had taken upon himself gave additional force and dignity to his mind and thoughts. And perhaps by the death of Robert he was more ready to accede to the

proposition, that he should devote himself to the profession of divinity, which many of his friends urged upon him.

‘You are needed, my good Sir,’ they said, ‘in this field of human action. The pulpit in our country is passing out of its dull and tedious and useless round of bare polemics, and becoming the advocate of human liberty, education, and morality, as the only basis upon which piety and the love of God can stand. It is no longer an empty form of superstition, but is becoming more and more daily the theatre where are discussed those topics which relate to the present as well as the future condition of man. Do you seek to influence your fellow men? Does your heart burn within you to do something for your race? Here is the spot which, by customary respect, will secure a hearing. Would you elevate the laboring classes? Here you may inspire them with respect for their own nature, and set them about the work of self-culture. Would you humble pride, and bring ostentation and pretension to their true level? Here, if any where, the proud man, subjected to the Christian measure, judged by the lofty standard CHRIST has established, will feel the insignificance of the accidental circumstances of birth and fortune, in comparison with those attainments within the reach of every human soul. The system of Christ is the profoundest philosophy as well as the most unbending morality. The study of divinity is the study of your own soul, and calls in aid all knowledge and science to solve the mystery of life.’

So, without intermitting his accustomed habits of labor, our student entered upon a new term of three years’ study for a profession.

CHAPTER FIFTEENTH.

‘AND when given back to self-dependence
Men awaken to the feeling of his worth,
And freedom’s proud and lofty virtues blossom.’

SCHILLER’S ‘DON CARLOS.’

THE reader will please to recollect that we left Edward Alford enjoying unusual happiness in the discovery that he was capable of doing something for himself; that, under the spur of necessity and a providential loss of fortune, he was rising in the estimation of his fellow citizens, who really began to have much hope of him. The maxim that ‘to him that hath shall be given,’ is literally true; but we cannot break the thread of our story to show what is the fact, that it is *just* also. At any rate, all men find it so in practice, that when we do not need assistance all are ready to offer it. At least Alford found it so; and after a year spent in industrious habits of mind and body, one of his father’s old friends came forward and offered to lend him a sum sufficient to enable him to study a profession. The offer was politely refused, for Edward was unwilling to sacrifice his new-found independence. He much preferred to work his passage to the arduous profession of the law; and he did it nobly; writing in offices, keeping school, which latter employment much improved his elementary knowledge; and three years found him a young lawyer in the very village where he was born.

Society is ready enough to pardon the mistakes and errors of the young, and any instance of thorough reformation from vicious and idle habits receives, and justly, unusual favor; for such a change betokens a force and manliness of character upon which men may rely. From small beginnings, the business of our hero began to enlarge into important trusts from abroad; and at the end of three years Alford found his income more than sufficient to pay a liberal and generous expenditure; and from serving the town in a small capacity, as secretary of public meetings, etc., he was soon elevated into school-committee man, and was in a fair way to reach the General Court.

One Sunday, as Edward and his mother were returning from meeting, he said, with rather unusual interest: 'Mother, did you hear that exquisite voice to-day in the choir?'

'No, my son; was it a female voice?'

'Certainly, mother; what should I care about any other?'

'Was it remarkably good?'

'Perfect melody! Nothing like it ever heard in these parts! I stopped to inquire whose it was, and find it belongs to the new school-mistress the committee have lately engaged; a Miss Towley from Cambridge. It can't be a daughter of old John the gardener, can it?'

'It is possible.'

'And I hear too, mother, that the committee appointed to look up a clergyman, have invited this very young lady's brother to preach here as candidate on the next Sabbath. Now what if these two persons should prove to be the very identical children of old John?'

'Nothing can surprise me in the way of fortune,' said the mother; 'but I suppose you know we heard from John, who used to bring us vegetables in Boston, that little Tom, your playfellow, was learning a trade as a black-smith.'

'I know all that, mother; and was it not when I was in college? It seems to me that I have heard something about a wonderful young man in the divinity-school who was a black-smith, and persists in being so still, though a regular member of the college class.'

'Would it be stranger, my son, that young Towley should become a preacher, than that you are a hard-working lawyer, giving your mother but a small portion of your time?'

'Not at all so; and how glad I shall be if my conjecture is true! But one thing is certain, the sweet-voiced young lady bears the name of Towley, and is from Cambridge; and though the name is none of the most euphonious, her voice is truly very fine, and her air is rather good, for the chorister pointed her out to me after meeting.'

'I am really glad,' said Mrs. Alford, 'of any addition that will improve our public worship.'

'And I,' said the son, 'shall be rejoiced if this new person with the winning voice is one calculated to excite private devotion. Do you ever contemplate the time, mother, when I may introduce to you a daughter-in-law?'

‘I tremble when I think of it!’

‘And why?’

‘Because so much depends upon the choice you may make. I will confess to you that once I had hopes you would marry a large fortune; and now if such a thing were possible nothing would pain me more. We have found such happiness in the life of moderate circumstances, and you have so changed for the better by what the world calls our misfortunes, that I should lament any circumstances that would call you out of your present course of honest, self-wrought independence. But even if you marry in the middle ranks, there are quick-sands there as well as on the golden coasts.’

‘Mother, you surprise and delight me!’ exclaimed Edward.

‘Not more I dare say, my son, than you have surprised me. Our views have surely and slowly changed; and nightly do I thank God, for your sake and my own. Yes, Edward, every man should marry at a proper time, if for no other reason, from respect to the mother that bore him; but he should marry to have a home, a sacred hearth-stone, an altar for service; to have one place where he may dare to be himself, and act himself, and to make one friend and companion, of whose sympathy he may be sure.’

Edward had taken his mother’s hand as she was speaking, and he respectfully raised it to his lips. The mother and son exchanged looks full of affection and confidence; their hearts were melting into each other. There was no need of words to express their feelings. If ever Mrs. Alford was a happy mother, it was that evening when, with a heart refined and elevated by the religious services of the day, she talked long with her son upon his future designs, and laid bare to him all the history of her past feelings regarding him; for then she felt he had arrived at that maturity of discipline that entitled him to her fullest confidence.

And a beautiful and touching sight it is, to see the widow reposing upon that strength she has nurtured for years; laying aside the authority and reserve she has been forced to assume to keep in check the turbulent spirit of the fatherless boy, and feeling that now she may venture to be the trusting woman again, and give back to the son for whom her prayers have ascended to heaven oftener than for herself; who has been in all her thoughts and ways for long years of bereavement; the mantle of his father, and the power that has been preserved for him. Surely Heaven regards with peculiar tenderness and pity that anxious parent, as she toils and weeps and prays for the safety and success of her darling boy; for she asks not wealth for him, nor splendor, nor rank, but her most earnest prayer is, that he may be a *good man*; for she is always thinking more of the next world than of this. In what light can we think of our Heavenly Father with more love, than as the ‘widow’s God’ and the ‘father of the fatherless?’

And Mrs. Alford did feel that she was fully repaid for all her wounded pride and loss of fortune; and that night, as she retired to rest, she thanked Heaven that she was deemed worthy to suffer, that she might be blessed.

T H O U G H T S O F S U M M E R .

BY MRS. R. S. NICHOLS.

I.

OH! all too soon, sweet Summer! with thy bright and laughing eyes,
Thou'rt leaving us to dwell beneath some distant Southern skies:
Thy foot is on our mountains, and thy voice is in our streams,
For still a tinkling sound is heard where'er a fountain gleams.

II.

Thou art like a blushing maiden, with soft and dove-like eyes,
Whose glance will fill the gazer's heart with feelings of surprise:
Of northern climes the wonder, full gentle is thy birth;
Thou wert conceived in loveliness, and Beauty brought thee forth!

III.

Thy robes are queenly, Summer! and the circlet round thy brow
Gleams like a wreath of tender beams new launched from Dian's brow;
While in thy merry sunshine a thousand glittering things
Spring into life, with purple crest and light and gauzy wings.

IV.

The earth is hung with garlands, and softened lights and shades
Rest gently on the mountain-tops, or steal along the glades;
While with their low, sweet whispers, the quivering breezes pass,
And lightly brush the beaded dew from off the tender grass.

V.

Thy dawns, thy dawns! how beautiful! when Morning, fresh and fair,
With azure brow and golden tress, and snowy bosom bare,
Glides through the eastern portals, with a floating, swan-like grace,
And with her jewelled hand dispels the mists that shroud her face!

VI.

Oh, wild, sweet strains of music steal on the ambient air,
And maidens wreath thy snowy buds amid their raven hair;
Thy soft and hazy twilights are like to shadowy dreams,
And the moon at summer harvest a festal spirit seems.

VII.

But all too soon, sweet Summer! art thou softly gliding by,
For thy seal is slowly fading from the earth, and sea, and sky:
Thy form, all rich and glowing, lies fond on Autumn's breast,
While he, with mournful melodies, is lulling thee to rest!

VIII.

My life is like the seasons, with their changing hues of leaf:
I've had my spring of sunshine and my autumn days of grief;
And dark have been the shadows upon my winter's sky,
Yet the harvest of my summer hours I trust to reap on high!

L I T E R A R Y N O T I C E S .

RETROSPECTIVE CRITICISM.—**MOUNT VERNON: A POEM.** Being the seat of His Excellency **GEORGE WASHINGTON**, in the State of Virginia: Lieutenant-General and Commander-in-Chief of the Land Forces of the United States of America. By **JOHN SEARSON**, formerly of Philadelphia, Merchant. In one volume. pp. 83. Philadelphia, 1779: **FOLWELL**, for the Author.

‘Most prefaces of books,’ says D’ESTRANGE, ‘are apologies; and neither the book nor the author is one jot the better for them. If the book be good, it will not need an apology; if bad, it will not bear one; for where a man thinks, by calling himself Noddy in the epistle, to atone for showing himself to be one in the text, he does, with respect to the dignity of an author, but bind up two fools in one cover.’ In the unique production before us, which we count ourselves fortunate in having secured, the brief preface is what the Italians term ‘*la salsa del libro*,’ or the sauce of the book; inasmuch as without it we should neither know what manner of person it was who was delighting us, nor the ‘moving why’ that impelled him to the composition of his volume. ‘This rural, romantic, and descriptive poem,’ says he, ‘on the seat of so great a character it is hoped may please, with a copper-plate likeness of the General. I beg leave to observe, I did myself the pleasure to visit Mount Vernon, the seat of His Excellency Lieutenant-general **GEORGE WASHINGTON**, fifteenth May ult., so as to enable me to make an exact poetical description of it. I am indeed fond of rural, descriptive poetry, and have endeavored to make this as pleasing and exact as possible, hoping for a kind reception, and took a hint from Psalm cXLV., tenth, where **DAVID** says, ‘All thy works praise thee, O! **LORD**;’ therefore, through all the poem, have endeavored to make the flowers, birds, retirement and groves, praise their glorious Creator. I have to return my most sincere gratitude to many of my American friends for their kind subscriptions and encouragement, and would willingly flatter myself this performance will be pleasing to its readers; and I also flatter myself the pieces on astronomy will be very acceptable to some of the gentlemen readers—those studies have cost me much trouble and thought.’ The ‘pieces on astronomy’ we shall not now consider; farther than to mention that one is on the ‘cometary system,’ and opens thus: ‘When we cast our eyes from this terraqueous globe, to the heavens that surround us, we are (if not insensible beholders) struck with amazement at the wonderful works of the omnipotent Creator of so many stupendous worlds which surround us. And of all the works of the Almighty Creator, there are none more occult or less known than what are called comets, according to my little knowledge in mathematical studies. I have again and again searched to find out their course and motions, or in other words, *peritikon* and *aphe-*

lion.' The author deserves great credit for not shrinking from a bold and adventurous range of thought on this theme; for these erratic bodies were not then thoroughly understood; since we read of an European monarch of that era who desired to *kill* one, by firing at it with a *pistol*. We are afraid, however, that these 'pieces on astronomy' did not increase Mr. SEARSON's scientific reputation; for it concludes with: 'I am sorry to say, I have not as yet succeeded in any place of education, though formerly reputably employed in the first tuitions, counting-houses, and a merchant in Philadelphia.

' Astronomy, comets, and the world on fire
 Raises my heart from what earth might require :
 More friends may rise to help an honest man,
 Because whilst here he does what good he can.'

Elsewhere, too, we find him soliciting employment, stating that he 'teaches the beauties of the English language with the latest accent and pronunciation;' that he would 'accept of a genteel tuition in a gentleman's family;' that he 'has been master of some of the genteelest academies in the country,' and that if his friends 'knew of a suitable place for genteel encouragement, to suit his qualifications,' he should like to fill it, etc. Beside the 'astronomy pieces' we are favored with 'a Discourse, which,' says the author, 'I composed in Europe, under a very severe affliction by malevolent, designing men, to turn me in my old days out of house, home, and habitation, from a comfortable public situation, to serve the interest of another person.' Mr. SEARSON's discourse, however, is quite inferior to his poetry, and also to his astronomy. Indeed, were it not *his*, we could only characterize it as 'very poor and very pious.' But we are keeping the reader from the main poem, which 'opens sublime,' like one of FLORENCE's Saddle-rock oysters. Observe the elegance of diction, the conciseness and felicity of expression, which pervade the following:

' To please the fancy, and divert the mind,
 Most beauteous scenes will all our thoughts refine;
 Thro' rural and romantic shades and bow'rs,
 I'd wish to pass away some pleasant hours.
 'Tis through romantic scenes we here may go,
 Nor scar'd with fear nor frighten'd with a foe:
 Mount Vernon! I have often heard of thee,
 And often wish'd thy beauties for to see.
 Pleas'd to the last, I view this pleasant seat,
 And found its views so elegant and neat:
 The prospect from it must e'er please the mind,
 When elegant Potowmack here we find.
 From right to left, from left to right we see
 Th' beauteous Potowmack, that arm of the sea:
 See ships and vessels passing by the door,
 Almost every day and every hour.
 Indeed, the prospect is so very fine,
 Such rural scenes must e'er the thoughts refine.

' The house itself is elegant and neat,
 And is two stories high, neat and complete.
 The rooms adorned with pictures very fine,
 That ev'n a prince might here with pleasure dine:
 The social hour in mirth to pass away,
 Since all our time is but a winter's day.
 I thought the favor much ev'n here to dine;
 Yet was invited by a lib'ral mind.
 O, Sociability and Friendship dear,
 How dost thou drive away all anxious care!
 But, after dinner, when I peep'd on high,
 I view'd the cupola of Mount Vernon nigh!
 And viewing, saw the north, south, west and east,
 The situation where this house is plac'd.
 Look round this beauteous spot, rejoice, and see
 The blessed state of human harmony.

From house to house, soon took my departure,
 And to the gardens look'd for sweet Nature !
 Roses and flow'rs, with aromatic scent,
 Was rural fine, and for amusement sent.
 The gardens, beautiful this time of year,
 Requites the husbandman for all his care.
 But, see with wonder, said my roving mind,
 A hot-house here a stranger soon will find :
 Hundreds of flow'rs and herbs you here may see,
 That in a common garden cannot be.
 The walks well gravell'd, smooth'd and very neat,
 And every scene this season quite complete.
 A garden useful will be e'er admired,
 And what 's more pleasant than a walk retir'd ?
 O, Nature ! all sufficient over all !
 How great thy works are on this earthly ball !'

Does n't poetry like this 'fortify like a cordial ?' The writer throws no unassured and faltering hand across the lyre, nor yet does he *labor* to get up an affatus like ULYSSES,

' Who sailing homeward, from the breezy shore
 The prisoned winds in skins of parchment bore.'

Having 'retired in deep soliloquy,' and 'Mount Vernon's gardens much admired,' SEARSON proceeds to a brilliant delineation of external nature. This fascinating feature of the volume is faintly shadowed forth in the following lines :

' I turn'd my thoughts to rural scenes about,
 For beauteous landscapes pleasing was, no doubt ;
 Trees blooming, all this rural scene appear :
 But, hark ! what voice I now so plainly hear ?
 'Tis the whippervill ! I now hear her song !
 She pleases mostly as she goes along.
 You 'll hear poor whippervill till near the fall,
 Then look for winter on this earthly ball.'

One sees no attempt in the writings of our author to petrify his reader in a single stanza. The stimulus afforded to the mental faculties by lines like the above does not proceed from a fancy unduly rabid and strong. The spirit by which they are animated is *Searsonesque*, entirely ; and the same praise will apply to the subjoined melodious and soul-stirring tribute to the kind-hearted General, whose hospitality the poet had enforced :

' WASHINGTON, great ! for ages yet to come,
 Will be repeated ! What great acts he 's done !
 Tho' sometimes worsted, and near to despair,
 God's Providence reviv'd him by its care ;
 Saved him from foes that sought his blood to spill :
 God yet supports and keeps him happy still.
 Whate'er we do, where'er we are employ'd,
 We shall do well if God is on our side.
 Indeed, I yet do dread and fear a war,
 By wicked men that may come from afar.
 Should it be so, the aged Gen'ral yet
 Will act what's prudent, and in such case fit :
 So that his aged days with honor crown'd,
 In hist'ry's page will ever be renown'd.
 Fame after death by many are desir'd ;
 A good name 's dear, and e'er will be admir'd.
 'Tis true, alas ! all earthly things are vain :
 They sometimes give us anguish and much pain ;
 But those that 's bound for Heav'n, have bliss in view,
 And all their days this happiness pursue.'

' Anguish and much pain ' is a striking climax, but no more so than many which are common to our poet. As 'Contemplation *prunes* her wings,' he turns again to nature, and exclaims, apostrophically :

' Nature is God ! — we see Him here in view,
 And every herb and flower Him to us shew !'

poetical dissertation upon ornithology, which succeeds, we find imbodyed ntentious scrap of political philosophy :

'The eagle soars on high, beyond man's sight,
And in the higher air takes his delight :
He scarce looks down to view this earth below,
But to high regions he delights to go :
So, many of our kings that reigneth here,
Will not the complaint of their subjects hear :
But kings, like eagles, mounting still on high,
They seldom hear the poor, their moan or cry ;
Till desperate grows the subjects at the last,
'Tis then they wish for freedom very fast !'

have a little natural history also, in which the poet thus alludes to the Be-
1 :

'Mild is my behemoth, tho' large his frame,
Smooth in his temper, and repress his flame
While unprovok'd. This native of the flood
Lifts his broad foot, and puts ashore for food.'

SEARSON itinerates through all the region round about, probably picking up
ibers to his poem. Of Alexandria he gratefully writes :

'A stranger here, I rang'd the streets about,
To view inhabitants, what they 're about.
Some poor, some rich, they rove from street to street,
And generally in their dress are neat.
Some stores and shops make here a pompous show,
Others are not so full, as you may know.
The people here to strangers kind,
As, by their conversation, you may find.
Visitors here are us'd politely well,
As some, by their experience, can tell.
The buildings here are generally neat ;
The streets well pav'd, which makes walking complete.
I've seen their houses where they preach and pray,
But th' congregation small on stormy day.'

getown does not escape his praise. Its main features are portrayed in
ines :

'The building in Georgetown is very neat ;
But paving of the streets not yet complete.
Some rural seats near to the town is fine,
Which please the fancy and amuse the mind.
The college here magnificent and grand,
Conspicuous to a traveller does stand.
Here youth are taught virtue and learning well,
On themes of erudition long to dwell ;
And by precept and virtue led to heav'n,
By pious learned men now to them given ;
That when grown up to man, they may revere
In college what they got with so much care ;
And teach, with care, their offspring what 's sublime,
Which can't be lost e'en by corroding time.'

city of Washington and the President's house are next 'viewed' and com-
d. Washington has scarcely done Mr. SEARSON's prophecy justice ; although
nk even the fine taste of the poet would now be gratified with a view of the
-grounds, so 'neat' and 'complete:'

'I've view'd the grand and superb capitol ;
Its magnificence I must e'er extol.
Superb indeed, and to a viewer, great ;
The landscape beauteous where it's now so neat.
Washington City must in time be grand,
When Congress, sitting here, States' laws command.
'Tis Time alone all greatness can effect,
And sure all means the States will not neglect.

Methinks I see, and wonder at the days,
 When great WASHINGTON to all the world displays
 A character so great and shining bright,
 That in its future ages must delight.
 City Washington must in time command
 All that is magnificent, great, and grand.
 'Tis now, indeed, but in its infant state;
 But will hereafter shine both grand and great:
 Yea, like Jerusalem it yet will shine,
 Because so great 's the plan and the design.
 But let us not fix all our mind below,
 Because to future worlds we must go.'

So far from bethumping his readers with words, our poet, as will be seen by the closing of two of the foregoing lines, uses the strictest economy in their employment, and makes them do duty twice, by a little adroit transposition. How few books there are, of which one can ever possibly arrive at the last page! Yet here we are at the 'Valedictory:'

'Farewell, my dear friends, I thank your kind aid:
 Few are my foes from mistakes that are made.
 America's my friend, in it I go;
 I love the people and the country too!
 But I must bid adieu to all things here,
 Because I may n't be here another year!
 Other climes or worlds may take me away,
 For here our short stay is but like a day!
 In heav'n we hope to meet, if we love God;
 Nor will we there once feel His chast'ning rod.
 Poets, like grass-hoppers, sing till they die,
 Yet in this life some laugh, some sing, some cry.'

Dr. JOHNSON tells us that the best part of an author will always be found in his works. Possibly; yet who would not covet the acquaintance of a SEARSON!—a genius, not coaxed and dandled into eminence, but a bard who establishes the correctness of the remark of a respectable ancient, '*Poeta nascitur non fit*.' But our admiration leads us out of bounds; and we hasten to close our notice of this hitherto 'lost book' of SEARSON, with the subjoined piece of biography from the dedication to WASHINGTON: 'When I last returned to America from Ireland in seventeen hundred and ninety-six, I did myself the honor to wait on your Excellency, then President of the United States, and living at Philadelphia; I for several years being a merchant in that city, and marrying reputably there, hoped, from your Excellency's amiable character, for the beneficence of your humane notice to an honest man, subjected to unforeseen losses in trade and merchandise, a repetition of which would answer no end. Having a pretty good education, in my youth, from an uncle, a clergyman of the Church of England, I published two poems in Ireland, was well received, and two publications since my last arrival in America, having disposed of the last copy of one thousand, 'Art of Contentment;' and did myself the honor to visit your Excellency fifteenth May last, so as to obtain an adequate idea of Mount Vernon; wishing to compose a poem on that beautiful seat; which I now most humbly dedicate to your Excellency, with your likeness.' Philadelphia, it is worthy of remark, has been indebted to Ireland for two '*green* names in song;' the author of 'Mount Vernon, a Poem,' and 'The Antediluvians, or The World Destroyed.' SEARSON was less ambitious than our modern bard, for he contented himself with 'rural, descriptive themes;' whereas the latter wanted 'a subject not only great in its character, but universal in its effects, that all men might feel an interest in its sublime details.' Subjects sufficient for the genius of a HOMER and a VIRGIL were quite inadequate to his! SEARSON and M'HENRY! *Pur nobile fratrum!*

THE QUOD CORRESPONDENCE: OR THE ATTORNEY. By JOHN QUOD. In two volumes, 12mo. New-York: JOHN ALLEN, Office of the KNICKERBOCKER, 139 Nassau-street. Boston: OTIS, BROADERS AND COMPANY.

THE popularity of 'THE ATTORNEY' will surprise none of our readers; for aside from its *intrinsic* recommendation, the gazettes of the day, throughout the Union, have pronounced it to be one of the most powerful narratives that has been produced among us for many years: indeed, the editor of a metropolitan journal, in whose unbiassed critical judgment the public have abundant confidence, in an article which now lies before us, says: 'The Attorney' is one of the most powerful and thrilling American tales we have ever read;' another journal adds: 'In power, pathos, and humor it equals any thing produced in this country for many years;' and praise in this degree has poured in upon us from many of our most distinguished writers. One of them, in a letter to the Editor, observes: 'I have liked the 'Quod Correspondence' from the beginning. If, as I have sometimes heard it said, the author has imitated 'Boz,' the copy is in some respects very nearly as good as the original. I do not think it discreditable to be of 'the school' of DICKENS; and it is certainly to the praise of any man, that he is the *first* of those who have taken lessons of that great master. But Mr. QUOD is by no means an imitator merely. He has genius of his own, sufficient to have gained him a high rank among American writers of fiction had DICKENS never existed.' We should be glad to add the kindred verdict of a lady-author, now in the 'full flush of fame,' were it not that we are keeping our readers from the following characteristic communication from 'A Friend of the Author' of 'The Attorney,' which introduces the volumes to the public:

'HAVING the pleasure of the acquaintance of Mr. QUOD, who has lately left the city on an expedition to the benighted parts of New-Jersey, in search of a recently-discovered manuscript, filled with legends and ghost-stories, I have taken advantage of his absence and of my intimacy with him to write a few lines respecting himself and his volume. The formation of our acquaintance was altogether accidental; and though of but short existence, it has, under his genial warmth of character, ripened into an intimacy which is generally the slow result of years. It was commenced as follows:

'One fine afternoon in the month of October last, in strolling a short distance out of the city, I fell in with a tall elderly man, clad in a suit of rusty black. His silvery hair hung over his shoulders, and he had a slight stoop in his gait, as if Time were beginning to tell upon him. There was an expression of great benevolence in his face, and a mild yet joyous twinkle in his eye, indicative of fine feeling. He was watching a group of boys at play on the grass; and occasionally I heard a merry laugh gush from the old fellow, that drew me to his side. I am generally averse from forming acquaintance with strangers; but there was something in his look and manner, that attracted me, and induced me to overstep old prejudices. I easily made an excuse to enter into conversation with him, and found him to be the warm-hearted, guileless old man that his looks betokened.

'A merry group they are! God bless them!' said he, pointing to the boys, as they ran laughing over the green; 'how I love childhood! God stamps his own purity on it; but the world soon wears off the impress. Well, well; I suppose it is for the best.' As he spoke, he moved off, as if to leave the place; but I had no idea of losing the acquaintance which I had just formed; so I walked on at his side. He did not seem at all loath to the companionship of a stranger, and made no secret of his name or whereabouts. The first, he told me, was JOHN QUOD; that he was a solitary man, without kith or kin; and that he occupied a ruinous house in an unfrequented part of the city. From the remarks which dropped from him, I judged that his means were limited; nevertheless, he contrived to drop a sixpence in the hat of a beggar whom we passed, and who seemed to expect it when he saw him. Chatting on various subjects, we kept on until we came to the central part of the city. Here he took leave of me; and after inviting me to call on him, bent his steps toward home.

'A few days after this, I visited him at his own house; and from that time, scarcely a day has passed which has not found me lingering about his haunt. There is much in his simple character,

and in his dreamy yet artless mind, to amuse an idler, which I acknowledge myself to be ; and his conversation is so replete with forbearance to the feelings of others, and with benevolence to every thing about him, that it wins one irresistibly to him. From what has occasionally escaped him in conversation, I am convinced that he is a thorough stickler for old notions, and a confirmed believer in ghosts and hobgoblins ; nor do I think that he would exchange the haunted house which he now inhabits, and of which he speaks in the most enthusiastic terms, for the finest dwelling in the city.'

We are led to believe that English readers will see an illustrated edition of 'The Attorney,' from the press of an Anglo-American house in London, before many months. Like the other works written for and republished from these pages, 'Zenobia, or the Fall of Palmyra,' 'Letters from Rome,' etc., this last would scarcely fail to reach a sudden popularity in England, and pass through successive editions. We must in closing beg the reader to note the object of Mr. Qron's visit to 'the benighted parts of New-Jersey.' Perhaps they will know more about it hereafter.

MAN A SOUL: or the Inward and Experimental Evidences of Christianity. By A. B. Muzzey. In one volume. pp. 157. Boston: WILLIAM CROSBY AND COMPANY.

THIS is in many respects a profitable little book. It inculcates the education of the affections; it abounds in *thought*; is generally clear, frequently eloquent, but sometimes over-simplified: the writer now and then explains till he darkens, and illustrates till he confounds. This too common defect of argumentative writers, however, is comparatively lost amidst numerous beauties and merits, that arrest the ear and win the reason and heart of the reader. Matter, the writer contends, is in reality as much hidden from us as spirit. We know nothing of it, except its operations, and just as much, and in the same way, do we know of the soul. Unlike the body, the soul, the conscious man, undergoes no variety of changes. It is always substantially the same, never losing its strict identity; never, in this important aspect, any other than it has been from the first hour of its existence. It is indivisible, one and entire. We are conscious of an unchangeable personal identity. It is *real*, says our author; 'it thinks, and thought is a reality; it compares, judges, reasons, and reasoning is a reality. It wills; freedom of choice, self-determining power, what a glorious reality is that! It loves; with a deep, unalterable affection it intertwines its blessedness, it would sometimes seem its very existence, with kindred spirits. Do you tell me all this is but an illusion? Then what is real?' As we unfold our inward natures, we become conscious of a connection with the Infinite Spirit, and of the possession of powers and faculties which *this* life cannot fully develope. The body falls within the rank of the outward creation, and partakes in its fortunes. Frailty, decay, and death are its inevitable lot. The particles which constitute our physical frame change daily. A strange event at length passes over us, and they are decomposed and resolved into another form, and thence onward into ever-varying and ever new forms. Not so the soul. It rules all matter. 'The material universe is a concourse of agencies and operations, all ministering to the 'hidden man.' For this, suns glow in their spheres and stars radiate through immensity.' We are surrounded by emblems and symbols. The visible suggests the invisible; the decaying the permanent; the relative the absolute; the imperfect the perfect; the finite the infinite. The spirit not so much *has* as *is* life. When we feel the sublime truth that 'man is a living soul,' matter sinks into insignificance.

EDITOR'S TABLE.

THE PAST, THE PRESENT, AND THE FUTURE.— We have before us the ms. of a lecture on the character and history of Sergeant JASPER, the distinguished hero of Fort Moultrie, in the harbor of Charleston, (S. C.) in 1776, delivered not long since before the Georgia Historical Society, by Hon. R. M. CHARLTON, one of its members, and long and favorably known to our readers as the accomplished and entertaining '*Georgia Lawyer*' of these pages. We cannot resist the inclination to present the following passages from the exordium of the performance in question; beautifully illustrating as it does the tendency of the human mind to discontent, and the continual 'reaching after those things which are *before*,' in the imaginations alike of youth and age: 'We see the physician envying the heavy fees and the sudden wealth of the member of the bar, and the latter mourning over some detected flaw in his declaration, or some discovered slip in his pleadings, and casting a look of discontent at the superior fortune of the disciple of Esculapius, whose flaws and slips are concealed and covered over by the common mother of us all; while the honest mechanic, who is compelled to make his way inch by inch, and to earn his money dollar by dollar, stands scowling at both the learned professions, and regretting that the high places and eligible niches of fame are the rewards of what *he* considers 'learned quackery' or unmeaning technicality. In truth, discontent with our lot is the common error of mankind. How often do we read and hear of the delights of childhood; of the merry hours of boyhood! How often does the tear start to the eye, when we think of the truant hours when we fled to the green and to the wood, and basked in the sunshine by the stream! We call this happiness *now*; we make rhymes to it; we sigh for it; we long for it again: but *then*, when it was the Present, and not the Past, we considered it the stormiest season of life. To us there was no 'rod of affliction' like the birchen wand; no despot greater than the ruler of our academy; no tyrant more cruel than our *now* much-loved school-mistress. We ardently desired that Time would fly with the wings of the whirlwind, and bring us to the summer-day of manhood. 'Alas! for the hour,' thought we, 'when Beauty shall smile upon us, when Wealth shall fill our coffers; when Glory shall be our profession, and Fame our reward; when we shall escape from mother's frown and father's chastisement, and float down life's tide with our sails unfurled and our colors flying to the breeze of prosperity and happiness!' . . . 'We gaze back upon the past or look forward to the future; we toil and struggle through the fleeting moments, to reach a goal before us, which *when* reached, we again leave behind us with the same indifference and contempt, to

obtain a more distant hope, and a still farther destination. How different and gloomy would be our feelings, were we to be judged by the generations of the Past instead of the myriads of the Future! Upon those who have preceded us, we have no claim; to those who are to come after us, each and all of us have some reason to give why we should be judged with leniency. If we have not discovered new planets, or upturned new mines in the soil of intellect, or mowed down in wholesale murder an innumerable host of our fellow-beings, we have at least aided to make straight the paths of civilization, or by the sweat of our brow caused the barren places of the earth to become fruitful. I hold that no man has ever lived, without leaving to posterity *some* legacy, either of good or evil; some example, for which he will be entitled to the thanks or the condemnation of his successors in this world. He might stand before them, if they were to be his judges, and pointing them to what he had done for them, and reminding them of their own imperfections and misdeeds, ask at their hands a favorable decision on his conduct. But what favor could we expect from those who had descended into the grave before we *were*? The ancient heathen and the Grecian sage; the warrior of Thermopylæ; the stern and unyielding stoic; the aborigines of our own continent; the heroic martyrs who had poured their blood like water upon the earth—what a dread assize would *this* be to us, in comparison with the judgment of the future inheritors of the world! It would indeed be a terrific judgment; second only to that which shall come 'like a thief in the night;' when the earth shall be withered, and the elements melted, and the heavens rolled up like a scroll; when the licentious shall be caught in his snare, and the robber with his spoil; the drunkard with his accursed cup, and the murderer with the red blood of his victim dripping from his fingers' ends; and each and all, the living and the dead, shall be summoned to receive the approval or condemnation of the Saviour of the world.' . . . 'We are workmen who have taken up the axe and spade of antiquity, that we may dig from the caverns of the past the gems that are buried within their bosom, that they may flash upon and illumine the generations of the future: we prop up the tottering finger-posts that point to the names, the deeds, the paths of by-gone times, not that *we* may know the way, but that Posterity may also stand *super antiquas vias*; we erect the falling column, we search out the ancient scroll, that we may benefit those who are to come after us.'

'THE ESSEX COUNTY WASHINGTONIAN' is the name of a new and handsome family newspaper, devoted to temperance, general literature, and the news of the day, published at Salem and Lynn, (Mass.) We have perused several numbers of this journal with pleasure and profit. It is under the editorial supervision of an old correspondent of the KNICKERBOCKER, Mr. D. H. BARLOW, who holds the pen of a graceful and ready writer. An editorial article entitled 'Night,' in one of the July impressions, struck us as very felicitous. It was written at midnight, and closed with the following thoughtful sentences, which forcibly remind us of an article upon the same theme, from a favorite contributor, which we regret to have mislaid:

'Fit emblem, O Moon! art thou of that divine religion of love shining down on this sorrowful night of our mortal being. Adversity, bitter though it be, and rife with foul and perilous things, when bathed in thy radiance shows beautiful and winning, and mirrors distinctly back all the glories of heaven; and objects that, seen under the glaring sun-light of mere earthly sense, looked but dull, and void of charm or interest, how, when touched by those magic rays, do they put on blessed meanings, and stand clad in the glory of transfiguration! A benison on thee, fair Night! This voiceless monition is not uttered in vain. Thou tellest me, as do a thousand divine messengers beside, that this mortal life, full though it be of sad and bitter things, and deformed by many a pain and rough hazard, may yet be seen, in the light coming from above, garnished with a loveliness which might stir the utterance of the dumb to a hymn of grateful joy!'

Gossip with Readers and Correspondents. — Our friend at Springfield, (Mass.,) is *right* in his estimate of the effect which a story of the character of '*Edward Alford and his Playfellow*' is calculated to have upon the honorable *because* useful and indispensable class of 'working-men,' the farmers and mechanics of our country. This humble history well illustrates the truth of the remarks of Rev. J. O. CHOULES, in a passage of his excellent and sparkling Address before the American Institute, at its last anniversary. 'How many a parent,' said the orator, 'would feel absolutely insulted if you supposed that he intended to put his boy to actual labor of any sort! When parents and children come to the conclusion that the lad *must* obtain his living by some exertion of his own, they put their minds to the rack to discover a way by which it can be done without labor. The father perhaps has made every cent he possesses by toil, yet under the influence of the day in which we live, he cannot endure the idea that his son should be seen in a laboring dress, engaged in a mechanical or agricultural employment. When will men see the folly of the opinion, that the youth who labors on a farm or works in a shop, can be *fit for nothing else*? A young man upon a farm may qualify himself not only to pursue his calling, but to take a part in all the public concerns of life.' . . . The '*Passages in the Life of an Artist*' await a reëxamination. The article seems to abound in good *mat:riel*, but it is somewhat carelessly written. The writer's experiences in the comments of 'troops of friends' upon his sitter's portrait we believe are common to all those who practice his 'serenely silent art.' The *dress* is usually, with such critics, the first thing to recognize as 'a likeness.' 'My! how natural the *comb* is!' was the first exclamation of a visiter to our artist's studio; 'I should know that was our SARAH's comb, *any* where!' A similar critic was once encountered by an eminent painter in England. A thriving tailor, anxious to transmit his features to posterity, inquired of him what his terms were for a half-length. 'I charge twenty-five guineas for a head,' was the reply. The portrait was painted and approved; when the knight of the thimble, taking out his purse, demanded how much he was to pay. 'I told you before, that my charge for a head was twenty-five guineas.' 'I am aware of that,' said Snip; 'but how much for the *coat*? It is the best part of the picture!' . . . There are two 'sights' recently described, that we should rejoice to have beheld; the late solar eclipse in Europe, from a high Alpine eminence, as the sublime line of central darkness strode from peak to peak, blotting in succession the fair fields of Northern Italy; and the huge variegated punch-bowl, two hundred miles in diameter, which the concave earth presented to a western aëronaut, as he ascended higher and higher, and the horizon, always level with his car, widened as he rose. Such is the sublimity of a *glimpse* only of one of the ALMIGHTY's worlds! . . . The 'Orphic' style of advertising would seem to be gaining ground in the Transcendental Emporium. We have already presented our readers with one specimen, and an obliging Boston friend has transmitted us a second similar circular. The advertiser is an oracle; and the odd pauses created by the 'punctifying' are intended we may suppose to indicate the progress of the Idea through the mind of its promulgator. Listen:

PROFILES.

MOST exact Likenesses; and side view, of the human Face.
 They are created, and formed in Flesh; by infinite Wisdom: superlative to all other Animals.
 Front View is Indefinite. Side View is truly Perspective, and accurate.
 The Form, and Shape, in Side View, is of greater Importance.
 The Chin, Lips, Nose, Brow, and Form of the Head; are the most important parts, of the Body.
 Dressing, is not needful.
 Serious countenance, is needful, and most natural.
 The Front Face, in the Looking Glass; is not accurately perceivable.
 But side view: Friends can admire *them*. And each, behold, what they never in the Looking Glass beheld.
 N. B. A Foreigner in Boston, who has just begun there; has charged me for a profile, sixty-two and a half Cents. For which, I only charge twelve and a half Cents.
 FRAMES, I have; can put them in; they are Separate Prices. W. BANTON.

THE retrospective critique on '*Madame de Grafigny*,' if we may judge from internal evidence, is not from the pen of one who either speaks or writes the English language habitually. The *ms.* is so fine, and written moreover on both sides of the sheet, that emendations of idiom are out of the

question. Aside from this; is not the writer *extravagant* in his fervent admiration of the '*Lettres Peruvienes*?' To our mind, the epistles of GOLDSMITH's 'Citizen of the World,' the '*Héloise*' of ROUSSEAU, and the '*Lettres Persannes*' of MONTE-QUIEU, are superior in ease, grace and tone, to those of MADAME DE GRAFIGNY. Nevertheless, '*Chacun d son goût.*' . . . We spoke in our last number of the character of BRYANT's poetry, and illustrated our remarks by a brief quotation. A recent poem from the '*Christian Examiner*,' entitled '*A Hymn of the Sea*,' affords another example of the forceful and harmonious style of this great writer. Observe the simile and natural limning contained in the opening and closing lines of the annexed passage :

— ' I look forth
Over the boundless blue, where joyously
The bright crests of innumerable waves
Glance to the sun at once, as when the hands
Of a great multitude are upward flung,
In acclamation. I behold the ships
Gliding from cape to cape, from tale to tale,
Or stemming toward far lands, or hastening home
From the old world. It is thy friendly breeze
That bears them, with the riches of the land,
And treasure of dear lives, till, in the port,
The shouting seaman climbs and furls the sail.'

What a wide reach is embraced in the conception we italicise below! It is almost equal to that sublime annihilation of time accomplished in two lines of '*The Antiquity of Freedom* :

'Thou with him didst draw
The earliest furrows on the mountain side,
Soft with the Deluge!'

We must ask the reader to note too, in the opening line, the use of another of the felicitous vernacular words to which we have heretofore alluded :

'These restless surges eat away the shores
Of earth's old continents; the fertile plain
Welters in shallows, headlands crumble down,
And the tide drifts the sea-sand in the streets
Of the drowned city. Thou meanwhile, afar,
In the green chambers of the middle sea,
Where broadest spread the waters, and the line
Sinks deepest, while no eye beholds thy work,
CREATOR! thou dost teach the corn worm
To lay his mighty reels. From age to age,
He builds beneath the waters, till, at last,
His bulwarks overtop the brine, and check
The long wave rolling from the Southern pole
To break upon Japan. Thou bidst the fires,
That smoulder under ocean, heave on high
The new-made mountains, and uplift their peaks,
A place of refuge for the storm-driven bird.
The birds and waiting billows plant the rifts
With herb and tree; sweet fountains gush; sweet airs
Ripple the living lakes, that, fringed with flowers,
Are gathering in the hollows.'

By the way, we are duly obliged to the correspondent ('P. F.') who has forwarded to us his dissent from our opinion, touching the superiority and comparative rank of BRYANT among the living poets of the age. But his '*criticism*' upon passages in some of our favorite bard's most admirable effusions are really unworthy of comment. 'P. F.' is just as capable of appreciating BRYANT, and the high order of poetry of which he is a master, 'as a goose is the beauty of the proportions, the magnificence, and the height of the triumphal arch through which it waddles.' . . . It is Dr. JOHNSON, we believe, who says that little vexations are more trying to the temper, and harder to be borne, than greater troubles. We heard the other evening a querulous-looking little manufacturer illustrate the truth of the remark, by a ludicrous narrative of small annoyances, that made an aggregate of large misery. 'I went,' said he, 'into my barber's this morning, with my temper soured by letters from the attorneys of five bankrupt creditors at the South-west; postage unpaid of course — oh! yes; bankrupts don't pay postage to their dupes — oh no! I was vexed too at a painter, who had received half-pay in advance to paint me a new sign; but he must go a-sailing on the bay a-Sunday, and get drowned — just as like as not on my money: any how, he 'died, and made no sign.' I was in a dreadful hurry, for I had to raise money to take up a note, and was short full one half. There was a young sprig in the barber's chair, who passed me and got in the shop about a yard before me, by acting as if he wanted to speak to a man who was ahead of me — a contemptible trick! Well, Sir, there he sat, feeling of his chin after every round of the razor, and 'asking for more' till his beard was 'close'-reaped into the middle of next week; reading the whole time the only paper that I ever do read, which he continued to do all the while the man was curling his hair and whiskers, evidently just to spite me. It was an hour before I got away from the barber's; and then the friend who would have loaned me fifty dollars, in my strait, had taken the morning cars for Newark.

After attending to some necessary business at the store, I sallied out for a 'shin'-dy in Wall-street. Every body was 'short,' though each one 'could have done it *yesterday*,' which struck me as rather curious. It was not far from three, and the day was of the nastiest August kind; hot as melted lead, muggy, and *sticky*. I had on a pair of new boots, which my shoe-maker, for the first time I really believe in twenty years, had made too small. Heavens! how they bit at the heels, blistered as they were from slipping up and down in them! My stock was continually twisting round, hind-side-afore. My shirt, too, seemed possessed. I could n't keep it down behind. It kept crawling up, and finally rolled into an inaccessible lump, saturate with perspiration, and rested in the small of my back. This annoyed me almost as much as a flea, the first I had felt this summer, that was nipping me at his leisure, in a secure position which he had taken up between my shoulders. At this interesting juncture, I was seized by the button by perhaps the most perfect specimen of a *bore* that can be found in New-York; not one of your big pod-auger sort, but a fellow that twists a gimlet into you with his right hand, while he detains you by the button with his left, taking it out now and then, when he thinks it is going rather hard, to blow off the chips, and forthwith inserting it in another place. He was telling me, in a loud voice, of a shabby trick that had lately been served him by a man who had just passed us, and what he had that morning said to him: 'Said I, 'Sir, you are a d—d liar and scoundrel!' etc.; and I could see, as passers-by turned round to look at us, that they thought he was addressing this complimentary remark to *me*. I did n't wonder, either, that they *should* think so, for my face must have been a good deal inflamed with impatient endurance. Well, when I could stand it no longer, I broke away, to drop in upon the only friend whom I thought would help me out; and what do you think? He had 'just lent every dollar he had' to the man whom my button-holder had been serving up to me in parcels—his 'particular friend!' As I came out of his office, the clock struck three. I went home more annoyed, more grieved, than I remember ever to have been before in my life. I was now wrought up to the highest pitch. I went straight to my bed-room, and after a long search, I found the little black rascal that had covered my back and shoulders thick with oblong welts of blotches; and was glancing at the demoniacal revenge depicted in my countenance as I passed by the looking-glass, rolling my prisoner 'as a sweet morsel' under my thumb and finger, when the door-bell rang, and the girl came to say that 'a gentleman wanted to see me.' I stepped below, with something of exultation in my manner, and in the hall found the notary. He handed me a protest, and walked out; and when he *had gone*, I said to him: 'You and your bank may go to the d—l! I'd rather have the pleasure of torturing this little torment to death, than to have the stamped note in my pocket!' After manipulating my victim with due economy of enjoyment, I thought I'd see how he bore it. Now would you b'lieve it?—it *was n't* the flea, d—n him! after all! It was only a little bit of *black lint* that had worn off from the lower side of my stock. This was the bitterest disappointment of that unlucky day!' . . . We are obliged to 'S.', ('a subscriber since 1834,') for the kindly spirit which he manifests in his comments upon the wholesale 'critique' of the KNICKERBOCKER, from a distant source, to which we adverted in our last issue; but our friend's animadversions are quite unnecessary. If the wielder of a weapon be so unskilful a sportsman as to overcharge his piece, it is natural that it should explode, and wound nobody but himself. Such accidents sometimes occur nearer home. But it is not for *us* to complain. We look upon the occasional 'manifestations' of the querulous hypercritic or the unsuccessful *ci-devant* magazinist, of pinchbeck reputation in a narrow circle of kindred intellect, with what CARLYLE calls 'a still smile.' Indeed, there is a sort of small triumph, in seeing what a sour and envious littérateur of this class *would* do, if he had the power which lies so wholly beyond his reach. This Magazine is *known*; and so universally, we may add, in the United States, that wherever rare misrepresentation can find its way, there in the midst will be the OLD KNICK., or his stanch and old-time friends, to confront and subdue it. . . . We feel the force of the complaint of 'T.', whose article on '*Dreams*' has been so long in our drawer. But in truth, we were *afraid* to publish it. True, it made us meditate deeply; many of its thoughts are *very* beautiful; but its reasonings tend to *materialize* the divine essence of the mysterious soul. We tremble at the idea which the writer presents us, 'from an acute and philosophical mind: ' 'Why should a long be less pleasant than a short sleep? Post-natal cannot differ from ante-natal unconsciousness. We were dead before we lived; ceasing to exist is only returning to our former state.' Ah! this tempting of doubt is *not* well! Let us not vaguely enlarge the 'eternal questionings' of the human mind. 'Who am I?—what is this ME? I am, and lately was not; but whence? how? whereto?' To all these, the answer lies around; 'written in all colors and motions, uttered in all tones of jubilee and wail; in thousand-figured, thousand-voiced, harmonious Nature; but where is the cunning eye and ear to whom that God-written apocalypse will

yield articulate meaning? Creation lies before us like a glorious rain-bow, but the SUN that made it lies behind us, hidden from us! A new correspondent, whom we make welcome to *MAGA*, has touched this matter to a fine issue:

HIDDEN THINGS.

BY G. G. FOSTER.

I.

HIDDEN gems are in the sea,
And hidden music in the air;
Beauty which we mortals see not,
Thrills around us every where.

II.

Hidden thoughts, how bright, how many!
Break like bubbles in the sun,
Where the stream, unseen of any,
Underneath wild flowers doth run.

III.

Hidden loves and hidden dreamings,
Treasures never brought to light,
Live and vanish, like the gleamings
Of bright meteors in the night.

IV.

Hidden faith and hidden worship,
Oh! how strong, how pure, how deep!
Swell and flow, like secret fountains
Where the wild birds dream and sleep.

V.

Why are these, if not to tell us
That these broken links unite
In a chain forever sparkling
In Eternity's broad light?

VII.

Oh! how desolate and dreary
Would this world of sorrow be,
God! if Thou had'st never whispered
That it is the path to *THEE*!

'*Nothing in the Box, after all!*' This exclamation lately echoed through Sweden, in consequence of the opening, with great ceremony, of a box which had been bequeathed by *GUSTAVUS III.* to the State, to be opened fifty years after his death. The contents were sundry letters, written to the king by three or four clever French countesses, a private memoir or two, and other trifles. The orthography of the king's documents showed that His Majesty enjoyed the reputation of a great author, without knowing how to spell! What a sensation did he not anticipate would be produced, when the contents of that box should be bared to the day! But he is dust and ashes; 'times an't as they used to was' in Sweden: and now, there's 'nothing in the box, after all!' 'Comment is unnecessary.' By the by, speaking of bad spelling; it was a young French prince, (was it not, and *not* our box-monarch?) of whom it is related, that being too indolent or too stupid to acquire his alphabet by the ordinary process, twenty-four servants were placed in attendance upon him, each with a huge letter painted upon his stomach: as he knew not their names, he was obliged to call them by their letter, when he wanted their services, which in due time gave him the requisite degree of literature for the exercise of the royal functions. . . . That the '*Magnolia*' Magazine should find the *KNICKERBOCKER* to 'abound in variety,' and its 'editorial department lively and spirited,' we will 'suppose to be involuntary,' yet receive the acknowledgment with all due gratitude. That the Editor should mistake an expression of sympathy with him in his bereavement for an *apology* for something which he says he 'can forgive,' we will suppose to be necessary. We have remarked without surprise a gradual subsidence of 'the *Ercles* vein.' This is judicious, and was doubtless well considered. It will go far toward insuring the fulfilment of a promise, already thrice repeated, to 'avoid all bickering with contemporaries.' In this regard we shall aim, as our readers can bear witness we always have aimed, to present a proper example to our fellow-journalists. . . . Comparisons, let us inform 'C.,' who 'awaits our decision' upon his *much too long* poem, require something of *similitude*, to be acceptable to readers of taste. Some of his own (the two in the first stanza of 'Part III.,' for instance) are forcible examples of *catachresis*; almost as ludicrous, indeed, as the specimens afforded by a borough-member of the English parliament: 'There,' said he, 'stands the honorable gentleman, hesitating between two bundles of opinions; afraid to strip off the mask and show the cloven foot, and yet loudly called upon by his constituents to give the hydra-headed monster Faction a rap over the knuckles!' Is n't this latter illustration of almost *precisely* the same class as that contained in *ILIA's* response to *BRETON's* confession of doubt? . . . 'Will you,' writes the author of the following lines, 'permit me to express, in the accompanying stanzas, the deep admiration I cherish for your departed brother? It was never my happiness personally to know him; but when I heard of his decease, I felt that I had lost a friend. Many months after, whenever I heard the autumn wind moaning in the night season, my mind instantly reverted to him, and the plaintive lyre he touched so deftly. To use his own language, I could almost hear

— 'the wail
Of the cold wind upon its strings of fire.'

But with him, 'life's lingering languor' is o'er, and he sleeps well; awaiting, I doubt not, a glorious resurrection, and a home in that 'better-land' where sorrow is never known and friends are never parted.'

MIDNIGHT MASS

AT THE TOMB OF THE LAMENTED WILLIS GAYLORD CLARK.

'Quam Deus amat moritur adolescens.'

I.

Gloomily moans the midnight wind,
And the clouds are black with rain:
For the summer light is far away,
Beyond the tossing main.

II.

And the church-yard trees are rustling
In the rising autumn gale,
Which heapeth o'er the new-made graves
The leaves so sere and pale.

III.

Doth the wind-tossed forest creak
As the solemn night makes moan?
Oh! a softer voice it is that sighs
Around the church-yard stone!

IV.

'Alas!' so saith that gentle voice,
'The rustling autumn gold
He heeds no more, whose hands are clasped
Amid the church-yard mould.

V.

'Passed like the sweet bright day
That went without a stain,
Oh! when shall they who mourn for him
Look on his like again!'

VI.

So saith that gentle voice,
While the gloomy forests moan,
Low, low like one that singeth
Of a spirit heaven-ward flown!

VII.

Oh! Daughter of the South!
In the mournful autumn-gale,
When the shrill wind on thy strings of fire
Rings like a spirit's wail;

VIII.

Mid the wild midnight darkness,
In the wildernesses hoar,
When the crimson leaves are falling,
Thou shalt tune his harp no more!

IX.

Moan, moan thou wind that rockest
The cedar branches grim,
For a bard his rest hath taken,
And his country weeps for him.

X.

Weeps, that the bright hath vanished,
That the good-man's race is o'er;
That a star hath left its diadem,
Which shall return no more!

Utica, (N. Y.)

H. W. ROCKWELL.

'To me,' says a western writer, 'departed friends do not smile from the shadowy cloud, the silvery moon, or the glowing stars. I hear not their voices in the breeze. No! They are gone, and out of sight. Their smiles are as a light that has been quenched, and their voices as music that has died away.' We cannot share this feeling, as we gaze upon the fading woods, and the clouds of purple and gold piled against the glowing west, as the autumn-day declines toward its solemn twilight, amid the sighing of the freshening evening wind. There *are* voices and smiles of the Departed amid scenes like these. He who has gone, loved them 'with a pure passion;' and in them shall Memory behold *him*, till we ourselves decline into dust and darkness, and Life, with all its sick toilings, and joyful and mournful sights and sounds, shall sink into the still eternity! *Then* shall we 'behold him as he is!' . . . 'A Voice from Boredom,' by an 'EX-EDITOR,' shall appear. We enjoyed the article with great *gout*, for we have had our own experiences in this kind. The 'oblique hint' which removed one of our correspondent's troublesome visitors, reminds us of the course adopted by an English nobleman toward a JEREMY-DIEDLER sort of person who came down to his seat in the country, on the strength of a general invitation, but who soon found by a gentle hint that he would have done better to wait for a special one. 'I saw some beautiful scenery,' was the visitor's first ice-breaking remark, at table, 'as I came down to-day by the upper-road.' 'You will see some still finer,' was the reply, 'as you go back, to-morrow, by the lower one!' Here was an end to the anticipated four weeks' visit. . . . We ventured in our last number to state, that no letter concerning America, save a brief 'circular' in relation to the international copy-right question, had been written and published by Mr. DICKENS since his return home. We are now enabled to reassert, on the *best authority*, that the passages purporting to come from his pen, which have recently been circulated in many of the American journals, are base forgeries. In reference to the KNICKERBOCKER, our friend writes: 'I have not forgotten my promise nor your patience. I *will* not forget either.' . . . We are struck with the annexed passage in an old number of the 'Edinburgh Review.' It confirms the correctness of the remarks which we ventured recently to make in this department, concerning the spurious sympathy by which some of our novel-writers seek to enlist our feelings in the cause of the basest malefactors: 'To make criminals the object of a sentimental admiration, and of a sort of familiar attachment; to hold up as a hero the treacherous murderer, merely because at his death he displays a firmness which scarce ever deserts the vilest,

is a task as unworthy of literary talent as it is unfit for cultivated and liberal minds.' . . . That pleasant and popular journal, the New-Orleans '*Picayune*,' has our cordial thanks, not less for the honorable mention which it is kind enough to make of 'this high-toned and elegant periodical' than for the felicitous answer which it furnishes to the simple little '*Charade*' of our correspondent 'J. R. P.,' in the KNICKERBOCKER for July:

C H A R A D E .

My *first* with joy young soldiers hail,
Though peaceful cuts before it quail,
By whom a curse 't is reckoned;
And patriots who their wind-pipes strain
To advocate my *first*, are hain
To do it by my *second*.
My *whole* with balala is in vogue,
When they would apprehend a rogue,
Or loose a criminal, 'per se'
At cost of the community.

A N S W E R .

Young soldiers may, like mighty DONA,
Seek for and run away from war,
Finding it not as reckoned;
And patriots who do not want
To fight, may wile and bravely rant;
So there 's the *first* and *second*.
Then, sheriffs taking one who stole,
Or is in debt abhorrent,
Must legally present my *whole*,
Which simply is — a warrant.

Touching 'that picture:' there was *one* merit in it which seems to have escaped the notice of the editors of the '*Picayune*.' It was certainly not disfigured by any thing that one could call *expression*. In this regard, it fell little short of some of Signor GOWARD's pen-and-ink portraits. It strikes us, therefore, as 'standing in some rank of praise.' We may be unduly biassed in its favor, however. . . . Who that has enjoyed the society of a refined and hospitable elderly gentleman, of pure taste and large experience in the great world, including the world of literature and art, but must yield cordial assent to the annexed remarks of a popular modern author? 'It appears to me that conversational talent, like wine, requires *age* to make it mellow. The racy flavor, that smacks of long knowledge of life; the reflective tone, that deepens without darkening the picture; the freedom from exaggeration, either in praise or censure, are not the gifts of young men, usually; and certainly they *do* season the intercourse of older ones, greatly to its advantage. There is exquisite pleasure in listening to the narratives of those who were mixing with the busy world; its intrigues, its battles, and its by-play; while we were but boys. How we like to hear of the social every-day life of the great masters in literature and in art, whose names have already become historical! What a charm it lends to reminiscence!' Contrast such a delightful character as this, with your 'conversationist,' who plumes himself upon being one of those 'great talkers,' of whom it has been well said, that 'not only do they *do* the least, but generally *say* the least, if their words are weighed instead of reckoned.' We have heard persons of this sort prate with a fatuous flippancy to their entertaining elders, of matters which *they* saw, while yet the ambitious 'conversationist' was 'a watery, pulpy, slobbery freshman, and new-comer in this planet, and sat muling and puking in his nurse's arms.' Men of the largest minds, it is not always remembered, have the smallest opinion of themselves; for their knowledge impresses them with humility, by showing them the extent of their ignorance; and the discovery makes them taciturn. . . . '*The Married Woman's Tongue*,' written in reply to '*The Married Man's Eye*,' follows the latter too closely to be understood, without recurring back to the KNICKERBOCKER for December, 1830, which many of our readers would not be able to do. The article is not ill-written, but it *does n't* proceed from a 'Patient Husband,' whereas the other *was* from an exemplary wife. We would wager a guinea that it is the handy-work of some rusty, crusty, fusty old bachelor. An old work which we remember to have read many years ago, divided the action of the tongue into lying, flattery, oratory, grammar, and scolding. Lying was described as 'a very ancient science,' and oratory was divided into three parts: 'that of the bar, the pulpit, and the gullows!' We fear our correspondent would be held to rank in the *first* category of action. . . . Perhaps we were 'rather too *hot*' in our comments upon '*The Summer Solstice*,' as charged by our correspondent 'L.,' who has taken our words *ex pied de la lettre*. At any rate, we were '*quite so*' two days after they were penned; for surely such melting, suffocating days never flamed — they did n't *dawn* — upon the metropolis of this western world! We longed to realize the vision of the corpulent man who dreamed one sultry summer night that for the sake of cooling himself, he got out of his flesh and sat in his skeleton, to permit the air to blow through his ribs. . . . The paper upon '*The Pilgrim's Progress*' contains nothing which does not meet our own views of that time-honored work; but the writer has borrowed too largely from SOUTHEY, without due acknowledgment, and his paper is too long. It would make nearer *straw* than 'ten KNICKERBOCKER pages.' What does our correspondent think of the following remarks upon the character of BUNYAN's hero, from the '*History of Fiction*?' 'The hero of this popular and pious allegory is a mere negative character, without one good quality to recommend him. There is little or no display of charity, beneficence, or even benevolence, during the whole course of his pilgrimage. The sentiments of CHRISTIAN are narrow and illiberal, and his struggles and exertions wholly selfish. In proof of the latter part of this imputation, mark with what a heartless

indifference to every thing but himself, he abandons his wife and family: 'Now he had not run far from his own home, when his wife and children, perceiving it, began to cry after him to return, but the man put his fingers into his ears, and ran on, crying 'Life! Life! Eternal Life!' So he looked not behind him, but fled toward the middle of the plain.' We should like to have heard BUNYAN cross-examine this critic. . . . An incognito correspondent, who sends us a short poetical communication for our Magazine, and a long prose one to read, that is destined for another, remind us of WALPOLE's reply to a Catholic, who was defending the large faith and frequent fasts inculcated by his sect: 'You give us too little to eat and too much to swallow!' . . . We agree entirely with the Editor of the '*Magnolia*' Magazine, that one who can throw off lines so admirable as the following, from the Southern '*Companion*,' deserves to be known and cherished as a true poet:

MY FATHER.

BY H. R. JACKSON, ESQ., OF GEORGIA.

'As die the embers on the hearth,
And o'er the floor the shadows fall,
And creeps the chirping cricket forth,
And ticks the death-watch in the wall;
I see a form in yonder chair,
That grows beneath the waning light;
There are the wan, sad features—there
The pallid brow and locks of white!

'MY FATHER! when they laid thee down,
And heaped the clay upon thy breast,
And left thee sleeping all alone
Upon thy narrow couch of rest,
I know not why, I could not weep—
The soothing drops refused to roll;
And oh! that grief is wild and deep,
Which settles tearless on the soul!

'But when I saw thy vacant chair,
Thine idle hat upon the wall,
Thy book—the pencilled passage where
Thine eye had rested last of all:

The tree, beneath whose friendly shade
Thy trembling feet had wandered forth—
The very prints those feet had made
When last they feebly trod the earth:

'And thought, while countless ages fled,
Thy vacant seat would vacant stand—
Unworn thy hat, thy book unread,
Effaced thy footsteps from the sand;
And widowed in this cheerless world,
The heart that gave its love to thee;
Torn, like a vine whose tendrils curled
More closely round the falling tree!

'Oh, Father! then for her and thee
Gushed madly forth the scorching tears,
And oft, and long, and bitterly
Those tears have gushed in later years;
For as the world grows cold around,
And things take on their real hue,
'T is sad to learn that love is found
Alone above the stars with you!

ONE of our correspondents once asked: 'Who was that singular 'Dick' who wore the 'odd' hat-band; and why are 'P.'s and 'Q.'s required to be minded any more than any other two letters of the alphabet?' This latter term we have lately learned was originally addressed to persons who were in the habit of running up scores of ale at London taverns, which were kept in columns of chalk-figures on the walls, with the initial 'P.' or 'Q.' over each, indicating pint or quart. 'Mind your P.'s and Q.'s' therefore probably originated with some ancient teetotaler, in giving advice to an extensive tippler 'on tick.' . . . As an act of sheer justice to Mr. DICKINSON, the printer of this Magazine, whose watchful care and skill are so conspicuous in the aspect of its pages, we cannot forbear to say, that throughout the Union its execution is declared by the public journals to be wholly unsurpassed. 'The KNICKERBOCKER,' says the New-York *Daily Tribune*, 'is more beautifully printed than any Magazine in the known world;' and the Southern '*Orion*,' itself a model of typographical neatness and taste, in noticing our issue for July, observes: 'This is the first number of a new volume; and we find the wisdom of a remark in our first number, that 'we dared not say the execution of the KNICKERBOCKER was unsurpassable,' for it is even now surpassed. The present issue appears in the most beautiful typographical garb that ever graced a periodical. It is printed throughout from new type of exquisite mould, from the new and extensive foundry of Mr. DICKINSON, its printer; and out of the English annuals we have never seen a more *recherché*-looking page.' . . . We can very well afford not to be offended at the comments contained in the curt letter of '*Junius*,' of Baltimore, upon our notice of his communication, in our August issue. Let it all pass. We would only have him remember, that the deepest rivers have the plainest surface, and the purest waters are always clearest. Crystal is not the less solid for being transparent. The value of a style rises like the value of precious stones. If it be dark and cloudy, it is in vain to polish it; it bears its worth in its native looks; and the same art which enhances its price when it is clear, only debases it if it be dull. . . . If the correspondent who sends us, in response to our brief remarks upon 'Imprisonment for Debt' in our last Gossip, '*A Tale of Truth*' will furnish us with the names of the parties to the unmanly and base transaction he narrates, we will insert them in full in the text of the article. We know not which to choose; the smooth-tongued, accomplished persecutor, or the 'heard-hearted, monkey-faced ignoramus.' As 'samples' of humanity, they forcibly illustrate VOLTAIRE's sententious description of mankind: '*Moisié*

singes et moitié tigres !' . . . We did not allude to the *style* of 'N.'s' article in our private note to him. Our objection was to his *views*, which *might* have been 'acceptable to that class of persons' for whom he wrote ; but that class is small, while our readers are many. Every monthly issue of the KNICKERBOCKER goes before more than forty thousand persons. It is not perused and torn up, like a newspaper, but it is kept, read from week to week, and then bound up for *future* perusal. It is our aim to treat all sects, political or religious, as nearly alike as possible. . . . The paper entitled '*Straw-Bail*' is more suited for the pages of the 'Law Reporter' than for the KNICKERBOCKER. As it is 'left to our discretion' however, the writer must pardon us for extracting 'a plum : ' 'Are you worth eighteen hundred pounds, after all your debts are paid ? ' said a London magistrate to a Jew, who had been placed before him by an attorney, to justify in bail for one of his roguish clients. 'Eighteen hunder' pounds,' replied the Jew, 'is a great deal o' monish ; I have n't got half so much ; but as the attorney has given me a twenty-pun' note, what am I to do with it ? ' 'Put it in your pocket,' said the Judge. The old man folded up the bank note deliberately, placed it in his pocket-book, and retired.' . . . Although out of the great political current, *we* too would fain rejoice at the reign of peace, brought about through the late ASHBURTON treaty. War is decidedly *unpopular*. The time has gone by when a WELLINGTON would be upheld in his desire for 'no better sport' than to meet a *colonne serrée* within his murderous lines. Records of such 'sport' would not read well in any despatches of this era. . . . '*Despondency !*' Oh, paha ! Excuse us, friend 'P. S.', but we do not desire to help any similarly-constituted mind to 'ruminating food' such as yours. You are only the temporary victim of *ennui*, 'a malady which generally arises from the *want of a want*,' and which constitutes the complaint of those who have nothing to complain of. 'Time drags wearily,' you say, yet 'neither fortune nor friends you lack.' Very well ; 'live on a shilling a day, and *earn* it.' See if *that* won't help your case. . . . We have seen since our last an account in detail of the proceedings at the Literary Fund Dinner in London, at which Mr. WASHINGTON IRVING was present, and to which we have heretofore briefly alluded. PRINCE ALBERT presided, and introduced the toast of the evening, 'Prosperity to the Literary Fund,' with a brief speech, which was delivered in a voice clear and harmonious, and a manner calm and subdued. After PRINCE ALBERT, CAMPBELL followed with a toast to HALLAM the historian, who replied in a liberal, manly, and inaudible little speech, and was succeeded by MOORE, 'with a bald, shining head, sparkling features ; an exceedingly little man, gray-haired, but fresh-colored and lively, enjoying apparently like FALSTAFF a latter spring.' He was followed by TALFOURD and the Marquis of LANSDOWNE. 'The only other person,' we are told, 'to whom the anxiety of the meeting was much turned, was WASHINGTON IRVING. So popular are the writings of this gentleman, and so admirably has he drawn the traits of old English character and feelings in his Sketch-Book, that he is regarded by most readers with a sort of affectionate attachment, as if he were personally identified with all that is amiable, interesting, and venerable in our national character and rural tastes. He revived the style of ADDISON ; its higher graces, sportive gayety, and tenderness ; but added a dash of romantic feeling, derived from sympathy with the rude but eloquent tribes of Indians, the huge primeval forests, and wild traditions of his native country. When Mr. IRVING rose, there was an immense clapping of hands and waving of handkerchiefs. He simply, in a few words, returned thanks. The accomplished American is an unaffected-looking man, being not unlike a respectable farmer, or a plain 'stout gentleman,' averse to all parade and display.' Our readers will be glad to learn that Mr. IRVING is once more at anchor in Spain, which has always been to him a fairy land, and is in the enjoyment of excellent health and spirits. It must have been gratifying to GEOFFREY CRAYON to receive the royal compliment to himself with which the Regent closed his reply to the Minister's modest and brief address on presenting his credentials : 'I am delighted, Sir, that *you* should have been chosen to convey to me the wishes of the American government.' The King had n't heard, we may suppose, that the author whom he thus welcomed and honored had stolen his laurels from the brow of a Spanish historian ! . . . A friend in Washington has sent us a humorous account of a house that is haunted by the shadow of a ghost ! It is addicted to great precision in its hours ; being in this respect quite equal to HOOD's ghost, that came 'reg'lar at twelve o'clock every night, took a drink at the pump, and after having quenched hisself, was-ished into wapor ! ' Ghosts are things a good deal talked of but seldom seen. . . . We alluded in our 'Gossip' for July to an article which we had received from an esteemed correspondent upon '*Domestic Architecture* ; ' a subject that is just now exciting a good degree of interest among our citizens. Being written in some haste, the writer has withdrawn it, for the purpose of substituting hereafter a paper which shall do more elaborate justice to the subject. We hail with pleasure the increasing taste among us for a higher order of domestic architecture ; and we shall take good care to keep our readers advised of its progress. We hope, in external architecture, hereafter to see more of the *Gothic*, and less of what a friend of ours terms the '*Ironie style*.' The Grecian has

become amazingly common. Grecian temples form everywhere our principal country-houses, and *almost* all their out-appendages. When 'Trinity-Church, that noble conception of its architect, Mr. UPJOHN, shall have been completed, it will afford to untravelled Americans some idea of the *poetry* of Gothic architecture. Even now, before its graceful tower has begun to spring loftily into mid-air, and while yet nothing, as it were, is at all complete, the merely limned edifice has well nigh 'become religion' in our eyes. . . . 'Public Charities,' we are *sorry* to say, (for we respect the writer's head and honor his heart,) is inadmissible, and for one only reason; it is so closely and badly written, upon both sides of spongy paper, that it is in some places wholly illegible. The motto is admirable: 'To the word *alms* there is no singular, in order to teach us that a solitary act of charity scarcely deserves the name.' . . . When will 'M.' resume those admirable sketches of his, which were wont to set the town on a roar? His repeated *promise* is cherished still, malgré our long, patient and fruitless waiting. The enterprise of an old English writer 'defines our position' exactly: 'I am studying the art of patience; to drive a *snail* before me from this town to Moscow; neither use goad nor whip to him, but let him take his own time!' . . . The attempted imitation, in the essay upon 'The Book of Job,' is unsuccessful. The sublime majesty and royal magnificence of the Scripture poems are above the reach and beyond the powers of all mortal intellect. . . . We must *see*, before we can consent to publish, the 'Exposé of a clique of three or four small *littérateurs* among us.' 'Every now and then,' says the writer, 'one of these personages writes a little piece, and the rest praise that little piece, expecting to be lauded in turn for their own little pieces!' . . . 'An Hour at a Lapidary's,' if its records are veritable, will make *somebody's* cheeks tingle, if it shall hereafter appear in our pages. Is it indeed *true*, that some of our young bucks, whose 'blood' they decline to trace, are 'served at a seal-engraver's with just such crests as they may choose from the 'Book of Heraldry?' Some kind person should furnish these parvenus with such flourishing trees of genealogy as CHATTERTON forged for the *bourgeois* of his native city. . . . 'My First Dramatic Lesson' is a very good love-story, and only lacked *one* thing to have insured its publication. It happens not to be original. If our correspondent will take the trouble to look over (but that he must have done) Mr. H. T. TUCKERMAN's pleasant volume of 'Rambles and Reveries,' he will find in the interesting story of 'The Thespian Syren' the entire matériel of his own 'carefully-written' tale. . . . Would that you could have 'forgathered' with us the other evening in our beloved sanctum, reader, and perused with us original and unpublished letters from ANTOINE CANOVA, CHARLES LAMB, BARON STEUBEN, and kindred 'men of mark,' artistical, literary, military, and civil; including an interesting document under WASHINGTON's own hand. It shall go hard but our readers shall know more of these in a subsequent number. . . . We decline to enter the lists for or against *Allopathy* or *Homœopathy*. The theme is neither literary, nor akin to it. There is a species of sublimity in the practice of the former, which brings, like NAPOLEON, large masses to bear on a given point; yet the latter must be the more desirable method to the *patient*, to whom a little medicine will naturally be the most grateful. We desire to have nothing to do with either system. 'A plague on *both* your houses!' say we. . . . 'An old lady combatted the idea of the moon being inhabited, with the emphatic argument that the thing was wholly impossible; 'for,' said she, 'what becomes of the people in the new moon, when there is nothing left of it but a little streak?' 'There have been various surmises on this subject; but it seems to *us* quite evident that if, as has often been asserted, 'the moon is made of *green cheese*,' the very fact settles the question of its being inhabited; reasoning from analogy, and the best lights we have on hand. . . . We must inform our fair Boston correspondent, who favored us with the 'Lines written after visiting Mount Auburn,' in our August issue, that she is in danger of losing her identity in these pages, under her present *nom de plume*. 'LONG' is the signature of Mrs. M. E. HEWITT, for many years an occasional contributor to this Magazine; and indeed it was from *her* pen, as we inferred, that the lines in question proceeded. . . . We welcome two rare contributors, in the gentlemen to whom we are indebted for 'The Antiquarians' and the 'Three Passages in the History of a Poet,' in preceding pages. The first is remarkable for its graphic and vivid descriptions, and the second for the mingled vigor, beauty, and humor which pervade it. The satire elicited from the scene in Westminster Abbey is not less just than felicitous. We remember a piece of verse, we think by HOOD, describing a Sunday-visiter, a foreigner, listening in rapt devotion to the music of the organ, dying away amid the long-drawn aisles and fretted vaults of the Abbey. He was apostrophizing the spirit of the solemn and hallowed pile, when he was touched on the shoulder, and a gruff voice exclaimed:

'Service is done; it's tuppence now
For them as wants to stop!'

WE have accidentally encountered the second number of 'The Great Western' Magazine,

'chiefly devoted to American Literature,' and published in London under the supervision of Mr. ISAAC C. PRAY, who went out, as we learn, as an agent to secure the first copies of attractive publications in England for one of the mammoth newspapers in this country. We allude to it only to say, that as the editor has seen fit in the number before us to place in succession some forty or fifty pages of matter written for the KNICKERBOCKER, he might at least have given us credit for the articles thus 'conveyed.' We are informed that a like proportion of unacknowledged papers from this Magazine may be found in subsequent issues of 'The Great Western.' The publishers however, as we are informed, have given notice that with the fifth number the work expires — just as 'Puffer Hopkins' was announced to appear in its pages! It is an unlucky circumstance, that what was here left *unfinished* of this intense novel, for the lack of a few readers, should fail of being *commenced* in London from the same cause. We thought it was to have been concluded in the 'Boston Miscellany,' but it should seem not. It was given out too, after the death of 'Arcturus,' of which it was 'the attraction,' that the conclusion was to be issued in an extra-sheet; yet the reading public, on aching tip-toes, still await the *dénouement* of this sadly-humorous and laughably-pathetic 'work.' . . . The 'Hits at Poetical Styles,' from which we quoted an amusing passage in the 'Gossip' of our last number, did not originate, we are informed, in an English magazine, but were written by PARK BENJAMIN, Esq., for the 'American Monthly.' . . . Where is 'Fidnew?' . . . We are more vexed than we care to express, that owing to an accident the conclusion of the interesting story of 'The Hermit of Cetara' is delayed until our next number. Among the articles on file, and under or awaiting consideration, are the following: 'The Cadi and the Robber,' a Turkish tale, translated from the Turkish language, by the author of 'An Audience with Sultan ABDUL MEJID;' 'The New-Year's Night of an Unhappy Man;' 'The German Scholars of the Sixteenth Century;' 'An Evening Stroll;' 'Schiller;' 'Rose-Hill Cemetery,' Macon, Ga.; 'Auction Sketches;' 'The Fine Arts;' 'Idleberg;' 'Bar-rooms and their Occupants;' 'Béranger;' 'The Poet;' 'The Fratricide's Death;' 'Passages from Jean Paul;' 'Buxeter;' 'Luis de Camoëns;' 'A Story of the Heart;' 'Reduplicate Forms in English;' 'Battle of Laupen;' 'The Insensate;' 'Oyster Biography;' 'Night,' by 'H. H.,' etc. Several of these we have as yet been unable to find leisure to read, while others have been heretofore promised insertion. But our correspondents *must* pardon us. We do the best we can, all circumstances considered, of which they must needs be ignorant.

'DYMOND'S MORALITY.' — Mr. C. S. FRANCIS has published, in a small and neat volume, a work greatly needed at this juncture, entitled, 'The Principles of Morality, and the Political Rights and Obligations of Mankind. By JONATHAN DYMOND. Abridged, and provided with Questions, for the use of schools and of young persons generally: by Mrs. CAROLINE M. KIRKLAND.' These abridged essays, Mrs. KIRKLAND tells us in her preface, have not unjustly been ranked among the wonderful productions of our day. The author was a young man, a member of the Society of Friends, who, destitute alike of the gifts of fortune and the leisure of the scholar, pursued his researches after moral truth within the narrow precincts of a linen-draper's shop, from which he drew his subsistence. The energies of an acute and pious mind are here devoted to the preparation of a system of morality which rejects every effort to accommodate the simple precepts of the SAVIOUR to the corruptions or the weakness of men, and every device of short-sighted Expediency. 'The style, though Doric in its simplicity, has yet a majesty which is the material result of the writer's profound conviction of the truths he is imparting. Firmness and modesty, energy and mildness, are the characteristics of the book, as they were those of its lamented author.'

PERKINS'S ALGEBRA. — The author of this work claims only to have judiciously combined and arranged principles already known; although in the methods of *operation* he has presented much that strikes us as entirely original. The work contains, for example, and for the first time in this country, unless we greatly mistake, a demonstration and application of STURM'S theorem, by the aid of which the learner may at once determine the number of real roots of any algebraic equation, with an ease greatly enhanced. The method too of finding the numerical values of the roots of cubic and higher equations, will doubtless be new to many. It takes us back to academic years, these shadowy spectres of 'polynomial fractions,' 'eliminations,' 'binomial' and 'multinomial theorems,' subtraction, multiplication, and addition of 'surds,' etc.; and we derive satisfaction from the thought that *modern* learners may avail themselves of the 'aids to knowledge' which were denied to less fortunate students, with only BONNYCASTLE to assist their exertions.

L I T E R A R Y R E C O R D .

'EWBANK'S HYDRAULICS AND MECHANICS.' — It is necessary only that we should mention that the work whose title-page is quoted below proceeds from the house of the Messrs. APPLETON, to satisfy the public of the character of its externals. In regard to its internal merits, it should be stated that the programme of the author affords but a mere skeleton of the various cognate branches of his main themes, with which, with unusual appositiveness, he enlivens and illustrates his scientific researches: 'A Descriptive and Historical Account of Hydraulic and other Machines for Raising Water, ancient and modern; with observations on various subjects connected with the Mechanic Arts; including the progressive developement of the Steam-Engine: descriptions of every variety of bellows, piston, and rotary pumps; fire-engines, water-rams, pressure-engines, air machines, cœlipiles, etc.; remarks on ancient wells, air-beds, cog-wheels, blow-pipes, bellows of various people; magic goblets, steam-idols, and other machinery of ancient temples: to which are added, experiments on blowing and spouting tubes, and other original devices; Nature's modes and machinery for raising water: historical notices respecting syphons, fountains, water-organs, clepsydreæ, pipes, valves, cocks, etc. In five Books; illustrated by nearly three hundred engravings. By THOMAS EWBANK.' It is a cruel mortification, says ROBERTSON in his 'INDIA,' in searching for what is instructive in the history of past times, to find the exploits of conquerors who have desolated the earth, and the freaks of tyrants who have rendered nations unhappy, recorded with minute and often disgusting accuracy, while the discovery of useful arts and the progress of the most beneficial branches of commerce are passed over in silence and suffered to sink into oblivion. This work will go far toward reversing this order of things, by associating with practical science, of constant application, the scattered facts that bear upon the various branches of which it treats.

WORKS ON CHEMISTRY. — We find on our table two important and valuable works on chemistry; one from the press of the BROTHERS HARPER, containing KANE's 'Elements' of the science, with additions and corrections, and arranged for the use of the universities, colleges, academies, and medical schools, of the United States, by JOHN WILLIAM DRAPER, M. D., Professor of Chemistry in the New-York University. As a text-book, this work is pronounced the best extant in the English language. The details, of minor value, are interpolated in small type, so as to preserve the scientific text proper, for the ready acquisition of the student. The other volume is from the press of Messrs. WILEY AND PUTNAM, and contains LIEBIG's 'Animal Chemistry, in its application to Physiology and Pathology:' edited from the author's manuscript, by WILLIAM GREGORY, M. D., Ph. D., etc., of Scotland. An extensive series of phenomena are here treated in their chemical relations. The work is looked for with great interest; insomuch that two publishing houses, one in Boston and the other here, have issued editions of the work; both protesting that each is the legitimate LIEBIG, and that the contrary assertion of each is a *big lie*. Both editions are good, however, and so is the work itself. Each will find a ready and extensive sale.

'THE FUTURE.' — The poem thus entitled, and which was delivered before the Association of the Alumni of Washington College, Hartford, (Conn.,) in August last by Rev. JOSEPH H. NICHOLS, lies before us, with external attractions in keeping with its character. It is altogether a *neat* production. Its style is simple, its diction chaste, and its rhythm musical and correct; while the imaginative and descriptive portions evince an agreeable fancy and a fine eye for nature. We have perused it with pleasure, because it is unambitious, and aims to please without desiring to startle. We had marked for insertion the touching tributes to the memory of the gifted HILLHOUSE and the pious and lamented HOBART; but our crowded space forbids. Messrs. HITCHCOCK AND STAFFORD, New-Haven, are the publishers.

SETTLEMENT OF KNOXVILLE, TENN. — We have read, with a pleasure which we always derive from a perusal of the records of the rise and progress of the different portions of our glorious country, and especially of the great West, 'An Address delivered before the Citizens of Knoxville, Tenn., on the semi-centennial anniversary of the settlement of the town, by THOMAS W. HUMES, Esq.' As a mere literary performance, it might be objected to it that it is somewhat too florid in its style; but truth to say, the theme of the speaker would excuse the fault of ultra fervor and elaborateness. There are historical facts of more than poetic interest, though of that they largely partake, in this Address, to which we shall endeavor to refer hereafter.

'KABAOSA.' — We are glad to acknowledge the receipt of a handsome volume, illustrated by two or three clever engravings, entitled, '*Kabaosa, or the Warriors of the West: a Tale of the Last War.* By Mrs. ANNA L. SNELLING.' We find it to sustain the promise which we indicated in a notice of the earlier portions of the volume, which appeared in the serial form. The scenes are laid in the country bordering on Lakes Michigan, Erie, and Saint Clair; and the stirring occurrences of an eventful era in our history; the contests with the aborigines in our borders; the conquering of their renowned chiefs: the captivity of brave men and braver women, and the cowardice of one who vaped to no end but disgrace, shared unfortunately by his country; with a love-episode running like an artery through the book; the whole written out from authentic records kept by a near relative of the author, who narrates not only 'what she saw, but part of which she was;' all these make '*Kabaosa*' an entertaining production. A second edition confirms the prediction which we early ventured to make of its success. The writer, we understand, has another volume on the eve of publication, entitled '*Stories of the Revolution.*' Her means of obtaining attractive original matériel are rare and abundant.

HARPERS' 'LIBRARY OF SELECT NOVELS.' — The BROTHERS HARPER have 'hit the nail on the head,' and they will 'drive it home.' They have announced their intention to publish the novels of JAMES, BULWER, and other popular English writers, in an octavo form, upon good paper and a clear, legible type, for *twenty-five cents* the novel! A new work by BULWER, '*The Last of the Barons,*' will be issued as soon as the last pages of the manuscript shall have been received from the author. 'The works introduced in this edition,' say the publishers, 'will be given complete, without omission or abridgment, and in the neatest and handsomest manner. The paper will be of excellent quality; the sheets will be dried and pressed, so that the volumes will be in order for binding; and as the price is lower than that of any edition or form in which such works have ever been published here or elsewhere, a liberal encouragement from the public is confidently anticipated.' And well it *may* be, gentlemen! '*Pelham,*' '*The Disowned,*' '*Devereux,*' '*Paul Clifford,*' etc., have already appeared.

'THE HAND-BOOK OF NEEDLEWORK.' — In this very useful and elegant work, by Miss LAMBERT, the directions for plying the needle are plain and easy of comprehension, and the plates which accompany the letter-press and illustrate the designs, will be found of great assistance to the ready acquirement of the art and its numerous principles. It contains ample instructions for drawing patterns, purchasing implements, framing and properly finishing work, etc. The several chapters comprise, stitches, embroidery, canvass-work, crochet, knitting, netting, braiding, applique, and bead-work. There are some brief historical chapters that are curious: they give a cursory glance at the progress of needle-work from the time of Moses to the present day. The volume is a fitting ornament for the table of the drawing-room or boudoir. Messrs. WILEY AND PUTNAM are the publishers.

'THE BOOK OF THE NAVY.' — This superb volume, from the press of Messrs. APPLETON AND COMPANY, deserves a more elaborate notice than we have leisure to write or space to print, at the late hour at which we receive it. It 'comprises a general history of the American Marine, and particular accounts of all the most celebrated Naval Battles, from the Declaration of Independence to the present time.' The whole is compiled from the best authorities, by JOHN FROST, A. M., of Philadelphia. An appendix, containing numerous naval anecdotes and several patriotic songs, appropriately closes the volume. The embellishments are, fine portraits on steel of distinguished naval commanders, and numerous good engravings, large and small, from original drawings, by WILLIAM CROOME. Briefly, the work is beautifully printed, full of interest, and admirably illustrated. It will certainly be popular, and secure a continuous sale.

THE DRAMA: DEFERRED ARTICLES. — Notices of the Theatres, the opening of the PARK, Mr. FIELD's new comedy, (which had more merit than fair play, though not 'well considered in the scenes,' and otherwise faulty,) together with brief reviews of the following works, are unavoidably omitted, although in type: '*Science of Common Things;*' '*Ormusd's Triumph, or the Fall of Ahriman, a Drama;*' '*Token of the Heart;*' '*The Departed,*' a Ballad, the words by PARK BENJAMIN, Esq., and the music by Miss ELLEN BLUNDELL; '*The Rose of Sharon, for 1843;*' '*DE WETTE on Human Life, or Practical Ethics;*' '*Hope Leslie,*' by Miss SEDGWICK; '*Attractions of Language;*' '*Mineral Springs of Virginia;*' Dr. PAYNE's *Essays;* '*Canticles of the Church;*' and '*Ecclesiastical Chants*'

THE KNICKERBOCKER.

VOL. XX.

NOVEMBER, 1842.

No. 5.

IDLEBERG.

‘SWEET Auburn! loveliest village of the plain!’

THE time is distinctly within the memory of that ubiquitous personage, the ‘Oldest Inhabitant,’ when Idleberg was not. Scarce half a century has passed, since the smoke of a single hunter’s fire, kindled in the valley, arose above the tree-tops to mark the hour of its birth. Legends of savage warfare, and stirring tales of man’s heroism and woman’s fortitude, are linked by garrulous age with its earliest history. Here the wild Pawnee once kindled his watch-fires and tracked his game, and sang his bloody pæans over the captive pale-face. Here the red man’s track was beaten with many trails; and amid the gleam of tomahawks, the flashing of arrows and the yells of a savage foe, the white man built his cabin, and erected an altar to God in the wilderness. And then the dark picture of the past, filled as it was with waving forests and dashing rivers and howling wild-beasts, was rolled up as by an enchantress, and the landscape was filled with fields of waving grain, cottages of plenty and contentment, and churches whose spires pointed to heaven.

You will look in vain for ‘Idleberg’ on any extant map of North America. It recognizes no metes or bounds save the belt of forest trees that environ it, and the blue sky above it. The inquisitive traveller would find it in the bosom of a shady valley, so hidden by majestic forests and embowering trees, that the wayfarer, in an absent mood, might almost pass its bounds without being aware of its existence. Yet within that narrow and obscure retreat lies a mimic world, replete with life and enjoyment. Virtue stands at the helm of our tiny bark, while Prosperity fills its sails. We have our philosophers, our statesmen, and our poets, who, though their fame has never extended beyond the precincts of the village, are convinced that the great globe itself would be annihilated but for their constant guardianship. Here the portly burgher smokes his evening

pipe, dreaming of untold town-lots and the mayoralty. Here the student burns his midnight lamp, and wastes the fires of youth, to catch a passing breath of fame. Here blooming maidens wax gay and beautiful, gathering roses from the morning-air, and sentiment from the moon. The waves of faction are rarely waked into commotion here; ambition and avarice never haunt the tranquillity of our quiet citizens; and while the tide of popular excitement is foaming and fretting about us, we ride securely at anchor in our quiet nook, unharmed by the eddies that dash their spray above our heads. On rare occasions, it is true, our worthy burghers are aroused from their spell-bound repose; and in the event of a great political meeting or popular election, our most dignified denizens are apt to lay aside their every-day gravity, and assume a holyday frolic and enthusiasm, even to the extent of hallooing and throwing their hats in the air. But soon the torrent subsides; the artisan retires to his shop, and the merchant to his counting-room. Tranquillity unfolds its banner over the village, and lo! there is a great calm. I have often thought that if the bard of 'Auburn' had ever placed his pilgrim foot upon this soil, so consecrated to quiet, contentment and repose, he would have lingered long in these pleasing solitudes; now displaying his grotesque figure in the village-dance, now breathing from his flute the merry melodies of England; and now recording with his pen the inspiration of his muse, until Auburn and Idleberg would have been blended in one common immortality.

There is not a nook or corner within its bounds but is hallowed by some delightful reminiscence of childish merriment or youthful bliss. There is a lively, babbling brook that flows along its suburbs; and she who sprang into life and beauty by its margin, and still makes her toilet in its placid mirror, is quite as worthy of the poet's enthusiasm as the Mary who adorned the borders of 'Sweet Afton.' Indeed, we have paid such tribute to genius as to appropriate the name so celebrated by the Scottish bard; and *our* Afton, when Spring adorns the valley, is gemmed with butter-cups and water-lilies, springing untutored into the golden sunlight. The mocking-bird is often seen, at his favorite hours, haunting its margin; and the timid dove at twilight

' Loves to lave
Her plumage in the holy wave.'

There infantile sailors embark their boats of chip, laden with rich cargoes of nuts and pebbles, and watch with the anxiety of older mariners their tiny craft as they are whirled in its eddies and dashed down its mimic cataracts. How often, when life was as merry and as tranquil as that stream, have I listened to its song, and sported with its waves, and bathed my young brow in its cooling waters, and dreamed of the heaven that was mirrored in its bosom!

On the summit of the hill beyond, stands a dark dismantled mansion, where our old master used to teach the young idea 'how to shoot.' Had I then been versed in the classics, I should have likened that spot to a modern Arcadia, rich with the spoils of antique lore; and the cool spring hard by, to the fountain of Helicon; and

our venerable master to a second Plato, expounding to his youthful auditory the mysteries of the sciences. We were as wild and happy a throng as ever winked at the crack of a birchen-rod, or rejoiced at the advent of a holyday. But now the tenor of our existence has changed. Though Time has laid his hand gently on that band of brothers, his touch has still been felt. One has composed himself to enjoy the sweets of domestic life; another has gone far over the seas; some have forgotten the golden dreams of childhood, and are accumulating dollars and cents; and of the many who commenced life with similar omens, not one retains a single vestige of the simplicity of his school-boy days. The old mansion itself is crumbling beneath the ravages of Time: wild vines cling around its mouldering walls; the owl hoots from its untenanted hall; the mingled buzz of master and pupil is hushed; and the old school-house totters like a hoary relic of a past century. I often meet its former proprietor in my walks. Age is creeping rapidly on his palsied limbs; his air becomes more venerable every day; and I never see his mild eye beaming kindly upon me, nor feel the warm grasp of his hand, but a gush of the holy memories of my school-boy days flows over my soul. Be my lot what it may, I shall never forget the kindness of my earliest school-master.

The horizon of Idleberg is bounded by a distant range of hills, rising like ivy-mantled towers, and girding it about like the stronghold of some old feudal castle. Standing upon the loftiest eminence of the village, the eye may wander over interwoven plains and forests, until the green hills rise in all their beauty to the view. Custom has given them the title of 'Knobs,' though their towering summits might deserve a more high-sounding appellation. They retain many of the features of a primitive wilderness, which the hardiest pioneers have failed to subdue; and many a giant oak still braves the storm there, that braved it a hundred years ago. There the pine and cedar flourish in evergreen luxuriance, and the stag makes his lair in safety. They are favorite places of resort for all romantic youths and legendary young ladies, who in an hour's ride may bury themselves in their recesses, and commune with Nature in her wildest moods. My earliest recollections of boyish adventure point me to the time when, retiring from the dusty streets of the village, with a few chosen spirits, I loved to linger amid these pathless solitudes; to breathe the pure air of the hills; to watch the free deer as they bounded by me; and to dream away the long hours of a summer's day in recalling the romantic associations which consecrated every vale and hillock around me.

And how shall I speak of the girls of Idleberg? Shall I say that their number is legion, while their individual attractions are irresistible? Shall I say that they are peerless in their beauty, matchless in their domestic virtues, and endowed with all that loveliness which throws a charm around the very name of woman? Shall I speak of dark eye-lashes and rosy lips, and lofty brows where Thought sits enthroned, and little twinkling feet,

'Elastic from whose airy tread
E'en the slight harebell lifts its head?'

By no means! We have no village belle; no 'bright, particular star.' We have few flirtations and fewer marriages; in fact, marriage is rarely heard of, save through the newspapers. Cœlebs wields his gentle sceptre here, and seems to have entered into a league with old Time, to hold his withered hand, and throw fresh beauties each succeeding year around his faithful votaries. Are not the flowers more beautiful every spring? Are the stars less bright because they have been shining for centuries? Full many a gem in the crown of Idleberg derives additional lustre from the fact that it was a gem a quarter of a century ago. There are many 'girls' in our borders, who, with all the airs of a Miss of sweet seventeen, can relate marvellous personal adventures of the late war. They may be seen at all the convivial parties, which constitute the high life of the village, tossing their jetty ringlets as prettily and smiling as sweetly as ever; while behind their blushing visages reposes the accumulated wisdom of half a century. But I reserve the farther consideration of this interesting subject for a place in a forthcoming work upon the 'Antiquities of Idleberg.'

The music of Idleberg constitutes one of its chief attractions. There is not a school-boy but beguiles the tedious path to school with snatches of song; not a maiden but lends the charms of her voice to the magic of her smile. Pianos or spinning-wheels buzz in every cottage; violins and flutes make every street melodious; while an occasional Yankee singing-master 'wakes up passengers' into a great state of admiration and astonishment while inducting his pupils into the mysteries of the gamut. The lover of Nature's own melodies may be entertained by the songs of birds that have just donned their spring attire, and are commencing those beautiful symphonies that will not be hushed until stern Winter resumes his reign. The amateur of martial music is often delighted with the warlike sounds of drum and fife, inciting to deeds of unheard-of valor the 'Idleberg Invincibles.' Opposite my window, at all hours of day and night, may be heard the plaintive notes of a Frenchman, who is enamored of one of our *belles*, playing most lugubriously the popular air, 'Thou reign'st in this bosom,' and nothing else at all. I am often enabled, when the nights are very bright and still, to occupy an unobserved seat, and luxuriate in an ideal world of sound, by withdrawing myself from all else save the opera which I imagine is being performed in the stray notes that rise and fall around me like invisible spirits. Now a solitary jews-harp breaks the stillness; now a concert of flutes and violins bursts on my ear; and now the soft bugle echoes again and again in the far distance, until lost in the deep bosom of the night. Presently the magical sound of a wind-harp issues from yonder window; it seems to rise and swell around me, lulling every thought of earth, and wafting the heart to heaven. From a still farther distance, are borne the light notes of a guitar, mingled with the eloquence of song, rising, melting, dying on the ear. Little does the fair player dream what fearful havoc she is making in our bachelor heart! By such means, stealing in fancy from this secluded village and these familiar streets, I am borne to

the dazzling panorama of the distant world, to see and enjoy all that poetry and romance have consecrated ; the voluptuous skies of Italy, the moon-lit palaces of Venice ; and can almost imagine that I hear the dip of the gondolier's oar, and the sound of his song, stealing sweetly over the waters.

Sunday at Idleberg ! Its advent is hailed with joy by the villagers. Its influence begins to be manifested on the previous evening, by busy culinary preparations which insure the pious custom of dining on cold rations on the morrow, as well as by certain purifying operations, in which each mother is prosecutor and all small children defendants. As is customary in most cases where might gives right, the vanquished combatants retire sullenly to bed with clean faces and polished hair, to dream of holyday and clean clothes on the morrow. Gay crowds of merry children, the happy faces of the sedate Idlebergers, going with their retinues to church ; the prancing of rustic steeds and the rattling of aristocratic carriages, attest the pervading influence of the Sabbath, while the bells from time to time diffuse an air of still greater repose over the village. Sweet Sabbath ! How many hearts beat high with hopes on this holy day that cannot be stilled this side of the grave ! How often then do we turn to the still church-yard, to muse above the turf that hallows the repose of friends whose voices have ceased to give the hearty welcome, whose vacant seats can never be filled ! How often do we turn from the gay world to the sequestered spot, undistinguished save by a single block of marble, yet the chronicler of aspirations which brighten the gloom of the grave, and point to an unfading existence, where tombs nor monuments record no melancholy stories of departed worth ! Thus we acknowledge the hallowing influences of the Sabbath ; until, as day declines amid the glories of the western sky, we exclaim with the old poet :

' Sweet day ! so pure, so calm, so bright,
The bridal of the earth and sky ;
Sweet dews shall weep thy fall to-night,
For thou must die ! '

The tourist who would learn most of the habits and institutions of the people among whom he sojourns, visits first their temples and their tombs. Thus the traveller in England, that he may know the majestic institutions of the 'fast-anchored isle,' loses himself in the imposing grandeur and time-honored magnificence of Westminster Abbey, or wandering in search of beauty and simplicity amid the aisles of ivy-clad village churches, or the mossy grave-stones of rustic cemeteries. But the loiterer amid the quiet shades of Idleberg would be greeted by other spectacles than these. He would hear but the chimes of our Sabbath bells. He would see only our homely churches, around whose glittering spires the early robin wheels her airy flight, and within whose walls religion assumes a garb of beauty and simplicity. As he wandered through the waving grass of the little church-yard, he would learn where innocence and beauty lay buried, and see how affectionate Memory has beauti-

fied the homes of the dead with waving evergreens and weeping willows.

There is a beautiful melody, in which the lyre and the muse have contributed to illustrate the dear associations of an 'old arm-chair.' The experience of every day is sufficient to remind us how slight a thing affection will cling to; 'the iron-bound bucket,' 'the old farm-gate,' the most trifling relics of departed friends, the least-valued mementos of vanished pleasures—all form ties of such holy tenacity, that it were sacrilege to sunder them. To love the barren rock, the sterile desert, the howling waste, it needs only to have been *born* there, and to call it by the endearing name of HOME. I have read strange stories of captives who have been shut out from the light of the blessed sun, buried fathoms deep in gaols and dungeons, until the very vermin had become their familiar friends, and when the prison-doors were thrown open that they might be free, they have turned away from the pure air and gone back to die, as they had lived, in darkness and in chains. I have sometimes thought, that if my own choice could have allotted my early destiny, I would have selected the ocean for my birth-place, with the sleepless stars for my sentinels, and the bounding bark for my cradle. How delightful to have awoke into existence amid the rolling of billows and the dashing sea-foam, and to have identified one's future lot with that spirit of untrammelled freedom whose 'home is on the deep;' to have heard, blending with a mother's lullaby, the sailor boy's song, and the sound of the rolling waves rejoicing in their majesty and might! How much more endearing are such associations of early life, when connected with the quiet retreats of a country village such as Idleberg! I do not know that the casual stranger would find much to admire in its unadorned simplicity; and yet there are many hearts that throb with renewed pleasure whenever, after a long absence, its green lawns and white cottages rise in beauty to the view. And thus, even to the wanderer through many strange lands, there is a charm that lingers about one's birth-place. The scenes which have greeted us from childhood become doubly endeared as the hand of Time dims the brightness of their early impressions; and though we wander the wide world over, beholding all that is beautiful and magnificent in nature and art, we ever turn from our pilgrimage, like the wearied dove, to enjoy the friends and the scenes which elicited our earliest love. Happy Idleberg! happy in the quiet virtues of thy citizens, thy unadorned simplicity, thy matchless beauty; blessed indeed is he who, far from the Babel din of cities, may repose beneath his own vine and fig-tree, within thy ample precincts, inhaling the purity of his native air, and passing away his life without a murmur for the past or a thought of the future! May the stars that gild thy horizon never grow dim; may the guardian spirit that presides over thy destinies, never fold his wings nor desert his post! May the march of improvement or the rude hand of Time never mar thy pristine charms; but leave thee as thou art, a pleasing land of birds and brooks and flowers; a child of innocence and song; a poet's dream of beauty and delight!

What I love more than all else, is the rural spirit which pervades the streets and cottages of Idleberg. Had not the age of superstition passed away, I could almost imagine that beings of a brighter world loved to hover around our shaded walks and garden-spots. Our worthy burghers, it must be confessed, have but little poetry in their composition; yet their white cottages are decked with the woodbine and the rose-bush; while each has some favorite nook reserved among cabbages and gigantic sun-flowers, for the eldest daughter, where she may cultivate all those token-flowers which catch so easily that butterfly-thing, the human heart. My ear too is often delighted with the lowing of herds, the drowsy tinkle of sheep-bells, and the sound of falling waters rising from the suburbs of the village, and giving it an air of homely contentment and rustic ease. While the notes of the piano may be heard blending with the buzz of the spinning-wheel, the voices of birds, fresh from their native woodlands, steal softly on the quiet evening air. The love of birds and flowers and quiet pastoral scenes is an instinct of our nature, springing to life like a bright exotic amid the sterner affections of manhood. Though banished from the Eden that bloomed along the borders of the Euphrates, the heirs of a lost inheritance may still cast their eyes over this beautiful earth and catch many a lingering gleam of celestial glory. Earth and sky are still glowing with flower and star, and cloud and mountain, as beautifully as at creation's dawn; and the impassioned lover of Nature in her quiet moods may still see her gay banners displayed at morning and evening, in token of another and a brighter existence.

Amid the beauties of Idleberg I can enjoy such scenes as made the Moslem's paradise. If I desire the sympathy of guileless hearts, are they not here, to gild my path and throw around my soul the light of their holy communings? If I would slumber, are there not green, grassy spots, shaded by the deepest foliage, and softer than beds of oriental down, where I may be borne to a land of dreams by the songs of running brooks and bright-winged birds? If I desire music, it comes to me from the robin at dawn, and the dove at twilight; in the voices of childhood, and affection, and beauty. I hear it now, in the zephyr which wafts a thousand odors from the bowers of our village girls; and nightly, when the stars grow dim, I am lulled to slumber by the music of a neighboring fiddler, whose harsh discords are softened by the distance, and blend delightfully with the unwritten melodies of the midnight hour.

I have read of climes beyond the sea, which poetry and romance have consecrated. Though my travels as yet have been almost bounded by the horizon of Idleberg, I have an insatiate passion for seeing the distant world, with its trophies of art and its monuments of grandeur. I should delight to stand wherever human heart has beat, or human footstep trodden. I should delight to look on the pyramids, and the land which they have immortalized; to wander along the sands of the desert, and rest in the shadows of its palm-trees; to stand among the ruins of Palestine and gather the holy memories that throng about them; to stroll amid the scenes of the

Orient and the land of the sun; to set beside the dark-flowing Rhine, rich with its legends of ghostly lore, and to dream away my existence in classic Italy, gazing upon its sunset skies, its blooming vales, its relics of departed magnificence and glory. Yet in the darkest hour of my exile, thoughts of the long-forgotten past would steal over my soul; bright memories would throng around me of the friends of my early youth, and of the quiet, obscure spot which claimed my boyhood's love; and I could turn away from the dazzling splendors of a heartless world, content to pass the remnant of my life amid the quiet retreats of Idleberg. And now, in this dim mellowing light, it lies as silent and serene as the slumbers of infancy. The birds have folded their wings, and 'gone to sleep right in the face of heaven;' the night-air steals gently through the woodbines that cluster around the cottages of the Idlebergers; and the full round moon, as she rides high in heaven, smiles as sweetly on this scene of beauty and repose as though it were the most renowned spot on earth.

OLIVER WEST.

July, 1842.

THE SONG OF THE GAY MAIDEN.

A SUMMER RHAPSODY.

OH! where is the dark wing of Sorrow on earth,
 Of which the sad dwellers so mournfully tell?
 To me it seems sparkling with pleasure and mirth,
 No shade but to shelter, no gloom to dispel;
 And the shadow that's darkest in all my bright hours
 Is checkered by sunshine in rose-covered bowers!

With mantle of orange and black velvet crown,
 Like an autumn-leaf glances the oriole gay;
 And gaily the mocking-bird sways up and down,
 By its own music rapt, on the quivering spray:
 But they leap not so light as my own blithesome heart,
 That flutters to music itself can impart.

Like a bower with wild prairie-roses entwined,
 Whose blossoms without tell the fragrance within,
 The joy that bursts out from my breast unconfined,
 Speaks the peace in which raptures so thrilling begin:
 And I see not, I know not, I care not whence come
 The thoughts and the passions that overwhelm in gloom.

If sometimes the cup of the tulip-tree flowers
 Be filled and cast down by the tears of the sky,
 It may be no marvel, when fate sternly lowers,
 If the crushed heart fall drooping and withering die:
 Yet I see not, I know not, I care not for this,
 While still lives the blossom for breezes to kiss!

S. D. D.

EDWARD ALFORD AND HIS PLAY-FELLOW.

BY THE AUTHOR OF 'WILSON CONWORTH.'

CHAPTER SIXTEENTH.

'CREEDS must not take the place of virtues, nor professions of principles.'

DEWEY'S SERMONS.

WHILE Mr. Thomas Towley was pursuing his studies for the ministry at Cambridge, the reader must not suppose he was unmindful of that little family of brothers and sisters he left on the Plains. The small but ample fortune he obtained by his wife, together with the product of his labor, added to the earnings of the brothers and the father and mother, for poverty had taught them all to be industrious, placed the whole Towley race in a very enviable condition in the eyes of their neighbors.

Old John kept on filling his strong box, and still chose to be his own banker. No arguments of his son could induce him to invest his profits so as to draw interest upon his money. In his opinion the hard specie was the only money good for any thing, and he, the owner of it, the only proper person to take charge of it. He was content with his small and sure gains, and kept on adding to his heap until his box was a 'good round lift for his self and the old 'oman,' as he used to say.

The saving and thrifty habits of foreigners who land upon our shores may teach the restless Yankee valuable lessons. Not that he should, like many of them, give his whole soul to small gains; but their success in accumulating small fortunes by plodding, dogged adherence to one thing, should convince him of the truth of that maxim respecting the 'rolling stone.' Now we have in mind two Irishmen who have been in this country six years and upward. They are worth from seven hundred to a thousand dollars a-piece; and what are they doing? To be sure they are just in the place and situation where they began to earn. They are coachmen in private families. Their wages have been from ten to fourteen dollars a month, as the times have varied. They have expended nothing unnecessarily in dress, in drinking, or pleasuring; mixed but little with other servants, and have been happy in the prospect of a sure independence. This has been enough for them. And now at the age of thirty they are about to marry and emigrate to the West; to live on lands of their own, to bring up families in their own good habits of economy. And we know too several native Americans who started in life in the same way. They are just where they were ten years ago, perhaps a little the worse for wear; they have taken their pleasure as they have lived along; and hence the contrast in their situation to those we have mentioned. They have had no object, no definite object, to steady them, but have

hoped that somehow, in this free country, where any situation is possible to any body, a fortune would come into their grasp. They have 'faith,' but they are wanting in 'works;' while the Irishmen have had both 'faith *and* works.' Our people have certainly much to learn about the meaning of our 'equality;' that it is a political matter; an equality of rights and privileges; that it does not divide fortunes; that here as well as in other countries each man must strive for his social standing; and that all that republican institutions can do is to see that each one has a fair chance in the struggle. And it may as well be stated here, that, as pure republicans, we are as free to acknowledge and recognize that rank and elevation which are the consequences of good habits, untiring industry, and intellectual cultivation, as any people on earth; that every one by the strictest reading of our principles may choose his own associates; and that to be 'hail fellow, well met' with all the scum and froth one may meet any where, has no more to do with free political institutions than it has with a titled nobility. We say it is time our own people as well as foreigners understood that free government does not bestow rank, wealth and intellect; these things must be worked for, delved for, here as well as elsewhere. Nor does equality in political rights preclude the practice of those gentlemanly habits, that refinement and that reserve of life, if one chooses it, which give such a charm to the high, aristocratic grades of other countries. It has been supposed and stated by some people, that to be a republican is to be a kind of free-and-easy personage, intruded upon and intruding, in defiance of all rule and delicacy; skilful in the use of bad grammar and cant phrases; ready to run a foot race, take a drink, swap watches, or trade horses with any customer on the ground. Such are some of the pictures by which we have been libelled; having however some shadow of apology from the practices of certain office-seekers among us, who delude the ignorant out of their votes by affecting for the time a coarseness of dress and manner which does not belong to their persons, but is rather emblematical of the character of their minds.

It would give us pleasure could we record the old age of John, the gardener; but a faithful regard to truth compels us to state, that he stopped too long and too often at the stores on his way home from market; where it was the custom for the butchers and market-men to meet and drink success to their business. The old man spent but little money, for the passion of gain was stronger in him than the passion for drink; but he took enough to impair his health, and just at the time that his family were in the road to fortune, he died of an inflammatory fever.

When the box was opened there were found therein three thousand dollars in gold and silver; a sum which seemed exhaustless to the owners. In the same box was a will, drawn up in a school-boy hand by John himself, in which, after speaking in the highest praise of his wife Jane, he left the whole sum to her use and disposal.

We have not yet noticed the daughter of this honest couple, born

some seven years after her brothers, the pet of the family, and remarkable for her sprightliness and beauty. The mother was careful to keep her at school and take upon herself all the drudgery of the household; and nothing but the influence of Tom prevented her being a spoiled child. But he insisted so strongly upon her being accustomed to household duties, and had so much influence with his sister Charlotte herself, that she escaped the injudicious kindness of an ignorant mother; and after his own book-education was in progress, Tom undertook to regulate the studies and reading of his sister, and at the time of her father's death she resided with him and Mary at Cambridge.

Charlotte Towley was one of those persons who seem to take every thing by instinct. Before she went to dancing-school she could dance like a sylph; without any scientific knowledge of music she sung like a siren. All her movements were graceful; that superior grace of nature which owes nothing to art; the model upon which the art is formed. Possessing great sweetness of temper, her disposition needed little training; and her quickness and love of knowledge made the task of instructing her rather a pleasure than a labor.

Every teacher will sympathize with our friend Tom in the delightful occupation of leading along a bright, happy mind in the paths of learning; one ready to see every beauty, to feel every truth, to respond to every high sentiment, and who seemed to prove the saying of Plato: '*Nihil aliud est discere, nisi recordari*:' 'To learn is only to remember.' And this is the happiness and reward of the teacher, that the surprise and delight of every new mind that he introduces into the temple of knowledge, however often he may travel the same steps, seem to give a freshness and novelty to the familiar word, and the glow of youth kindles anew in his heart the enthusiasm of a first discovery.

To perfect her education, and in accordance with the advice of her brother, Charlotte began to test her acquirements by attempting to impart to others what she had learned; and indeed she was desirous of learning that art for which the possession of knowledge is only one requisite; that she too might enjoy that independence of position which ought to be as necessary to the happiness of woman as of man; and which is equally essential to her progress. There was little difficulty in New-England in finding an opportunity for putting her laudable design in execution. And she soon found out the secret of the *art*, which is, *the love of knowledge for its own sake*, and not for the money it enables one to acquire. 'Whenever,' she said to her brother, in one of her letters, 'I go to my daily duties with my head filled with calculations of the profits of the school, I find my pupils dull and spiritless; a formal, oppressive deadness is apparent in all the exercises; and it is only when I myself feel, that I can excite attention and interest in others; and I have discovered that an acquaintance with the sciences and with language makes but a small part of the qualifications for teaching. The greatest difficulty I have is in keeping my mind alive to the real importance

and objects of my task, amid the thousand little annoyances which perplex me; to throw off those influences which attack my temper and love of ease. To make others love knowledge, I must show its effects in my conduct and heart; and I must utter myself with a studied plainness and an earnest simplicity.'

The young school-mistress, so handsome and pleasant, so unaffected and humble, with her remarkable acquirements, and with such a fine voice, was sought for in all the schools in the neighborhood. The committee-man from Braintree succeeded in engaging her services by great good luck; and as Mr. Farrar, who acted in that capacity, was carrying home his prize, in his Sunday-chaise, drawn by his bleached bay mare, whose tail, stuck full of burrs, and tangled mane, offered a queer contrast to the silver-washed mountings of the Sunday harness, he failed not to make himself acquainted with all the particulars of the young lady's family, and among other facts learned that she had a brother just licensed to preach.

A few hours after their arrival, all Mr. Farrar had learned had become the property of the village. The news of the Rev. Mr. Towley came to the ears of the church committee, and one of that body was despatched to engage the young man to fill the vacancy that had just occurred in their pulpit. So by the merest accident in the world our hero was called to preach in the village of his birth.

The arrival of a new clergyman is an event of no small interest in any American village. It cannot be denied that we are a church-going people, if not a pious race. We do not wish to underrate the motives of people, but we cannot help believing that a large class go to meeting as much for the amusement as from any sense of religious obligation. We have so few public amusements, so few festivals of any kind; our villages are so dull and void of any healthy excitements; that the church-bell which tells us that somebody is going to speak audibly to a congregation, and that the exercises will be interspersed with singing, and perhaps an anthem or a christening, is hailed as a relief from a monotony that is benumbing all our faculties.

People who live in cities, and who seek the country for repose and rest from the wearying excitements of the town, can form no idea of the stagnation of mind and heart that an unvarying country residence produces. And if it is not stagnation, it is something worse. People will and must have excitement; something to stir up their minds. The body requires it; vegetation requires it, and has it in the frosts and thaws of spring, in the tempests and hurricanes. The air has it in the thunder and lightning. The winds bend the branches of the trees to quicken the circulation of the sap, which is their blood. Man is endowed with a taste and a love for the beautiful and grand, that he may be *moved* and stimulated, and he never laughs without aiding his digestion; and if tears answer no other purpose, they wash his face and take the dust from his eyes. Yes, our people must have excitement; and so in times past, drinking was very common in the country, and a good

deal of sly gambling was carried on in the country towns. The ladies took to scandal and tea, to which a few of the *very* moral young men were admitted by favor, as it was said, but in fact to furnish news and food for this abominable habit. How many matches have been broken up by these little village cabals! What tears have flowed, what injustice and hatred and animosities have they not occasioned! And all only to have a little agreeable excitement to keep up their spirits. The men and women who escape the meddlesome malice of these village pests may fairly rate themselves without a flaw or imperfection. For what the female gossip cannot see, and what has escaped the eyes and observation of that more detestable being, a male scandal-monger—a man degraded to the menial task of carrying little items of intelligence to be worked up into lies by more ingenious hands—no one, it may be argued, can discern.

How could our hero be other than successful in the new position to which he was called? Strange indeed would it have been, if he who had *worked* his way thus far to an honorable standing as a scholar and a man, should have failed when his native and acquired energies were sustained by a cause which of all others calls out the talents and resources of the human mind. If a man finds no eloquence in his tongue, no inspiration in his breast, when he undertakes to address his fellow beings upon the salvation of their souls, he may take it for granted that oratory is not his gift. There is many a preacher who passes for more than he is worth, and is rated higher than he ought to be when compared with men of other professions, solely from the advantage his subjects give him.

But if the minister is thus favored by circumstances, it is but a fair balance in his case to what he suffers in the person of his better half. Heaven protect the minister's wife! for she will find no mercy elsewhere. Her domestic arrangements will always be too profuse or too pinched; her dress too tawdry or too plain; her manners too blunt or too ceremonious. She can never be just right, do what she may. A thousand pair of eyes are upon her at all times. She can have no privacy, no hour to herself; no choice in her associates; no tastes of her own. She is the property of the village, the butt of all the scandal and gossip in the neighborhood, by immemorial custom. Heaven strengthen and support her!

Mary bore the trial for her place quite as well as her husband. If every body was delighted with Mr. Towley's animation and zeal, his fine argument and natural, unaffected oratory, the sweetness of Mary quite won the love and interest of all who approached her. Poor Mary! she thought not of the ordeal that awaited her when she should be the wife of a settled minister, and the novelty of a first introduction should be over. And Charlotte's sweet voice added not a little to the excellence of a Sunday's service such as Braintree never expected to see. The matter ended, as might have been supposed, by giving Mr. Thomas Towley a unanimous call to take charge of the society, which was accepted unhesitatingly by Tom and Mary.

The meeting between Edward Alford and his play-fellow was just what it ought to have been. Edward approached his early friend, feeling ready to accord to him the place he had earned; and he was the more willing to do so because he felt that *now* he had honors of his own to depend upon. After the ordination, which soon followed, and the Rev. Mr. Towley was settled in a home of his own, they again became inseparable friends, and without reserve communicated to each other all their struggles and successes. Nor was the admiration only on the part of the young lawyer; for well could his friend see the hand of Providence in the reverses he had suffered, and honor the fortitude and manliness which turned them to so good account.

Many were the happy hours passed in the study at the parsonage, when Mary and Charlotte were admitted by favor to take part in the free interchange of thought and opinion, which is only tolerated at home; when the young parson told his stories, the anecdotes of his early years, the wise maxims of Robert, and the many scrapes into which his peculiar course had plunged him, as no one but a parson can tell such things; the humor and farce being doubly broad when coming from lips which are supposed to utter nothing that is light and gay and joyful; a supposition by the way which most clergymen, even those of the strictest creeds, deny, by being the most agreeable, witty, and liberal men in the world in private intercourse. But not less happy were the more serious hours, when the conversation happened to turn upon those topics which nerve the mind with a calmer and deeper joy; when were recounted the imperishable riches, the unspeakable happiness which the soul may attain; and the young minister, looking fondly at his wife, would sometimes draw such pictures of heaven, and talk so confidently of being sure of meeting again with Robert and Mary, and all his dear friends, that Edward and Charlotte, charmed with the loving manner of the speaker, were led into such trains of thought about eternal friendships, and plighting of hearts for eternity, as brought the color to their cheeks when their eyes met in sympathy with the words they were hearing.

CHAPTER SEVENTEENTH.

'Let then labor, the world's great ordinance, take its proper place in the world. Let idleness too have the meed that it deserves. Honor, I say, be paid wherever it is due.'

Dewar's Sermons.

CONCLUSION.

ONE year after the settlement of Mr. Thomas Towley in the village of Braintree, on a Sunday morning before church time, the town-clerk was busily employed in opening the little glass case which hangs generally near the front door of the meeting-house. He held in his hand a small slip of paper, on which was written: 'Marriage is intended between Edward Alford, Esq. and Miss Charlotte Towley, both of Braintree.' Having fixed it in the case, and locked the door of it, he noiselessly retired, smiling to think that he

was the first repository of a secret which in an hour or two would set up such a commotion in the village.

As the church-goers collected, many a young man read the publication, wishing his name could occupy the place filled by that of the fortunate young lawyer; and not a few of the village maidens would have been willing to stand in juxtaposition to the same person on a like occasion. Both the parties appeared at church, but looking very much as usual; and many eyes in the congregation sought in vain to discover some token in the lady and gentleman which should indicate the fact that they were about to be married. Owing to some cause, it was asserted that the voice of Charlotte, as she took her place in the choir, was less distinctly heard than usual. As for Edward, he maintained during the service the same devout attention which of late had characterized his presence in church.

It may be expected that we should relate the causes that led to this happy event; but in fact the engagement of the young lawyer and the fair school-mistress was of too rational a nature to offer room for remark. It is already well understood by the reader that Charlotte was a very amiable and well-educated lady, and that the gentleman was of a marriageable age and doing a good business in his profession, and yet without a wife. It is also understood that the early friendship was renewed between the young men, and by consequence that Charlotte and Edward were brought into close proximity. Can any thing be more natural than that a feeling of love should spring up between the sister and the friend of her brother? There is no romance in such an affair, but there may be a great deal of happiness; and the more happiness because little romance: for the actors of a romance may say truly with the frogs stoned by the boys: 'Though it is fun for you, it is death to us.' We feel happy to record the union of two persons in their sober senses; and were we to prolong our story, we should have nothing to tell beyond the usual arrangements upon such an event. Let it suffice then to state that Edward and Charlotte were united by her brother in the bands of matrimony; that many children were born to them in the course of years; that the parsonage also, as usual, furnished its due quota of population; and that the young people of both families grew up in paths of religion, industry and happiness.

The declining years of Lady Alford, as the people would call her, were cheered by the society of her grand-children; and her death-bed was soothed by the presence of her son and his wife, with his early friend and Mary.

Looney never deserted the family in all its changes. Wedded to the newspaper, he became a kind of Peter Parley to the young people, and continued to retail the news to whatever audience he could command. His invention increased as his memory failed; and never at a loss for a word or a fact, he was a favorite of all that large class who are content to hear a man talk words, even if he utter no ideas.

Jane came to live with her son, and became a very respectable fat old lady, with sense enough to hold her tongue when subjects

were introduced she did not understand. Lady Alford often met her at the table at the parsonage, and the old ladies kept up a very civil acquaintance during their lives.

The brothers of Tom Towley, blacksmiths still, kept the old sign good, and cattle are still shod on the Plains by one of the name, who yields to no member of the craft in skill and honesty.

If the reader has been able to draw no moral for himself from these pages, in vain would it be for us to attempt to impress one upon him.

N I G H T .

THE Night, robed in a glow of beauty, comes
From the dim west, sprinkling the effulgent stars
Upon the face of heaven. The noisy hum
Of Labor dieth into silence, and the wind,
Fresh from its home of clouds, through the fair grove
Speaks with a spirit-voice !

The light-winged bird

Hath poured its last sweet carol to the day :
Its song is heard no more ! The wavy hills
And forests, and the plains, sleep in a glow
Of silvery brightness, while the toiling herd
Rest in their fitful slumber ; and o'er man
Falls like a spirit-robe a calm repose ;
And hut and palace, with their rags and gold,
The beggar and the lordling, are alike
Wrapped in a deep forgetfulness ; while come
To each, unlike the blessings of the day,
Fair hopes in fairy visions, and instil
Their glowing words of promise, but with tongues
As noiseless as bright moon-beams wandering o'er
The fragments of old halls and temples, till
The sadness of reality hath changed to joy,
And sorrow is a pleasure !

Then too, upon

The restless come the rushing spirit-bands
Of long-gone days, and from the cloudy past
Flies, shooting upward, the pale weeping star
Of a lost hope ; until a life intense,
With beings from the trinity of worlds,
The Past, the Present, and the Future, fills
The soul with an unearthly sadness !

Dark mother of the universe ! Thou wert
Ere the round world and all the starry hosts
Burst smiling into loveliness and light,
And filled the boundless heavens with harmony ;
And shall be yet again, when Chaos strikes
With a strong arm the glory and the fame
Of Time into a shivering wreck ! To thee
I cry ! Here, in the silence of thy noon,
I pour my heart to thee ! The calms, and storms,
And whirlwinds of my life are thine, and they
Claim kindred with thee ; for like thee they are
Eternal, and do shun the sickening glare
Of light, and hum and press of men.

O life!
 In infancy, spring bashfully to being
 Thy tender flowers, which like rose-bushes bend
 Beneath a weight of sweetness; and they shoot
 On high with buds of promise richly laden,
 And grow into our hearts. A little while,
 And come the storms and whirlwinds fierce,
 And wring the blossoms from the naked stem,
 And bear them on to darkness!

Such is man's fate,
 And such, alas! is mine.

H A R V E S T M U S I N G S .

BY THE AUTHOR OF 'A NEW HOME,' 'FOREST-LIFE,' ETC.

Who can help falling into a reverie at the decline of a sultry summer day? Who can pass unnoticed the delicious changes in the light and in the air; the orange tints darkening into purple, and the hot breath of Day freshened by the soft-falling dew? The whip-poorwills 'striving one with the other which could in most dainty variety recount their wrong-caused sorrow,'* fill the woods with their plaints; the harvest-moon rises in the blue depths of ether, globular to the sight, not merely round; and of a deep golden orange color, like — like — Jerry Dingle says it is like 'the yelk of an egg that's been froze, and then dropt into a great tub o' bluin'-water.' Not so very unlike, good Jerry, as mine own observation witnesseth at this moment; and so, in the barrenness of our own sun-burnt and wilted fancy, we will let thy homely comparison stand for want of a better.

How still is this evening atmosphere! The breeze is not yet strong enough to wave the curtain; it only stirs it, as with an expectant thrill. Would it might come! with force sufficient to drive away some of these mosquitoes, whose attacks are enough to put to flight all romantic thoughts except those of boarding-school girls and midshipmen. The night-hawks are very busy; they have scented our broods of young turkeys; and there are owls enough hooting and flying about, to 'scare' any body that was not 'born in the woods.' The cows come lowing home, bringing with them a circumambient cloud of mosquitoes, to 'spell' those which have exhausted their energies upon us. One lone and lorn individual of the horned people stays mourning in the forest; probably calling with fruitless iteration upon her tender offspring, doomed to the knife at this season of 'boarding hands.' The katydids are high in their eternal disputation; and somewhere within hearing, though out of sight, is Jerry Dingle, with a rifle, getting his cradle ready for to-morrow.

* Sir PHILIP SYDNEY's 'Arcadia.'

Oh, mystery of mysteries were once these dark sayings to my uninitiated ear! Why should a 'rifle' be needed for reaping, since though grain shoots, nobody ever heard of its being shot? And the 'cradle?' Wheat waves, but why should it be rocked? Wild music called me once to the gate, and there stood Jerry with a whetstone sharpening a sythe, which had several slender rods arranged parallel with its curved blade, and now the riddle was read. But I have never learned to this day why a whetstone should be called a 'rifle,' while there is so different an implement of the same name so much in use among us. The 'cradle' seems more intelligible, because the pretty slender curved bars which help to lay the grain in regular rows as fast as it is cut, do bear some little resemblance to the form of rockers.

The operation of cradling is worth a journey to see. The sickle may be more classical, but it cannot compare in beauty with the swaying, regular motion of the cradle, which cuts at once a space as wide as strong arms, aided by a long blade, can describe; and at the same time lays the golden treasure in beautiful lines, like well-ordered hosts in array of battle. There is no movement more graceful and harmonious than that of a row of cradlers; none on which one can gaze by the hour with more pleasure. It suggests the idea of soft music — *siciliano* or *gracioso*.

The subject of the weather, always so valuable a resource in the way of conversation, is never more prominent than during the harvest time. Saving and excepting new year's day, when the beaux are apt to be, as Mr. C. said, 'hard up for talk,' and some few bitter days in February, when tingling fingers and crimson noses remind one inevitably of the state of the atmosphere, there is indeed no period when the weather is so universally the theme for young and old, rich and poor. In town this subjection to the skyey influences wears one aspect, in the country another. There is no part of the year when the difference between city and country views and habits is more striking. Those who have brought city habits with them to this green and growing world, and who naturally look back very frequently with feelings of affectionate reminiscence to the roasting brick houses and the broiling flag pavements which helped to ripen their earlier summers, are particularly alive to the change in their location and circumstances when this time comes round. How the citizen labors to be cool! How pathetically he descants on each particular stage of sweltering! How do magazines and dailies teem with articles which only to read bring the drops to one's forehead! What listless hours! what groans, what fans, what lemonade, what ice-cream, are associated in civic minds with the idea of the dog-days! What racing to springs and watering-places, what crowding in ferry-boats and rail-road cars, attest the anxiety of the urbane world for a breath of cool air! Recreation has become a serious business; amusement a solemn duty; for who can work in such weather? At Saratoga or the Falls, at Rockaway or Nahant, strenuous Idleness has but one aim — the killing of the sultry hours; and nobody will deny, that after all, the hours sometimes die hard.

We too labor to be cool, but it is after another sort. Our citizen who finds it difficult to sustain life at this season, even with the aid of baths and ices, may be curious to know how the wretched being whom necessity forces to labor under the sun of August endures the burden of existence; how often he seeks the cooling shade; what drinks moisten his parched throat; by what means he contrives to fan his burning brow. Fear nothing, oh! sympathizing reader! Save thy sensibilities for a more urgent call. This is a world of compensations. The laborer has neither shade, nor *punkah*, nor lemonade, nor even ginger-beer. He may get a drink of butter-milk occasionally; but the sparkling, ice-cold spring supplies his best beverage; and in place of all thy luxuries he lives from sunrise till sunset in a perpetual vapor-bath, of Nature's own providing; more refreshing by far than even the famed solace of the Turk; and he does his own shampooing so well that every power of his frame is kept incessantly in the very best condition. He would die on thy sofa.

Yes! in the country all is activity and bustle, at the very time when the seekers of pleasure are at their wit's end for pastime. It is the era not only *from* which, but *toward* which all reckon for weeks. 'I can't undertake it afore harvest.' 'Well, I'll see about it after harvest.' 'Wait till we know how the harvest turns out.' Does wife or daughter long for a new dress? 'I'd rather give you two after harvest.' Is a jaunt in question? The grain must be secured before it is talked of. Is a man 'under the harrows,' that is, hard pressed by his creditors? He begs only for a delay till after harvest. Not that all things turn out always according to the expectations of these sanguine calculators. But with the husbandman this time is the boundary of his immediate hope — his mental sensible horizon — the natural limit of his view. Hope, it is true, is in this as in other cases, often delusive enough; but the return of the season affords many a peg on which to hang bright promises that cheer from afar the weary way of the farmer.

When it comes, as we have said, all is activity and bustle. All energies are concentrated upon it, and every thing gives way to it. Politics for a time let go their hold upon the rustic partisan. He cares not for vetoes, nor even for tariffs; bad legislation stays not the ripening of corn; (fortunately for us all.) When the beneficent Sun has done his work, and wheat nods its brown head and sways languidly in the faint breath of the morning; when corn flings its silken banners abroad, and the earth seems every where burdened with Heaven's bounty; at this glorious season the farmer, with his heart and his arm nerved by hope, goes forth to put the finishing stroke to the year's labors. No fear of the sun's fervors deters or disheartens him. He fears only the delicious cooling shower which would drive his 'hands' to the barn, and perhaps detain his grain on the ground long enough materially to injure its quality.

To be early in the field is the farmer's maxim. He waits only for light enough to work by, before calling up his men, who are apt to be up before he calls them, so contagious is the enthusiasm of the hour. No one likes to be a laggard in harvest. And then the early

morning air is so fresh and so inspiring; the brightening hues of the pearly East so irresistibly glorious, the rising of the sun so majestic, that even the dull soul feels, and the dull eye gazes, with an admiration not unmixed with awe. Two hours' labor before the six o'clock breakfast lays bare a wide space in the field, for very numerous are the strong arms brought up to the work. This season is the test of the husbandman's capabilities, whether as master or man. The unthrifty is behind-hand in his preparations. He has depended upon *luck* for his assistants, and put off looking for or engaging them until the last moment. Luck, as usual, takes care of those who take care of themselves, and so neighbor Feckless is obliged to take up with the leavings. When it is time to begin, sythes want sharpening and rifles are worn out or lost, and perhaps a ride of ten miles is necessary to repair the deficiency. Before harvest is half over the stock of provisions proves scanty, and half a day must be spent in borrowing of the neighbors. With all these and many more drawbacks the work goes on but slowly, and the crop is perhaps not properly secured in season. Wheat will become so dead ripe that much is lost in the gathering, or perhaps successive rains, when it ought to be under cover, will rust and ruin it entirely. Neighbor Feckless has of course no barn; (in the new country better farmers cannot always afford one;) and being obliged to put up his grain in a hurry, it is perhaps not sufficiently dried, or not well stacked; in which case every grain will sprout and grow in such a way that the entire mass becomes one body of shoots, so that it must be torn apart, and is only fit to feed the cattle with. 'Bad luck!' sighs our poor friend.

Far otherwise runs the experience of the thriving farmer. All is ready betimes, and due allowance made for lee-way and 'peradventures.' He is not obliged to overwork himself or his people. He goes forward in his own business in order to insure its success. It is proverbial in the country that 'Come boys!' is always better than 'Go boys!' Neighbor Thrifty knows this so well that if he be not in the freshness of his strength, so that he can take the lead in mowing or reaping, he will yet engage in some part of the day's labors, which will keep him in the midst of his men, so that the influence of his eye and of his voice may be felt, without his incurring the odious suspicion of being a mere overseer or task-master. And what a various congregation is that which does his bidding! Not mere day-laborers—for the country furnishes comparatively few of these—but all men of all kinds. Do you want your wagon-wheel mended? The wheel-wright, if he have no fields of his own, is busy in those of his neighbor. The carpenter will not drive a nail for love or money, for he too is 'bespoke.' You are unlucky if your nag need shoeing at this critical period, for the son of Vulcan will not have time to light a fire in his own smithy, perhaps for a fortnight. Peep into the village school-house; you will find none there but minors, in a very literal sense; wee things who would be only in the way at home. All boys who are old enough to rake or run on errands are sure to be in the field, and the

girls are helping at home to boil and bake. The interests of learning have for the time the go-by. This is so well understood that in most places the master abdicates for the season in favor of the female sovereign, again to resume the sceptre when Winter grasps his.

Stranger than all, even law-suits are suspended, for the justice is in the field; witnesses are swinging the cradle; all possible jury-men are scattered miles apart, mowing the broad savannahs; and the contending parties themselves are too much engrossed, each with his own business, to wish matters pushed to extremities at such a crisis. Even the young lover almost forgets the flaxen ringlets of his sweetheart in the bustle of a field-day, and if he meet the damsel at evening will be apt to entertain her with an account of his achievements with the cradle or the sickle. Idleness is banished so completely that even the incurably lazy bustle about as if they too wished to do something. It is amusing to see one of this class at this juncture. In the general rush of business and consequent scarcity of strong arms, he knows that even his aid is of consequence. Feeling this to be emphatically his day, he is disposed to make the most of it. He accordingly assumes a swaggering air; don't know whether he'll come or not: but, on the whole, guesses he'll help! He braces up for the occasion, lays by his rifle and his fishing-tackle, and like a spinning-top whirls round bravely for a while, but if not now and then lashed into speed by some new motive, soon subsides into his natural state of repose. We have known a worthy of this tone promise to 'help' four different farmers, and after all, take down his rifle and 'guess he'd better go and try if he could n't see a deer!'

The good woman within doors is far from being idle all this time. Her's is the pleasant though rather arduous task of keeping the harvesters in heart for the labors of the day, and for this purpose she summons all her skill and forethought, and sets forth all her good cheer. Pies and cake and all manner of rustic dainties grace her bounteous board; for her reputation is at stake, since she is supposed at this time to do her very best. To set a poor table at harvest is death to any housewifely reputation. Good humor too is very desirable, where work is to be done; and to this we all know good cheer is apt to contribute; and no mistress likes to see her table surrounded by sour faces, even if the work should go on as well as ever. The providing for a dozen or two of harvest-hands is not a matter of any especial research; since although, as we have hinted, some delicacies are always included, yet the main body of the meal, three times a day, is formed of pork and hot bread. Where these are abundant, (and no Western farmer need lack either,) the adjuncts are matter of small moment. Pork and hot bread three times a day! No wonder they can work twelve hours a day! To labor any less on such diet would be suicide.

One of the pretty sights of these days is the passing of the huge loads of grain and hay as they are brought home to their several owners. There are generally three or four men and boys on the

top of each load, chattering merrily, urging on the cattle, and evincing in their tones and gestures a glad sense of bustle and importance which is quite infectious. One cannot help watching them as they toss and stack their graceful burdens, and sympathizing in their merry laughter, and almost envying them their light-hearted jocularities. By and by the wagon passes again, a mere frame, with a man or boy at every stake, holding on for life, and laughing and talking louder than ever, since the speed is tenfold and the jolting in proportion. The gradual completion of a stack and the final pointing out and thatching which is to secure all within from the weather, is an operation in which we often find amusement by the hour together.

The harvest-moon is a phenomenon which can hardly be passed over, in thinking of this season. As if to cheer and aid the husbandman on whose apparently humble labors the comfort, the very existence of the proudest is absolutely dependant, the moon shows her glowing face at nearly the same hour for a whole week, lengthening out the day with some hours of refreshing coolness. The surpassing beauty of her mild light can be fully appreciated only after a day of heat and dust and exertion. In the country, in the true wild forest, and after the labors of the harvest field, it has an ineffable charm. We will not call the harvest-moon a miracle, for astronomers explain her constancy; but we will say that a phenomenon so admirably adapted to the consolation and refreshment of the weary tiller of the soil seems to refer us directly to the divine benignity, which disdains not to watch over the comforts as well as the necessities of all.

Would I might add to this sketch of the labors of the harvest, that we do honor to its close by some innocent festivities like those which used to be known under the name of harvest-home. But alas! our holydays are only political; election days, when it is our business to vote, and 'Independence,' when it is our business to rejoice. We have no days consecrated to innocent hilarity; no days of the feast of in-gathering, over which harmless Sport may preside, gladdening at once the heart of young and old, and strengthening the links of human sympathy. But this is a work-a-day world, and we are a working people. Granted; yet we should work no whit the less for an occasional interval of gayety. But there's 'Thanksgiving' — true; and good as far as it goes. It is a family gathering; a set season for the meeting of near friends, and renewing of all thoughts of affectionate interest. In this new world we have scarcely begun to pay respect to this occasion: the custom is regarded partly as sectional, partly as inappropriate; for our family-friends, where are they? With our joy there would mingle a touch of sadness. We could not rejoice in thinking of the absent.

Are we wiser than our forefathers? — those of the olden time, when it was supposed there was a time for merry-making, among other good things in this world? Were the feast of harvest and the feast of in-gathering, which were ordained to the Jews by the

highest authority, purely ceremonial? Imperative obligation is allowed to attach to the command, 'Six days shalt thou labor, and on the seventh thou shalt rest.' Is no weight whatever to be given to that which immediately follows: 'Thou shalt keep the feast of harvest, the first-fruits of thy labors . . . and the feast of ingathering, which is in the end of the year?' A plain reader may reasonably be puzzled by the very great stress we lay upon the one, and the absolute neglect with which we treat the other. It is true we know but little of the especial form of these festivals, but we know that rejoicing made a part of them, and that the joy was heightened by feasting and music. Not only were these permitted, but commanded; only the revelry which attended them, when manners became corrupt, was condemned. Has the nature of man so changed that all this has now become unsuitable? Does he really eschew pleasures, or have his pleasures assumed a darker character?

T H E I N S E N S A T E .

I LOVE the Storm as it howls along,
And whirls the driving snow;
I love to hear the winds' wild cheer,
As wilder yet they grow.

What though pale Penury recoil,
While round her crazy home
The wintry blasts are sweeping fast,
And freezing as they come?

What though the unripe crops decay,
Or golden harvests fail
Beneath the Storm's relentless force,
And rush of blighting hail?

What though the shining beacon-light
Points out the port afar?
No homeward wake the ship shall make,
Mid all the windy war.

What though the staggering bark careen,
And swells the mountain wave,
While 'neath her lea the foaming sea
Yawns dismal for the brave?

What though the cheerful hearth-stone glow,
And waits the smoking board;
For dear one lost, poor tempest-tossed!
From life at length unmoored?

Still let the floundering ship plunge on,
Still freeze, ye wretched poor!
Rest, sleeping flail! — come, sweeping hail,
And blight the ripening store!

My life is sweet ; *my* gold is meet
 'To quell each rising storm ;
 Still let me cry : ' Ho ! merrily
 We 'll life with pleasure warm ! '

My sumptuous dwelling breaks the blast,
 No desolation 's here ;
 While always mine the sparkling wine,
 And never-failing cheer.'

Say'st thou, Insensate ! selfish, cold,
 No desolation 's there ?
 Thy *heart* plays Desolation's part,
 Mid all thy splendor's glare !

Boston, September, 1842.

R. C. G.

THE HERMIT OF CETARA.

BY MRS. J. W. H.

CONCLUSION.

' AFTER your departure, your father returned to this apartment, locked the door, and refused admission to all. I watched till the shades of night had fallen, then ventured to knock and ask if he would have lights. He answered : ' Yes, Anthoine.' I went in, set them on the table, and turned to ask if any thing more was wanting. I was shocked to see his ghastly and haggard countenance. ' Master, dear master,' I said, ' do not grieve thus. Pray, let me bring you some refreshment. My young master will return to gladden your heart yet. He will make a brave soldier, I know he will, for he is good and kind.'

' I doubt, Anthoine,' he rejoined ; ' and yet I have hopes, notwithstanding his bad propensities. Oh, who could think that a being so young could be so vile ; that with such a semblance of feeling and faith, evil passions could reign within ? Yet it breaks my heart, Anthoine, to think how my fair hopes have been blighted. The more worthless I find him, the more bitter are my tears. But to you it can be no secret ; you must know even more than I do ; for doubtless his brother conceals from me the worst.'

' I fear, rather, dear master,' said I, thrown off my guard, ' that he makes things worse than they are. That he may have had his follies at college is true ; but since his return he has often expressed to me such sorrow for his former misdeeds that I would rather believe his penitence than his brother's word.'

' I was shocked at the sound of my own voice, for I spoke with energy, and expected your father would rebuke me ; but, to my surprise, he appeared lost in thought ; then suddenly rose and walked several times up and down the room ; at length, turning to

me, 'Leave me, Anthoine,' he said, 'and see that I am not interrupted, not even by my son.' I bowed, and was leaving the room when he again called me, and after some hesitation said: 'Did you, Anthoine, see Edward depart?' 'I did, Sir,' was my reply. He again hesitated; at length he said: 'You saw then the tall gipsy-looking woman?' 'Yes Sir,' was my answer. 'She is a fearful being,' said he; and his face assumed an ashy paleness. 'Twice have I seen her, and each time she has warned me; but I may not whisper that warning even to the winds. Go, Anthoine, go. My mind is weak; I would be alone. Remember, I am not to be disturbed: and forget, Anthoine, that you have seen your master thus moved.'

'I bowed and left him: but for three hours I heard him pacing the apartment. I am more particular in recounting this conversation, that you may understand the state of your father's feelings on your departure. Your brother became the constant companion of Miss Alice. Time passed on. Your first letters came: after that your father seemed unhappy. Your second letters arrived; but there was none for your father.'

'None for my father!' I exclaimed, starting from my seat. 'What a monster of ingratitude he must have thought me! I never omitted any opportunity of writing to him. Anthoine, I had one lesson of disobedience and neglect, for which I have wept tears of blood; and for which my present sufferings are scarce an atonement.'

'Your father,' resumed Anthoine, 'was desirous of seeing your last letter to your brother: this was refused on the plea that it would give him pain. Dark hints were given. Your father's melancholy increased, and I thought I could perceive that there was not so good a feeling between him and your brother. One night, at a late hour—but how late I cannot say, for I had been sleeping in my chair—as I passed through the gallery to my bed, I heard voices in this room. They were those of your father and brother, and seemed in high dispute. I did not listen, but I loitered, and I distinctly heard your father say that he believed you innocent; that your brother had woven a tissue of falsehoods to drive you from your home and his affections; vowed that to-morrow should see him unravel the mystery; and if he found his suspicions correct, that though he was his son he would give him up to justice. Alas! that to-morrow he never saw!'

'The next morning I repaired as usual to his room to assist at his toilet. I knocked, but received no answer. I opened the door gently. The curtains of his bed were closed. I thought he slept, and softly left the apartment. In half an hour I returned—all still was silent. I purposely made a noise that I might awake him. Finding he did not stir I became alarmed. I approached the bed and drew aside the curtains. The bed-clothes were all smooth and straight as if they had been carefully so placed: but instead of hearing the soft breathing of my beloved master, the cold features of death met my sight. My feelings overpowered me, and I sunk senseless on the floor.'

‘When I recovered I was still alone, my master’s favorite spaniel licking my face and whining piteously. As I turned to raise myself my elbow rested on something. I found it was a slipper; it is here; (taking a paper from his bosom and unfolding it) it is your brother’s: no eye save my own hath beheld it till now. I concealed my suspicions and alarmed the castle. Your brother was the last that came. I begged him to assist me in disposing the limbs of the dead, but he would not come near. He stood resting against the foot of the bed, his handkerchief to his eyes, trembling like the leaf of the aspen. Your tutor was sent for. Grief took possession of the good old man’s soul; he shed tears of unfeigned sorrow, and remained by the body till it was consigned to the tomb. This is all I have to tell you concerning your father’s death, except one circumstance.’

‘Tell it quickly,’ I said, ‘while my reason holds!’

‘He then drew from his pocket a small paper, and carefully unfolding it, ‘This,’ said he, ‘as we removed the body to perform the last rites, ‘your tutor and myself found in the bed.’

‘I knew it instantly; I had placed on the finger of Charles at parting that agate-ring as a token of brotherly love; on that hand I had every reason now to believe, which had deprived a father of life. In that moment I forgot even Alice, myself, and the world: I prayed but for retribution on the murderer; then remembering he was my brother, I wept. But tears were unavailing: they would not restore life to the departed. I rose and said with fearful calmness: ‘*Anthoine*, henceforth I will *act*, not weep. Go on; let me have the rest of the story while my mind can bear it.’

‘He thus continued: ‘I have little more to tell save that a suspicion rested on the mind of your tutor, which he once, and never but once, breathed to me. It was on the eve of the day that saw your father’s remains consigned to the grave: the funeral train had all gone to their homes; the moon shone beautifully bright; and I sought the grave of him I might well call my only friend, to weep in silence. As I approached, I found the spot already occupied. I thought it was your brother; and my mind reproached me for my evil suspicions. I was mistaken; it was your tutor. He advanced: ‘*Anthoine*,’ said he, ‘this visit to the dead but tells me what I before well knew: that you loved your master living, and will mourn him sincerely.’ Then, grasping my hand, ‘Tell me,’ said he, ‘as you hope ever to inherit that bright heaven above you, what you think of your master’s death.’

‘My frame shook, while I exclaimed in an agony of feeling: ‘I may not, dare not, even to you, breathe my suspicions.’

‘It is enough!’ said he, ‘they are like my own. Father of mercy!’ he fervently added, ‘protect my child, and direct me how to act! Here, over his sacred dust, join your hand with mine, and swear to watch every act, if possible, every thought, of him we may not name till this mystery is unravelled.’

Just then the moon burst from behind a cloud, brighter, I thought, than I had ever seen her, while we sealed the sacred promise; and past us glided at the same moment the form of the Gipsy. ‘The

vow is registered in heaven,' she said, and instantly was lost to sight. From that day the good old gentleman drooped. We never again spoke on the subject. The day before he died I called and found him speechless, and dear Miss Alice in an agony of sorrow. I learned your brother had not been there for many days; indeed he was seldom seen at the castle: all was changed. I did all in my power to soothe the sorrows of the dear young lady, for I knew she would soon be fatherless; but oh! she bore her sorrows nobly. Her patience and dutiful conduct to her parent I shall never forget; and her piety might be a pattern for saints.

'Soon after her father's death your brother became very constant in his visits; and as he never had asked me to do any thing in the way of attendance upon him, my time was very much my own; and I was almost a constant attendant upon Miss Alice. I thought it would be a sort of protection, and indeed I loved her,' continued he, wiping away a tear. 'I wrote to you, my dear young master. I have little more to say. Letters came, regretting you could not be here at the time promised when you went away, so your brother said, and begging Alice would procure a female companion and join you where you were stationed, mentioning some place where you would meet them, and requesting your brother to see her safe to you.'

'I groaned in bitterness of spirit. This then was the brother I had trusted! Oh, confidence betrayed! the wretch that feels thy sting drinks the bitterest drop in the cup of misery! Poor Anthoine exhorted me to patience.

'She requested me,' continued he, 'to procure for her a young woman to accompany her; and smiled through her tears when she spoke of going to you. Have you courage to brave the dangers of the ocean, my dear young lady? said I. Have I courage, Anthoine? she replied, and a tear dimmed her bright eye as she spoke; am I not going to him, to my all? Is there a danger I would not brave for him? a sorrow I would not endure? I love him, Anthoine, love him with purity and truth; and what to me is the danger of the sea? Thus, said he, while the tears quickly chased each other down his furrowed cheeks, thus she talked. The rest is soon told: they sailed; and a thousand times since her departure I have regretted that I did not tell her my suspicions: yet I knew not what to do; I might be wrong; and I thought, if she was but safe with you, the rest time would unravel.'

'Reader, imagine my feelings. It is impossible to describe them. The parched lip, the starting eye-ball, the choked sob, and bursting heart, even thou mayest have felt; but the dry sorrow that drinketh the blood was for woes such as mine. I knew this was no time to brood over my grief. My determination was taken. I ascertained what port they sailed for, and followed in the first vessel. The only pleasure I experienced during the voyage was the unholy one of contemplating how I would glut my vengeance on the destroyer of my peace, the murderer of my parent. I reached Naples, whither I learned they had gone, but I reached it a raving maniac, asking

each one I met, had they seen the murderer and Alice? None noticed me except to mock my affliction. Crowds gathered wherever I went, to look at the madman. I had at times gleams of reason; but so soon as a sane moment was mine, all my woes returned with seven-fold force; and as the lightning bursts the thunder-cloud that obscures the face of heaven, all appeared darker from the bright gleam that ushered in the storm.

‘ One day I had taken my usual stand in the Strada di Toledo; a crowd had gathered round me, many idly peering in my face, and asking if they were the murderer I sought; some one passing asked in broken Italian what was the matter? I started as a tiger from its lair, darted through the crowd, and in a moment the neck of the speaker was in my grasp. It was my brother. My reason returned; but it was only to find the misery of my madness. The by-standers soon released him, believing I had fallen on an innocent man. In vain did I tell them it was the person I sought, who I was, and that he was my brother. Each appeal but confirmed more fully their belief that I was a hopeless maniac. The monster was set at liberty; and I was confined in a cell, chained to the floor, and treated in all respects as a mad-man. A physician came: he was a humane man, and though he disbelieved all I said, yet he evidently pitied, and did all in his power to soothe and comfort me. Under his kind care, for he would sit whole hours reading to me, and endeavoring to divert my mind from the fatal thoughts that ever haunted me, I gradually grew more composed, and at the end of a month became an inmate of his dwelling. By degrees the family were less watchful of me, and at times I was permitted to wander on the beach for hours without interruption. A settled melancholy had taken possession of my mind, and the only pleasure I took, if pleasure it might be called, was in watching the white crest of the curling wave as it flowed at my feet, and at times feeling half inclined to make it my winding-sheet, and ’neath its shroud sleep the calm sleep of death.

‘ One day, more than usually depressed, for I had dreamed of Alice, I sought my favorite haunt, but this time it failed to soothe me; my passions seemed at war with my nature; the rankling thorn of memory pricked them to fury. I sunk on my knees and prayed for revenge on the destroyer of my happiness, the parricide, the fiend; and in the curse that then escaped my burning lip, I remembered not what in childhood we had been; I remembered not that on the same couch we had sunk to peaceful slumber; I remembered not that he was my half-brother; I prayed but for revenge. A well-remembered voice near me exclaimed: ‘ Seek, and thou shalt find it!’

‘ I sprang to my feet, and stood in the presence of dark Ellspeth. No awe hung o’er her presence now. Wretchedness had made me a fit associate for fiends, had they crossed my path; and had hell’s dark cavern opened wide its jaws to engulf me, I would have dared the leap to seek retribution on the murderer. Frantically I grasped her mantle, and wildly conjured her, if aught was in her art, howe’er unholy, to stretch its utmost limit and guide me to him I sought, that I might glut my vengeance. She spoke not, but pointing to a small

skiff which I had not before perceived, led the way and beckoned me to follow. Without question I obeyed; and the next moment saw us seated in the boat, the small white sail spread, and I was on the dark waters with the fearful Ellspeth.

'Spell-bound I gazed on the dark figure before me. She too was changed: the fire had left her eye, but her form had not lost its majestic bearing; her dress was the same as when I last saw her, and despite the change there was still enough left to fill the gazer with fear and wonder. Silent as we entered we reached the base of these mountains. She motioned me to land, but before I did so she rested her hand on my shoulder, and while our frail bark rocked on the swelling wave pointed to the mountain's topmost peak, and in a voice more faint and broken than I had ever heard it, chanted the following words:

'Neath you high mountain peak,
Where ne'er melteth the snow,
In the ravine where rushes
The torrent below,
The waters of Death
Loudly roar for their prey!
Fiends wait for the murderer!
Hie, hie thee away.'

'Oh, go with me!' I exclaimed: 'lead me but to vengeance, and I will be thy worshipper!' She motioned me to quit the boat, and frowning, sung:

'Away, up the mountain!
The trackless path dare!
The courage is strongest
That's nursed by despair.'

And ere I had dashed the sand and sea-spray from my garments, the prow of the boat was turned; the sail, which had been half lowered to allow me to land, was again spread; and I saw the light skiff, like a fairy thing of life, dancing on the wave till it turned a promontory and was lost to sight.

'Before me, then, lay the road to revenge; at least so implied the words of her who had never deceived me. It was rugged, almost inaccessible; but nigh the top towered Vengeance, a beacon-light to guide the injured on. I chose at once a path, untrodden it is true; but toil and danger were alike forgotten; and night closed on me ere I thought the mid-day sun had kissed my cheek. I coiled myself beneath a rock, and waited in solitude the dawn of morning; then again to my task, eager to taste the rich repast that fate had garnered for me. The ascent appeared no toil; for ever and anon the word 'vengeance!' cheered my way, and lessened much the distance.

'It was about noon, the second day, as faint and weary I sat, my burning brow resting on my hand, I thought I heard a human voice. I turned my eyes toward the spot whence the sound proceeded, and beheld a man bending over something on the ground. His dress seemed that of one who followed some lawless pursuit; a broad leathern belt, in which was placed a pair of pistols, a cutlass and dagger, confined at the waist a loose coat or tunic, of coarse mate-

rial. Indeed, his appearance was such that, fainting as I was with want, toil and sorrow, I would have preferred dying on that mountain, alone, to the company of him who was now only parted from me by a ravine, down which rushed a foaming torrent to its murky bed in the deep cleft below.

‘As I was revolving in my mind how I should escape his observation, for his presence gave me an indescribable feeling of dislike, he suddenly raised his head. It was my brother! — the murderer of my parent! The destroyer of my peace and happiness stood before me! The cry that burst from my parched lips as I recognized him, echoed far and wide. ‘Wretch!’ I screamed, ‘Heaven has given thee to my vengeance! and soon a son shall avenge a father’s murder!’

‘He heard my frenzied speech unmoved. ‘Fool!’ he replied; ‘thy valor would do wonders; but this gulf yawns between us, beyond thy power to pass.’ Then stooping to the ground, he raised in his arms a heavy burden, wrapped in the ample folds of a cloak. It was the almost lifeless form of my once beauteous Alice. He bent his way up the mountain. I followed, the ravine still between us, like a chafed lion cheated of its prey, till the monster sat his burden down. It was nigh to a lone blighted tree, that seemed to grow in very mockery on the brink of the precipice. On either side a rock projected till they met within some twelve feet. As my eye measured the space, he guessed my intent.

‘Dare,’ he shouted, ‘dare but attempt the leap, and Alice breathes her last!’

‘Alice!’ I shrieked, in agony; ‘the charm! breathe on the charm! and Ellspeth will not fail thee!’

‘Fool!’ he exclaimed, ‘the charm is now mine!’

‘So saying, he took from his bosom the amulet, and cast it into the foaming torrent, exclaiming: ‘Hence! hence to the hag that gave thee!’

‘At that moment a peal of thunder rent the air; a branch was riven from the tree near which reclined my fainting Alice, and fell crashing down the ravine. Unappalled even by the voice of God, he took from the neck of Alice a scarf, bound together her hands, and dragged her beneath the tree. She gave one piercing shriek; it was her last! Despair urged me to madness. I made one bound; and as my feet touched the opposite rock, the monster, true to his word, severed the head from the body; and the fair form of my lost love found a grave in the torrent’s foam.

‘But I—I grasped the murderer! Fearful was the struggle! Hatred and vengeance lent to each more than common strength. We struggled on the edge of the precipice, each determined not to relinquish his hold: we hung over the brink; my foot got entangled in the rock or root of the tree; my sight became dim—I relaxed my grasp—and heard the crash that told me the murderer stood in the presence of his God! All else was chaos.

‘When I opened my eyes, dark Ellspeth stood beside me. I had been dragged from the precipice, and near me lay the bleeding

head of my beloved Alice. From that moment I shed not a tear: my hopes have rested on that heaven where I shall again meet my murdered love.

‘Ellspeth led me to this cave; and embalmed, by some process known but to her, all that remained of my Alice. It was placed in a box and buried beneath the mound. The dried hip which I brought from our childhood’s home I planted over it. It grew; and each returning summer roses bloom pure and white above the fair locks of my first and only love.

‘From Ellspeth nothing could I ever learn but that she was an Egyptian by birth. For many years she paid me passing visits, and each time had lost some of her wildness. In her last, she was accompanied by the dog that has since been my sole companion. Her sands of life were nearly run, if I might judge by her faltering step and bent form. She bade me a solemn farewell: said she had far to go to rest among her kindred; placed on the table the ancient lamp, and wildly said: ‘The oil that fed it was dark Ellspeth’s life-tale.’ Curiosity induced me to open it. No oil was there; but a roll of parchment containing the narrative of her life. Reader, it is thine; a legacy left to thee for dropping a tear over the sorrows of the ‘HERMIT OF CETARA.’

THUS ended the manuscript: and, wild as was the tale, my heart throbbed, and tears fell fast over the sorrows of this suffering son of misfortune. It seemed to me more like a dream than a reality. I was at times inclined to think it the wild rhapsody of a maniac; but alas! dear reader, experience has since taught me that truth sometimes surpasses fiction.

With the first dawn of morning I prepared to descend the mountain. I called to the dog; but vain were my attempts to wile him from the spot. When he left the cave it was but to stretch himself on the turf that covered the remains of his master. Oh, man! man! thou, created in the image of thy Maker, dost thou feel no ‘small still voice within’ tell thee that thou hast been wanting in friendship and fidelity to thy fellow man, and unmindful of thy Creator’s commands to ‘do unto others as thou wouldest they should do unto thee?’ Being unable to entice him to leave the place, I had no alternative but to descend without him, bearing with me the curious lamp, my legacy from the dead, and the manuscript of the Hermit. I regained my lodgings in the village of Cetara, not a little astonished on reflection at this my first adventure on my first tour.

DOUBT AND TRUTH.

DOUBT most dreads Truth, and right before
Her portal stands, and bolts the door;
Her choicest treasures too hath he
Locked up — but cannot find the key!

THE EXILE OF SWITZERLAND.

BY H. F. ROMAINE.

WHEN youth and manhood's time had passed
 As some sweet vision of the mind away,
 Which o'er the brow of care its shadows cast,
 To hide from view the sorrows of life's day;
 OLANDER strayed through our free happy land,
 Self-exiled from his native Switzerland.
 He was a wanderer and a stranger too,
 His history brief, and only known to few;
 Free was his blood, and humble was the name
 His mother called him by — unknown to fame;
 But yet, 'twas one that spoke of holy joy,
 Of love and peace amid this world's alloy;
 That called him back life's early scenes to view,
 When youth and innocence no evil knew;
 When through the grass that decked the sloping green,
 At eve's soft hour, his foot-prints might be seen,
 As like the song of some wild gala bird,
 His strains of untaught music might be heard,
 Rising upon the gentle zephyr's wing
 Which nought but music at that hour could bring:
 Or hastening quick to the broad river's strand,
 He caught the pebbles strown along the sand,
 And broke in sportive glee the water's rest,
 Sending long ripples o'er her mirrored breast.

Oh! those were scenes the bounding heart to fill,
 Bidding its passion and its pride be still;
 To strew life's way with flowers of mem'ries past,
 And make one hopeful and serene at last.
 Sweet cottage bower! the place that gave him birth,
 Dew of his youth, thou sweetest spot on earth,
 I hail thee now, and bless thee for the art
 Which makes thyself companion of his heart;
 I see thee now, within the foliage deep
 Of trees that round thee sleepless vigils keep;
 The porch, the sill, the latch he's touched before,
 The woodbine and the ivy mantling o'er;
 The long-remembered room, the wainscot, wall,
 The old arm-chair within the oaken hall;
 The stand just by it, and the Bible too,
 Which near his seat at night his father drew,
 And with a touching rev'rence pressed the page
 That lessons gave for youth and hoary age;
 And there his mother sat in conscious pride,
 With all her children gathered by her side.

It is too melting for the heart to dwell
 On things like these, or half the bliss to tell
 Which once was his, to chase the hours away,
 And add delights to each succeeding day;
 But yet I could not, ever, ever part
 Such scenes as these, which nestle round his heart,
 And are his joy, his happiness, his life,
 Amid the whirl of earth's contending strife.

He had a sister once, as pure and fair
As the first blush of morn, when all the air
Is laden with sweet incense, and music fills
The soul seraphic, and the murm'ring rills.
She was a beauty of such perfect form,
With eyes so dove-like, heart so warm,
And brow so radiant with continued thought,
Up from the spirit's inmost chambers brought,
That one would seek forevermore to gaze
Upon the floating sunshine, and the rays
Of sportive innocence and witching grace
Which shone so brightly in that youthful face.
A courtier came, dressed in an angel's guise,
To win the maiden by some sweet surprise.
He wooed her oft at morn and even-tide,
Within the glade and by the river's side;
But failed at last: she would not yield her heart
A captive to his bold consummate art.
Then in her ear he breathed a tale, that made
The color from her glowing temples fade,
And maddened all the virtue of her soul,
And bade dark frenzy o'er its surface roll.
She sprang forth wildly from his low embrace
High on a jutting rock, and face to face,
Holding her snow-white fingers high above,
She cried, 'I leap! if from that spot you move!'
He heard, and like a lion in his lair
He crouched before the form of Virtue there,
Which seemed not aught of earth, but spirit free,
Circled in light of heavenly majesty.
Rising from terror dire the villain fled,
As if he'd seen a spectre from the dead.
The sister lived awhile to bless her friends,
And prove that peace on purity depends.

He had a brother too, who always stood
Beside the brave, the manly, and the good,
Unsheathed his sword to aid his country's cause,
And bled for liberty and freedom's laws.
Years passed away, and then at length they met;
It was a meeting I shall ne'er forget.
They bent their steps toward their home-bound hearth;
They knelt beside the place that claimed their birth;
They bathed the olden spot with many tears,
And wept and prayed, and buried all their fears.
Then from his swelling heart his brother sung
This strain, which through the glen and copse-wood rung:

I.

BROTHER! how sweet it is to come
At life's dark closing hour,
To view once more our childhood's home,
And pluck a garden flower;
To wander through the mossy glade,
E'en to the old elm tree,
And sitting 'neath its cooling shade
To talk of home with thee.

II.

When on the vast and swelling deep
My gallant bark did ride,
And stars alone a watch did keep
Above its foaming tide;

Brother! that name full oft hath thrilled
 The chords of memory,
 And with a strange excitement filled
 This heart, which beats for thee.

III.

Brother! e'en now, where'er I roam,
 O'er land or stormy sea,
 Still, still that song of home, sweet home,
 Comes rolling back to me;
 And makes me feel that I could fly
 To see that home again,
 And 'neath my own bright native sky
 Awake my youthful strain.

IV.

Upon this little grassy mound,
 Under the old oak tree,
 Our mother sat, while all around
 Sang long and merrily,
 And whiled away the lonely hour
 So near our cottage walls,
 And felt she had a richer dower
 Than kings in palace halls.

V.

My mother's — yes! my mother's name
 Will long remembered be;
 It is more dear than wealth or fame,
 That old sweet name to me;
 And all the lessons I was taught
 While sitting on her knee,
 So full of love and wisdom fraught,
 Will ne'er forgotten be.

VI.

Brother, O! now I ask from thee
 This one thing, nought beside —
 My Bible, mother's gift to me
 But just before she died;
 The priceless casket that contains
 The mind of DEITY,
 And he who finds its treasure, gains
 Immortal liberty.

They left that spot, and slowly moved away;
 But soon returning, near its shade did stray,
 And raised the fallen wall, and filled each room
 With precious relics of their heyday bloom,
 And taught the vine once more to circle o'er
 The lowly porch, and round the cottage door.
 Scarce was the work performed, when on the brow
 Of him who sang, a paleness came, and low
 Upon the bed of death that brother lay,
 A cold and lifeless form of mortal clay.

Olander bowed before his brother's tomb,
 Oppressed with loneliness and sunk in gloom;
 Steeping in tears the flowers which on it grew,
 Wet by the morning and the evening dew:

Then bade farewell for ever to the shade
Where brother, sister, friends no longer strayed,
And wandered o'er the earth, by land and sea,
Along the Nile, in burning Araby,
Through Grecian ruins, and Italia's land,
Beneath her skies and by her gilded strand;
Then crossed the ocean and, each danger passed,
He landed on this western shore at last;
And found a home where many charms unite
To warm the heart, to solace and delight.
Olander lives, and honored is his name;
No more a stranger, nor unknown to fame,
He stands where few can ever justly stand,
The pride and boast and glory of his land.
Commingled voices spread his praises round,
Till hill and valley echo back the sound:
Here be thy rest in thy last dying hour,
Olander, when the earth hath lost its power
To please thy spirit with its fleeting toys,
When all is tasteless, save immortal joys.

T H E U N D E R T A K E R .

It was my first Sunday in the city of C——, and the church-bells were ringing cheerfully as I arose from my somewhat unusually careful toilet, and prepared to attend their sacred summons. I love the sound of church-bells; their tones are associated with the pleasant days of my boyhood; for be it known, I have reached that period of life when the mind, no longer led by the bright hopes that have been so often frustrated, fondly wanders back to the fairy times of youth; like one who in the midst of a long and toilsome journey has reached some rugged and leafless eminence, from whose desolate height he gazes down with a sad feeling of regret on the fair and verdant valley from amid whose sun-touched flowers he first set forth.

Well, the church-bells rang cheerfully; the jewels, laces, silks, feathers and finery in the shop-windows wore their week-day faces behind their wooden iron-bound and eyeless masks; the awning-posts were dismantled of their drapery; the pavements looked as if every individual brick had been scoured with a motherly affection until it was as bright and rosy as the cheeks of a German maiden; even the linden-trees by the way-side, with their ever-trembling leaves, seemed to have been clipped into a rounded neatness; while the very waters that ran down the kennel were 'clear as the fount of Helicon,' so scrupulously clean are the good people of that cleanliest of all cleanly cities. Not a brass knob, knocker or bell-pull but brightly reflected its neighbor on the opposite side of the way; not a single pane of glass in the windows but would have mirrored the toilet of any adventurous fly who was rash enough to approach it. In short, every thing upon which the eye rested, whether of art or nature, was as completely *endimancher* as the most fashionable woman luxuriously drawn to church by her two pampered grays. Troops of

well-conditioned citizens were wending their way toward their respective places of worship; their long and variegated lines presenting all the gorgeous hues of a poppy-bed; while the numberless parasols bobbing about looked not unlike huge green leaves outspread to shield their bright heads from the sun. Here a demure little creature, with her sweet healthful face peeping like a half-opened rose-bud from the modest recess of her cottage-bonnet, and bearing in her hand her folded handkerchief and richly-bound prayer book, walked quietly onward, with her soft blue eyes now studying the graceful curves of her shoe-tie, and now glancing furtively at the tantalizing folds of a new satin cardinal that *would* come before her. Then sailed along, in an abundant allowance of laces and costly drapery, the somewhat ponderous person of the rich merchant's wife, who humbly permitted the world to observe that, although the happy possessor of more than one carriage, she with true christian humility always made a point of walking on Sunday, even in the most unseasonable weather. Here the sprucely-attired tradesman, with his bright buttons, glossy hat, neatly-trimmed whiskers, and somewhat florid countenance, expressive only of the very earnest perseverance with which he was calculating his weekly gains, slowly pursued the uncertain steps of the feeble-limbed white-haired octogenarian; whose thoughts, no longer fettered by the pleasures or cares of this world, were doubtless wandering in many a curious speculation on that fathomless Future, of whose mighty mysteries he was himself so soon to form a part. To be brief, there were wives and widows and maidens fair; the proud, the humble, the rich, the poor; all the ingredients that usually compose a *pot-pourri* of human beings, for whatever purpose assembled. Among the many gathered in the streets that day, how few there were whose thoughts were turned toward a serious consideration of the solemn purpose for which they were brought together! How few were filled with feelings of gratitude for the countless blessings they had been permitted to enjoy! We are too prone to forget the Almighty Creator of our pleasures, in the hour of happiness: we only remember him when stung by the spur of Misfortune.

As I approached the beautiful little church of S —, whose cold and pure architecture rises from amid the noble trees which surround it, a chaste emblem of the lovely precepts taught beneath its roof, the full and glorious tones of the majestic organ suddenly rose upon the air with mournful yet swelling grandeur. Surely, surely there is no other instrument so well calculated to awaken feelings of sublime devotion. Those splendid volumes of sound, those 'dying falls,' those radiant bursts of harmony, seem to bear away the soul in an ecstasy of divine enthusiasm. I had heard much of the eloquence of the reverend gentleman who in this beautiful little sanctuary presided over the spiritual welfare of his numerous flock, and was preparing my mind by previous meditation for a fine moral discourse, when that magnificent outpouring of almost celestial melody so completely took possession of my faculties, that I found myself rooted to the spot, while my less absorbed companions glided silently

by me into the body of the church. At length those splendid tones were heard no more; the pew doors had ceased to swing and creak; a full deep-toned voice rose to the vaulted roof; and I found myself alone in the vestibule. Giving myself 'the rousing shake,' and reluctantly withdrawing my eyes from the volute of an opposite column, on which they had been unconsciously fastened, I was about to apply to the friendly offices of the sexton, when that cadaverous looking functionary gently approached, and laying his hand upon my arm with all the gravity of his peculiar position in society, observed:

'I say, Sir, you was n't thinking much about the place you were in, I guess, was you?'

'I had indeed almost forgotten myself,' I replied; 'but will you show me to a pew?'

'Lord bless you, Sir, we're quite full. If you'd only been wide awake a little while ago, I could 'a got you a nice snug corner; but the Reverend Mr. Jones holds forth to-day, and when that's the case we have n't room enough to drive a nail. My name's Steadiman, Sir.'

'I must confess I am somewhat disappointed,' I answered; 'for I was particularly anxious to hear Mr. ——. Is this gentleman considered preëminent, that he is always so well attended?'

'No, no, Sir,' replied he, drawing nearer, and adding in a confidential whisper, 'he's not half so good. But fashion, Sir, fashion's every thing; fashion has to do with preaching as well as with every thing else. The young ladies think Mr. Jones an angel, and the old ones a saint. But the fact is, Sir, Mr. ——— has sometimes of late handled some of our congregation pretty roughly, and they have been gradually dropping away, dropping away, until he'll find that trying to correct people's bad habits and telling them of their faults to their faces is a mighty unprofitable kind of business. After working all the week in their warehouses and shops, they do n't come to church to be scolded on the only day of rest they have, like a parcel of naughty school-boys; to have their sins held up before their eyes like hard sums on a black-board. Now Mr. Jones always lets 'em off scot-free; so that they can come here, listen to a pleasant discourse, and after hearing their neighbors abused, (for that don't touch *them* you know,) can go away to their beef and pudding with a good appetite and an easy conscience. My name's John Steadiman, Sir.'

Now, thought I, this man is worth studying; to discover which fact you have only to look at him: and as by remaining where I was I should certainly be gratified by the sound of the glorious instrument whose full tones rose at intervals on the ear, I resolved to humor his desire to indulge his loquacity, and my own of becoming a student of the various movements of the human mind.

A very odd-looking person was Mr. John Steadiman. Imagine a man of five-feet-four in height, of a bony and angular figure, upon whose sharp outlines hung a solemn-looking suit of rusty black, (the coat somewhat too long in the sleeves, the pantaloons exhibiting rather more of the wrinkled boot below than was precisely consis-

tent with elegance,) a round bullet-head covered with a stunted growth of angry-looking hair, beneath which spread a low and knotted forehead, an undefinable kind of nose, a nose only to be comprehended and commented upon by the far-seeing genius of a Lavater; a mouth of unusual dimensions; a pale, sallow complexion; the dark sharp eyes and whole countenance wearing a most wretched expression of hopeless melancholy, which had been so often assumed in the discharge of his sad duties as at length to have become habitual; and you will have produced for yourself a rather flattering likeness of John Steadiman, undertaker and sexton of St. ——'s church.

'And so, Mr. Steadiman,' said I, 'you think that people do not like to be told of their faults?'

'Well, you see, Sir,' he replied, evidently delighted to have found a willing listener, putting his hands behind him and planting his back comfortably against the wall; 'well, you see, Sir, it depends pretty much upon the *way* it's done. If the reverend gen'leman only talks of the sins and wickedness of the world in a general sort of fashion, then nobody takes it to himself; (we're all apt to rail against the world as if we didn't belong to it ourselves, you know, Sir;) each one shovels off his load to some body else's shoulders, thanks his stars that there was nothing meant that could apply in any way to *him*; and as long as there's no particularizing, he will patiently wear a long face for two or three hours, listen perhaps to the sermon, and prove its edification by lying and cheating, may be, through the rest of the week.'

'Come, come, Mr. Steadiman,' said I, seriously, 'this is going a little too far; this is unchristian-like.'

'Not a bit of it, Sir; not half as unchristian-like as the man who lives upon the savings of the widow and orphan. Why Sir,' he continued, in the lowest possible whisper, as he looked cautiously about him, 'there are men who go to church regularly every Sunday morning and evening, ay, and every prayer-day too, as if they were in a hurry for a saintship, who have stolen the very beds from under the poor, and dragged the food from their mouths; who while they are reducing many a once-thriving family to beggary by their shamefully dishonest dealings, live on the fat of the land, and pass for the best men among us.'

Unable to dispute an assertion of which sad experience had taught me the truth, and pleased with the honest indignation of the worthy official, I allowed him to pursue his wrathful animadversions uninterrupted.

'Don't you think, Sir,' he continued, 'it's too bad that all classes should suffer — high and low, rich and poor — for the rascality of a few? that while they are thriving we should starve?'

'But you have no cause to complain, Mr. Steadiman,' I observed. 'This general depression of affairs cannot affect your business in any way, for people *must die*, be things ever so bad.'

'Ah, Sir,' replied he, looking at me with an expression of face so heart-rendingly melancholy that it would have brought tears into

the eyes of Comus himself, 'sure enough, people will die, as you say; (although I have often thought lately, that even *death* tries to cheat us poor fellows out of our dues;) people *do* die, but then things are not like what they used to be, for you see we can't get any thing out of the survivors but pipes and muslin. Why there are many families belonging to this church that I'm in the habit of burying for with black cloths and silver plates, that I know can't do nothing like it again. Why, no later than last night, when I came home about half-past nine, from icing a body, my good woman runs down to me quite pleased and hopeful like, to tell me that the rich Mr. Delaney's little girl, who had been ill so long, was dead at last, and that she had heard that I was to have the job: and so I was over there bright and early this morning; but, Lord bless you, Sir, there was no hope of cloth and silver in that quarter; for it seems they've lost greatly by the banks, and can just manage to get along, and that's all. So you see we suffer with the rest. It's just like knocking down a row of playing-cards: give a tap to the first, and king, queen, diamonds and hearts tumble upon one another, bruising the poor knave of spades at the end. Now it's not half so bad with sexton Dedham of St. C—'s, for he had, no later than last week, three black cloths and silver plates, four mahoganies and two walnuts; and he's no family and I have. That's always the way. It seems too as if our congregation was unusually healthy this year,' continued he, with a melancholy shake of the head; 'there is one gentleman however that I've had my eye on for some months past, who I think will be likely to require something in my way before long. He looked mighty poorly this morning, I know;' and Mr. John Steadiman gazed with a look of sad and earnest abstraction on the toe of his boot, whose peculiar formation bore no distant resemblance to the head of a coffin.

What will not habit do? Here was this man who but a moment before had been loud in his outcry against the nefarious proceedings of the human fungi that have sprung from the rankness of society, who would have considered himself particularly favored by fortune if he had been permitted to perform for both them and their victims the last sad and revolting offices the soul's shell requires. Here was this 'knave of spades,' as he facetiously called himself, with a brain to conceive, a heart to feel, a bosom warm with the same affections that throb in our own, subject to the same wants, the same diseases, who lived and walked, talked, fed and slept as we do; yet who had grown so familiar with death, that mysterious separation of infinite from finite, of spiritual from material; that passing away of the light from the temple; as to look upon it as absolutely nothing but a matter of business. For him the sight of death had no terrors. The cold rigidity, the ghastly pallor, the terrible *silence*; the foul changing of the form that had been loved and wept over; the ended hopes, the severing of human ties; he thought not of them: the dead were his customers; they gave him employment; they were merchandise, for the disposal of which he received so much compensation, food and clothing for himself and family;

the idea of whose dissolution formed no part of his sometime meditation; for how many had he laid among the dust and creeping things? And yet he, and his wife and children still lived on. The loveliest scenes in nature, fair vales and sloping hills, cool shadowed streams and breezy woods, were not half so agreeable in his sight as the ghostly tombs and the long grass (in whose rank luxuriance the material dead live again) of some lonely cemetery. What holyday procession, bright with gay dresses and cheerful faces, could awaken his animation half as readily as the professional sight of a well-ordered line of dark forms, grief-bent and shrouded with the symbols of mourning, following the remains of some beloved being to their last resting-place? What artist could gaze with more enthusiasm on the half-defaced remnant of some work of by-gone genius, than did he on the stark limbs and ashy features, the plaited shroud and crimped cap of the dead? How could I tell, as I looked up into his miserable countenance, that he was not at that very moment making a mental calculation of my height, with a view to its final adjustment in one of his own 'mahoganies,' as he called them?'

As a thousand equally agreeable reflections were passing through my brain, and the conversation of my companion was every moment becoming more distasteful, a gradual and almost imperceptible swell of sweet voices filled the air with their Lydian strains, bearing me in imagination to those blissful regions where the wicked cease from troubling and the weary are at rest. Again they ceased, and again the organ poured forth a noble voluntary, played with the exquisite feeling of one whose soul seemed filled with the true eloquence of music. Once more the doors were thrown open, and I saw the people come pouring down the aisles, entirely unembarrassed by that gravity of demeanor which had so strongly marked their entrance; for here and there old and young were nodding, smiling and courtesying to those of the congregation they chanced to recognize, and one or two stopping at their neighbors' pews seemed disposed to indulge in a little interchange of complimentary gossip; while the children from the galleries trooped noisily down the stairs, requiring all the influence of their young instructors to restrain their restive movements. I could not help conjecturing what might possibly be the thoughts of Mr. John Steadiman, as these light-hearted rosy-cheeked, happy-looking urchins passed him, and I deemed it not going too far to suppose that he regarded them each and all as merely the future tenants of pines, walnuts, and mahoganies, and was fervently wishing at that very moment that it would please Providence to send some gentle epidemic among them; soothing his conscience by the merciful consideration that they would thus escape the thousand pains and cares that flesh is heir to.

Just as some substantial looking old ladies had stopped for a moment to gather round the rather commanding looking person of the Rev. Mr. Jones, and one benevolent looking old man was shaking his hand, and warmly congratulating him on the beauty and power of the fine piece of eloquence with which he had that morn-

ing delighted them all; I suddenly observed a commotion to take place among a busy group of talkers who had stationed themselves in the middle aisle, and who had rendered themselves conspicuous by their very loud voices. There was a cry for water; some one had been taken ill, and in a few moments the sufferer, followed by his distressed relatives, was borne to an open window in the vestibule.

'It's the gentleman I told you of,' whispered Steadiman, as he hastily passed me with a tumbler of water in his hand; 'I *thought* the heat to-day would be too much for him.'

'Air, air! give me air!' feebly cried the invalid, as his anxious friends gathered about him; 'quick, quick! I cannot breathe!'

'Ah!' observed my agreeable friend, as he threw up the window near which I was standing, with a face in which his habitual expression of miserable melancholy was strongly contending with one of eager expectation: 'ah, he may swallow all the air he can get, for he won't need any long; it's the heart-disease he's got, and he's struggling with death now. I'm used to these things.'

Unable to resist that peculiar impulse which so strangely impels us toward the most distressing and terrible scenes, though unable to afford assistance, as the people drew back to give the sufferer freer air, with distress, pity and curiosity strongly impressed upon their features, I leaned eagerly forward.

The poor invalid had fallen back in his chair, his face already corpse-like, and was gasping horribly: his wife (it must have been his wife) stood by his side, clasping his cold hand in hers, and supporting his head upon her trembling arm; her eyes filled with tears, and her cheek was almost as pale as his own. Presently he opened his eyes and stared wildly about him, as if endeavoring to recall his wandering senses; then gazing up into her face with a look of inquiry, he said in a strange, fluttering voice: 'Come Helen, love, I am better now; let us go home: quick! quick! I must see the children before — I am ready, Helen, come let us go;' and rising feebly from his wife's supporting arm, he struggled to his feet.

The ashy hue of that face, those swimming eyes, those tottering steps — who that had once looked upon death would fail to recognize these terrible signs? Ere his friends could reach him he had fallen to the ground. Even now his wife's shriek of anguish rings in my ears: 'Oh! God, have mercy! William! William!'

'Thank fortune!' quietly observed Mr. John Steadiman, sexton and undertaker, as, shocked and much agitated by the sudden and heart-touching scene of which I had been a witness, I was hastily leaving the church; 'thank fortune! it's an ill wind that blows nobody good. I reckon I've got a black cloth and mahogany this time!'

E. E. D.

POSTHUMOUS FAME.

TRUE fame's a plant that seems to need
A body *buried*, for its seed;
And ere the churlish sucklings thrive,
The parent-stock must cease to live.

A S T R O L L .

BY ALFRED H. STREET, AUTHOR OF 'THE GRAY FOREST-EAGLE,' 'A FOREST-WALK,' ETC.

THE dull mist of September, fitfully
Thickening to chill and gusty streams of rain,
Lifted at sun-set, and the western rim
Showed a broad stripe of light: a golden smile
Burst o'er the dripping scene, then died away:
And the North swept, in hollow moan and hiss,
Round dwellings and through branches.

Morning broke
In cloudless beauty, but a chilly breath
Still edged the crystal air. The sun went down,
With a rich halo glowing round the spot
Where his orb glided, and a splendid belt
Of orange burned above his slanting track,
Melting to soft bright gray, that deepened up
Into the rich mid-blue; and where the pearl
Darkened into the sapphire, bounded forth
The courier-star of Night's magnificence.
Morning again rose gloriously clear:
The air was softer, and the gentle West
Was fanning where the North had struck its chill:
And as the Sun climbed up, his light was cast
So warm and genial, and the atmosphere
Was felt so sweetly and deliciously,
It seemed 't were pleasure merely to lie down,
And bask and breathe.

The noontide now has come:
Green woods and pleasant fields are smiling forth
Inviting welcome. Let us leave the walls
Of the close city, and with wandering feet
Seek the sweet haunts of Nature. O'er the dust
Of the great thoroughfare, with rapid wheels
And trampling hoofs vexed ever, where the gay
And flaunting motes sport thick in fashion's beam,
Idle and worthless, quick we tread, and turn
Gladly aside, where a green narrow lane
Leads to a wild ravine amid the hills.
Smooth fields, with browsing cattle, are around,
And now and then the tinkling sheep-bell breaks
Pleasantly on the ear. Our pathway leads
Through a rude gate and o'er a broken bridge
Where the green rushes and long tangled grass
Proclaim the shrunken streamlet; a faint track
Leads to a barrelled spring, whose waters boil
Unceasing from its loose gray-sandy depth.
Grass spreads its sides with velvet, and tall trees
Drop their black shapes around. We pass along:
• A gorge winds up, walled in with rocky banks,
Plumaged with leaning branches: wheel-marks deep
Are traced upon the stone floor of the chasm,
And grateful shadow rests like sleep within.
Grim roots start out from crevices; green sprouts

Flaunt from mossed ledges; and large trickling drops,
From the steep sides, shed moisture on the air.
We rest awhile, then tread again our path.
A grassy glade, with points and curving banks,
The dry bed of a streamlet, lures our steps.
The varied aster-tribes are clustered round;
The gnarled thorn-apple shows its crimson fruit,
Studding its boughs, and scattered thick beneath;
And from the brinks the solidago bends
Its golden feather: mingling with the sweet
And peaceful quiet, low monotonous sounds
Stream from the lizard, varied with the swell
Of the near locust's peevish clarion,
And cherup of the cricket. Now we leap
The fence, and stray into the broad green field.
The air is an elixir; as we breathe,
The blood swift tingles in our veins; we long
To bound with transport and shout out our joy.
The thread-like gossamer is waving past,
Borne on the wind's light wing, and to yon branch,
Tangled and trembling, clings like silver silk.
The thistle-down, high lifted through the rich
Bright blue, quick float, like gliding stars, and then
Touching the sunshine, flash, and seem to melt
Within the dazzling brilliance. Yon tall oak,
Standing from out the straggling skirt of wood,
Touched by the frost, that wondrous chemist, shows
Spottings of gorgeous crimson through his green,
Like a proud monarch, towering still erect,
Though sprinkled with his life-blood. Close beside,
That aspen, to the wind's soft-fingered touch,
Flutters, with all its dangling leaves, as though
Beating with myriad pulses. Misty shade
Films the deep hollows, misty sunshine glows
On the round hills. Across the far-off wood
The atmosphere is shaded like thin smoke,
Until we fancy a dim swarm of motes
Is glimmering there and dancing. We approach,
And tread the dark recesses: withered leaves
Spread a thick crackling mantle, countless trunks
Lead on the eye in labyrinths, till lost
Within a dizzy maze, and overhead
A vast and interlacing roof of green.
The hickory-shell, cracked open by its fall,
Shows its ripe fruit, an ivory ball, within;
And the cleft chestnut-burr displays its sheath
White glistening, with its glossy nuts below.
Scattered around, the wild rose-bushes hang,
Their ruby buds tipping their thorny sprays.
The everlasting's blossoms seem as cut
In delicate silver, whitening o'er the slopes;
The seedy clematis, branched high, is robed
With woolly tufts; the snowy Indian-pipe
Is streaked with black decay; the wintergreen
Offers its berries; and the prince's pine,
Scarce seen above the fallen leaves, peers out,
A firm green glossy wreath.

Within this knot
Of twining roots, a shelving aperture
Proclaims the hedge-hog's chamber; through the gloom
Within we see the sparkle of his eye,
And his slim snout thrust level with the brink,

To scent his danger; but fear not! no staff
Will pierce thy winding cavern, to drive forth
Thy crouching form, and beat, with cruel blows,
Thy gasping being from thee.

By we pass,
And from the darkening woods released, we see
One mass of shadow stretching to the east,
And narrow stripes of gold upon the tops
Of hill and tree; and climbing the ascent,
We view the sun sink calmly to his rest.

THE CADI AND THE ROBBER.

TRANSLATED FROM THE TURKISH LANGUAGE BY JOHN P. BROWN, CONSTANTINOPLE.

ONCE in former times a Cadi of Bagdad was seated in his dwelling, absorbed in thought. On a sudden he conceived the idea of taking a short and solitary ride for relaxation, between the hour of sun-set and that of repose; and for this purpose ordered his servants to get ready his horse. The Cadi mounted his trusty animal, and without taking any of his people with him, forthwith set out upon the way. Darkness had begun to obscure the face of the world, and he wandered from his path. 'Perhaps,' said the Cadi to himself, 'there may be robbers concealed by the way-side, who would deprive me of my clothes as if they were only peeling an onion!'

Scarcely had he muttered these words, when lo! he perceived a man before him, who exclaimed aloud: 'Stop, O Cadi!'

The robber's eye (for it was indeed a robber) fell full upon the Cadi; and he seized hold of the reins of his horse's bridle, as he said: 'Halt, O, Cadi! and stir not!'

The Cadi answered: 'Why come you forth here to cavil with me? Ah! young man, do you not fear the Most High? Withdraw your hand from off my bridle, and let me pass on.'

But the robber replied: 'Did I not fear Him, I would now cut you in pieces: therefore off with your cloak and give it to me quickly, for I have business, and must away to strip others like yourself. I am here in search of prey, and as none can be better than you, off with your cloak.'

To this the Cadi could only reply: 'Depart! and let me be.'

ROBBER. I am here by divine permission, and destiny must be fulfilled. Beside, as that affair which is undertaken by divine authority always terminates successfully, and nothing can be done without it, I came here confiding in destiny, and behold what good luck has befallen me! See how God's fatalities are fulfilled. Speak the truth: who are you, where are you going, what is your business, and why are you here without any attendants?

CADI. I was going to my vineyard, and lost my way.

ROBBER. Did you not know from the stars, the signs of the zodiac, the position of the planets, and the setting of the sun, that you had wandered from your path?

CADI. He who believes in astronomy is certainly an infidel.*

ROBBER. Do you want to deny the seven verses of the Koran, and refute them with a tradition?

CADI. What are the seven verses?

ROBBER. They are the commands of the Most High, as contained in the following words of the Koran: '1. I take refuge against the execrable Satan, in God. 2. I adorn the heavens and earth with lanterns. 3. Certainly I have placed the zodiac in the heavens. 4. The moon and stars shine to obey his order. 5. The moon we have destined to set so as to return. 6. He does not divide the heavens by the distances of the stars. 7. The heavens are the essence of the zodiac.'

CADI. Young man, since you are so learned in astrology, pray tell me whether this hour is lucky or not.

ROBBER. This hour is in the sign of the scorpion, and is favorable to the robbing of those who are on the public way, for thefts, and for stripping men. But it is unfavorable to the going out of cadis, preachers, imaums and muezzins.

CADI. My dear Sir, I have only acted in obedience to the injunction which says: 'I love to pray in gardens and vineyards.'

ROBBER. Why did you not act also after the tradition: 'First find a companion, and afterward set out on your journey.' Had you now a companion I could not have attempted to despoil you. But hasten; off with your cloak; for I must be going to attend to my other business.

CADI. Youngster, have you not heard how the prophet said: 'He is a faithful man (Mussulman) in whose hands and tongue one is safe.' How therefore are you a Mussulman, when I dare not trust you?

ROBBER. Have you not heard, O, Cadi! that the prophet also said: 'Your hands and your feet will bear testimony against you in the day of judgment?' Now you came here by your own hands and feet; so off with your cloak, for time presses.

CADI. Injure me not, O, young man! for 'He who injures another is a Deev.' (Devil.)

ROBBER. If I am a Deev, do you not know what you are? The Most High has said: 'I sent the Deevs over the unbelieving.'

CADI. The prophet has said: 'Shame is firm belief.'

ROBBER. The Caliph Ali (on whom be peace!) has made the remark that 'Shame prevents acquisition;' so if I for shame refrain from despoiling you, I will do an injury to myself. Hasten, therefore, take off your cloak, and be free from my hands; a soldier should never be ashamed, for it would prevent him from taking what he lawfully acquires in warfare. You are a greater soldier

* It may be here necessary to inform the reader that the robber is the better scholar of the two, and quotes verses from the Koran to refute the Cadi, who generally makes use of traditions of the Prophet. The whole will give an idea of the sophistries of the Mohammedan religion. N. T.

than I am, for you take fees for deeds, decrees, and many other things of which I know nothing; you despoil every one, and yet are dissatisfied, for you afterward make them legally yours. Now I despoil you conformable to usage and habit, law and tradition, and if I subsequently make the act legal, it will be but right.

CADI. But, young man, have you not heard how the prophet said: 'The learned are heirs of the prophets?'

ROBBER. O, Cadi! if you are an heir of the prophets, I also am the chosen servant of the Most High; for He has said: 'The readers of the Koran are the chosen servants of God;' and I have studied the Koran thoroughly according to the seven readings.

CADI. What are these seven readings?

ROBBER. According to those of the sects of Nafi, Ebinketir, Abon Omar, Ibin Ameer, Abon Jafer, Hulfi Ashir, and Yakub, each of which are again subdivided.

CADI. O, friend! I am astonished at your knowledge! How is it that one so learned should be a robber? Since you are acquainted with the commands of God, why do you oppress the public? Is it not said: 'Accursed be the power of the oppressor?'

ROBBER. You have spoken truly, and as you by going out on the highway by night have done violence to yourself, off with your cloak.

CADI. O, light-of-my-eyes!* if you do me no harm, but let me go free, I will not go out again at night, but repent me of the sin, and ask pardon for the offence. The Most High will recompense you for it; for he has said: 'In the heavens are thy recompense.'

ROBBER. But God has given me my recompense in this road, for the learned have said: 'Even the robber has his recompense.' So hasten; off with your cloak, for morning is near.

CADI. O, brave young man! God having given you so much knowledge, is it not said in the Koran: 'Are the learned and the ignorant equal?' Certainly they are not.

ROBBER. Just so; but what necessity is there that you should come out at night? Now you have fallen into my hands; and is God satisfied that you be Cadi of this country?—you who leave its roads unprotected, and its people to be despoiled? Have you not heard that 'The sleep of the learned is adoration of the Most High?' Also how the prophet has said: 'The intention of the faithful man (Mussulman) is better than the deed?'

CADI. O, come! now let me go unmolested, you young comforter in trouble.

ROBBER. Now Cadi, it would be but right should I peel you as I would an onion; for is it proper that you who are the Cadi of this country should call me comforter? Off with your cloak.

CADI. O, robber! I have a question to ask you.

ROBBER. Speak, let us hear.

CADI. Are you not afraid that as you prowl about the public road, you will one day be caught and put to death?

* An expression of tenderness.

ROBBER. 'The termination of that affair is always in peace, which occurs by divine permission.'

CADI. I have yet another question to ask you.

ROBBER. Speak, let us hear.

CADI. When wandering about, what do you eat when hungry?

ROBBER. I know the sciences of Galileo and Hippocrates, and appease my hunger with them.

CADI. May I ask you yet another?

ROBBER. Speak, let us hear it.

CADI. When you wander about, are you not afraid of the Deevs, Perees, and those who are stronger than yourself?

ROBBER. I know the laws of sorcerers, and read the secrets of the scribes.

CADI. Oh, brave young man! You are both learned in the sciences, a Hafiz, (one who has committed the Koran to memory,) eloquent, a mufti, poet, and a robber. Fear God, and withdraw your hand from me; cause not the innocent to sigh, for 'his supplications are heard, even though he be an infidel.'

ROBBER. Just so; but it is not well to speak too much; and moreover it is useless, as nothing can occur but what is predestined; so off with your cloak, that I may be in a good humor.

CADI. Cannot you forego this affair?

ROBBER. No; my wish is to despoil you.

CADI. My dear fellow! do not strip me here on the public way; but let us go into this vineyard, where I will give you my clothes and many presents beside.

ROBBER. You desire to entice me there with soft words, and then order your servants to seize me; after which you will punish me according to law, or in conformity to the holy verse which says: 'The arm of the thief must be cut off.' Now the Most High has said: 'Put not thy hand in danger;' and if I go into your vineyard it will be going into danger.

CADI. No injury shall come upon you in my vineyard; I have sworn it. I will there give you my clothes and many presents beside.

ROBBER. 'If a person swears to any thing from necessity or compulsion, it is not profanity.'

Finally, the poor Cadi, not being able to answer the questions of the robber, dismounted from his horse, and taking off his clothes gave them to him; the shirt on his shoulders being all that was left him.

ROBBER. Our prophet, on whom be peace! has said: 'He who has two shirts cannot taste of the sweets of faith.' (Mussulmanism.)

CADI. How, brother, can I assist at prayer without a shirt?

ROBBER. The Lord's prophet has said: 'Prayers are permitted without a shirt; drawers alone are sufficient.'

The Cadi on hearing this gave him his shirt also. He had a ring on his finger, made of a jewel, which meeting the robber's eye, he said: 'Give me also that ring, O, Cadi! for I am a beggar at your door; do not therefore refuse me. The prophet of God has said: 'Refuse not the beggar's request, even though he be an infidel.'

The poor Cadi, with feelings of desperation, and shivering with cold, gave up his ring to the robber, who, mounting the Cadi's horse, said: 'Now make legal to me all that I have taken from you;' which the helpless Cadi having done, he rode away.*

The Cadi now being left to himself, returned to his dwelling, and greatly astonished his servants, who ran out to meet and ask what had befallen him. But he gave them no answer, and hastening to his chamber, fell despondingly upon his bed, and went to sleep. Scarcely had morning dawned when the same attendants entered his room and said: 'Master, master, awake! there is a man at your door, mounted on your horse, dressed in your clothes, with your own cloak on his back, your cap on his head, your ring on his finger, and a book in his hand, who says: 'Tell your Effendi to hasten out and meet his master.''

CADI. Help! help! be careful not to open the door. He stripped me last night without a book, and now he comes with one in his hand, to deprive me of my Cadiship of Bagdad.

The Cadi's wife hearing a noise, came to her husband to inquire the cause of it; and seeing what had happened, exclaimed: 'For shame, Effendi! Cannot you, who are the Cadi of Bagdad, give answer to a robber?'

CADI. O, wife! do not compare that man to any other, for he is without an equal. He must be carefully guarded against; for I fear if he comes in, he will call me his slave, you his female slave, and sell us both with our children in the bazaar.

The robber in the mean time dismounted from his horse, and entered the house without permission; where, without saluting the Cadi, he passed beyond him to the upper part of the room, and seated himself on that part of the sofa which is the place of honor.

CADI. O, youngster! what does this mean? Last night you robbed me, and now you appear before me without fear of losing your head!

ROBBER. Ali, on whom be peace! (the third Caliph,) has said: 'I am the slave of whomever teaches me one letter.' Now last night I taught you many holy verses of the Koran, and numerous traditions; you therefore have become my slave, I your master. I have come this morning for the purpose of making up with you in a friendly manner, and then departing. If you oppose or refuse me, I will denounce you as my slave, prove it legally, and then sell you and yours in the bazaar. My science has overcome you. There is a verse which says: 'There would be no harm or injury to man were religion to remain, and the world cease to exist, but in the reverse;' and another: 'Science and knowledge will free man from oppression, for ignorance is the parent of injustice.'

The Cadi was greatly surprised at the erudition of the robber, and said with animation: 'Hold, friend! say no more. I see you are a truly wise and ingenious man, and I will give you my daughter in marriage.' The robber, on hearing these words, arose quickly and

* THIS creed of the Mussulman is similar to that of Matthew vi., 14 and 15.

hastened to kiss the Cadi's hand, in acceptance of his offer, and the ceremony was forthwith performed in the presence of her mother and the attendants. The Cadi perfectly immersed his daughter in jewels, and gave the robber one half of all he possessed. On the following morning, the robber, after kissing the hand of his father-in-law, agreeably to custom, seated himself near him, when the Cadi asked him, saying:

CADI. Oh! wise in God! I am surprised at what you have done, for it is foreign to your cultivated and superior mind. Tell me why you have taken up the occupation of a robber?

SON-IN-LAW. Worthy and respected father: I am not a robber, nor do I claim that title. My father at his death left me great wealth, all of which, not knowing its value, I spent with my friends. Soon I found myself without even shaving-money, and my companions, knowing that I was penniless, turned their faces from me and forsook me. So one day I put my cap before me, and leaning my head on my hand, fell to thinking what I should do. If, thought I, I open a shop and daily cheat my customers, my sins will increase until they rise as high as a mountain. When I repent, I must find each of these injured persons and ask his forgiveness, which, from being a difficult undertaking, my situation at the day of judgment would be dangerous, and I should certainly incur divine punishment. I therefore concluded that rather than commit innumerable small sins I would let it be one great sin, committed at once. So with this feeling, and confiding in the favor and destinies of the Most High, I set out with the intention of commencing the career of a robber. He has favored me by placing in my path such noble prey as yourself; and thus, behold, in the very first act of robbery which I commit, my wishes fully completed.

VES SALAM!

R E M E M B R A N C E S .

'THERE'S not a word thy lip hath breathed,
A glance thine eye hath given,'
Which lingers not around my heart,
Like sun-set hues in heaven.

And as the glory of its light
Departs not with the day,
But lingering round the steps of Night
Steals half its gloom away:

So when afar from love and thee
Reluctant I depart,
Thy seraph voice still sweetly wakes
The echoes of my heart.

Like dew-drop on the thirsting flower,
Like moon-beam on the sea,
So, dearest! falls thy tender glance,
Thy look of love, on me!

u.

REDUPLICATE FORMS IN ENGLISH.

OUR philological correspondent, in the following communication, seems to have left the artificial forms of refined society for the familiar walks of common life, in order to observe DAME NATURE in some of her earlier and more simple processes for the formation of language. With how much success, our readers can judge.

ED. KNICKERBOCKER.

THE following words, on account of the important philological principles which may be deduced from them, deserve more attention than they have usually received:

1. *Bibble-babble*, idle talk, senseless prattle; from *babble*, idem, (comp. Fr. *babbiller*, Dutch *babbelen*, to talk idly.)

I wel may and will cutte of all his *bibble babbel*. — SIR T. MORE.

Malvolio, Malvolio! thy wittes the heavens restore, endeavor thy selfe to sleepe, and leave thy vaine *bibble-babble*. — SHAKSP.

2. *Chit-chat*, idle or familiar talk; from *chat*, idem.

I am a member of a female society, who call ourselves the *chit-chat* club. — SPECT., No. 560.

Look'd — just as coxcombs look on earth:
Then raised his chin, then cock'd his hat,
To grace this common-place *chit-chat*.

MALLET, 'Cupid and Hymen.'

3. *Ding-dong*, the repetition of a stroke; the sound of a bell; from *ding*, to knock or beat with violence.

In this region is ane carnell of stanis liand togiddir in maner of ane crown, and ryngis (quhen thay ar *doung*) as ane bell. — BELLENDEN, Desc. Alb.

They went to fighting *ding-dong*. — SIR J. STODDART.

Let us all ring Fancy's knell,
Ding, Dong, bell!

SHAKSP.

4. *Dingle-dangle*, a swinging or oscillating motion; from *dangle*, to hang loose.

He'd rather on a gibbet *dangle*. — BUTLER, Hudibras.

I shall see thee go off, just at twelve o'clock, *dingle-dangle*. — A Modern Comedy.

5. *Fiddle-faddle*, trifling; from *fiddle*, to trifle.

Those degenerate arts and shifts deserve no better name than *fiddling*. — BACON, on Learning.

With abundance of *fiddle-faddle* of the same nature. — SPECT., No. 229.

She was a troublesome *fiddle-faddle*, old woman. — ARBUTHNOT.

6. *Flim-flam*, a freak; a trick; from *flam*, idem.

This is a pretty *flim-flam* — BEAUM. and FLETCHER.

7. *Gew-gaw*, a bauble; (comp. Fr. *joujou*, a play-thing.)

A heavy *gew-gaw* called a crown. — DRYDEN.

8. *Gibble-gabble*, noisy conversation; from *gabble*, idem. — BONIF. Fr. Dict.

9. *Giffe-gaffe*, (comp. Anglo-Sax. *gifan*, to give.)

Somewhat was geven to them before, and they must neades geve somewhat againe; for *giffe-gaffe* was a good fellow. — Bp. LATIMER, 1562.

10. *Knick-knack*, a toy; from *knack*, idem.

But if ye use these *knick-knacks*. — BEAUMONT and FLETCHER.

11. *Mish-mash*, a medley, a heap of things thrown together; from *mash*, idem. — Sir T. HERBERT.

12. *Pit-a-pat* or *apitpat*, in a flutter; from *pat*, to beat or tap.

And the ratling *pitpat* noyse. — B. JONSON.

The *pit-a-pat* of two young hearts. — DRYDEN.

13. *Prittle-prattle*, idle talk; from *prattle*, idem.

There arose a new stir in Rome immediately, and every man's mouth was full of *prittle-prattle* and seditious words. — NORTH'S Plutarch.

14. *Riff-raff*, sweepings, refuse; from *raff*, idem.

The *riff-raff* of their age. — Lord CROMWELL.

15. *See-saw*, a vibratory motion; from *to saw*.

His wit all *see-saw* between this and that. — POPE.

16. *Shilly-shally*, irresolution; probably from *shall I?*

Bob did not *shilly-shally* go,
Nor said one word of friend or foe.

KING: 'The Eagle and the Robin.'

17. *Sing-song*, bad singing; monotony; from *song*.

18. *Skimble-skamble*, wandering, disorderly; from *scamble*, to stir quick.

A couching lion and a ramping cat,
And such a deal of *skimble-skamble* stuff,
As puts me from my faith.

SHAKSP.

19. *Slip-slop*, bad liquor; from *slop*, idem.

20. *Snip-snap*, tart dialogue with quick replies; from *snap*, to answer quickly.

Dennis and dissonance, and captious art,
And *snip-snap* short, and interruption smart.

POPE.

21. *Tick-tack*, the noise of a blacksmith's shop; also a game at tables; from *tick*, to beat, to pat. — MILTON.

22. *Tittle-tattle*, empty babble; from *tattle*, idem.

Of every idle *tittle-tattle* that went about, Jack was suspected for the author. — ARBUTHNOT.

23. *Twittle-twattle*, idle talk; from *twattle*, idem.

All that ever he did was not worth so much as the *twittle-twattle* that he maketh. — HOLLAND.

24. *Whim-wham*, a freak, fancy; from *whim*, idem.

25. *Zig-zag*, with short turns or angles; (comp. Germ. *zacken*, Eng. *jagg*, a point.)

A few others might be added; as *click-clack*, a plaything with which a clacking is made; *crincum-crancum*, winding round, as a crooked path; *crick-crack*, the noise of a thing cracking; *dilly-dally*, to trifle away time; *mingle-mangle*, a medley; *pintle-pantle*, or *pin-tledy-pantledy*, in a flutter; *shim-sham*, foolery.

REMARKS ON THE PRECEDING WORDS.

I. THESE words are proper reduplicate forms. They are not compounded of two distinct words, but they are formed by iterating or repeating the same word. It is an error to suppose that each part of the composition has a distinct significancy. Yet S. Skinner would connect *fiddle-fuddle* with Fr. *fade* or Lat. *fatuus*, foolish, as if the compound meant *fiddle-foolish*; C. Richardson would connect *chit-chat* with *chit*, a child, as if the compound meant *childish-chat*; and another distinguished philologist would connect *see-saw* with *sea*, as if the compound meant *the sawing of the sea*.

II. The change of vowel evidently depends on a regular euphonic law. The short vowel in the first part is a preparation for the fuller sound in the second. This renders the whole word melodious and expressive. It is improper to call this change of vowel a corruption, or to seek in it for any peculiar significancy. Yet Dr. Johnson calls *chit-chat* a corruption of *chat-chat*; J. Thomson calls *chit* a diminutive of *chat*; and Stoddart makes *pit* a diminutive of *pat*.

III. These words illustrate an important formative principle in language. They are not formed by internal inflection, that is, by a change of vowel within the root itself; as *band* or *bond* from *bind*; nor by derivation; as *bondage* from *bond*; nor by composition of two words; as *bonulman* from *bond* and *man*; but by a peculiar process. This principle in the formation of language has its natural place after internal inflection, and before derivation.

IV. This mode of forming words, consisting in a mechanical repetition of the same sound, is naturally adapted to express (I.) the continuous flow of conversation; as *bibble-babble*, *chit-chat*, *gibble-gabble*, *prittle-prattle*, *snip-snap*, *tittle-tattle*, *twittle-twattle*; (II.) other constant and repeated sounds; as *click-clack*, *crick-crack*, *ding-dong*, *sing-song*, *tick-tack*; (III.) certain oscillatory motions; as *crincum-crancum*, *dingle-dangle*, *pintle-pantle*, *pit-a-pat*, *see-saw*, *zig-zag*; (IV.) certain mental fluctuations or oscillations; as *dilly-dally*, *fiddle-fuddle*, *flim-flam*, *gew-gaw*, *giffe-gasse*, *knick-knack*, *shilly-shally*, *shim-sham*, *whim-wham*; and (V.) some miscellaneous things involving the idea of repetition; as *mish-mash*, *mingle-mangle*, *riff-raff*, *skimble-skamble*, *slip-slop*.

V. These are favorite formations with most of the Teutonic nations, particularly with the common people. Thus we have:

Germ. *fickfacken*, to play tricks; *klingklang*, a jingle; *mischmasch*; *singsang*; *schnickschnack*, idle talk; *tick-tack*, in a flutter; *wirrwarr*, confusion; *wischwasch*, idle talk; *zickzack*.

Low Sax. *fickfacken*; *hinkhanken*, to hobble about; *miskmask*; *ticktacken*, to touch gently and often; *tiesketauske*; *titeltateln*; *wibbelwabbeln*; *wirrwarr*, confusion; *zieskezaaske*.

Dan. *miskmask*; *sniksnak*; *trictrac*, a game at tables.

Swed. *miskmask*; *sicksack*; *willerwalla*, confusion.

Scott. *click-clack*, uninterrupted loquacity, (comp. Eng. *clack*, to let the tongue run;) *clish-clash*, idle talk, from *clash*, idem; *clitter-clatter*, idle-talk, from *clatter*, idem; *fiery-fary*, bustle, confusion,

from *fiery* or *fary*, idem; *fike-facks*, humors, whims, from *fike*, to be inconstant; *fix-fax*, hurry, perhaps from the same; *lig-lag*, a confused noise of tongues, perhaps a softening of *click-clack*; *mixtie-martie*, or *mixie-maxie*, in a state of confusion; *niff-naffs*, trifles; *nignayes* or *nignyes*, whims, trifles; *whiltie-whaltie*, in a state of palpitation.

Also Fr. *criccrac*, noise of a thing cracking; *micmac*, intrigues; *trictac*, a game at tables; *zig-zag*.

VI. Beside these examples which have a play of vowels, producing an alliteration, we have another class which have a play of consonants, producing a sort of rhyme; as *handy-dandy*, a play in which children change hands and places; *harum-scarum* or *harum-starum*, flighty; *higgledy-piggledy*, confusedly; *hoddy-doddy*, a foolish fellow; *hoity-toity*, an interjection of surprise; *hugger-mugger*, secretly; *hum-drum*, a stupid fellow; *hurly-burly*, confusion; *hurdy-gurdy*, a kind of stringed instrument; *hurry-scurry*, confusedly; *namby-pamby*, having little affected prettinesses; *pell-mell*, confusedly; *pick-nick*, a club in which each one contributes to the entertainment; *slang-whanger*, a noisy talker of slang, according to Dr. Pickering a recent Americanism; *topsy-turvy*, with the bottom upward. It is remarkable how large a proportion of these words begin with *h*.

VII. So great has been the attachment to these two formations, that they have been sometimes adopted, much to the disfigurement of the original word; as *criss-cross*, for *Christ's cross*; *helter-skelter*, for the Latin phrase *hilariter et celeriter*; *hocus-pocus*, for the Latin sentence *hoc est corpus meum*; *hodge-podge*, or *hotch-potch*, for the French compound *hoche-pot*; *tag-rag* for *tag and rag*; *whipper-snapper* for *whip-snapper*.

VIII. Words of these formations are often stigmatized as cant terms, or as being familiar, trivial, low, base, vulgar. The facts of the case appear to be these: the mode of formation by reduplication is unobjectionable in itself. It is one which lies at the foundation of languages, classic as well as others. As connected with a play of vowels or of consonants, it is used extensively, as we have seen, among the Teutonic nations. Some of the words certainly are not inelegant. As a class they are forcible and impressive, and orators occasionally use them with great effect. But as these words are a part of our Anglo-Saxon inheritance, as they express some of the ruder passions of the soul, and as they rest more or less on the adventitious aid of alliteration and rhyme, our rhetoricians, and those who lay claim to a refined taste, have generally been disposed to reject them from the higher kinds of writing.

'NEQUE SEMPER ARCUM.'

THE calms of life without the storms were but a stagnant pool;
 One long but listless holyday, robbed of its zest — the school.
 Joy for her truest tablet takes some sorrow's parting shroud,
 And paints her richest, brightest hues, like Iris, on a cloud.

THE PENITENT TO HIS BROTHER IN HEAVEN.

BY WILLIAM H. HERBERT.

MY BROTHER! when thine early years into the grave went down,
I thought that I had buried there the brightest of my own;
The heavens above my head were wrapped in melancholy black,
And spread their starless gloom above life's long and dreary track.

But Grief's cold weight rests on the soul in being's early spring
As lightly as the morning dew upon the sky-lark's wing;
And soon the sun of Childhood's morn shone through those April showers,
And shed the golden light of joy upon my merry hours.

For though my spirit grieved full sore to miss its loving mate,
And on the earth at times I felt all lone and desolate,
Yet Hope's celestial rainbow above my head was bent,
And spirits in my ravished ears sang sweetly as I went.

Ah me! I fondly hoped to build a proudly-towering fame,
And throw a glorious dazzling light around my deathless name,
While thou should'st gaze in rapture from thy shining throne above,
And cheer with angel-whispers the brother of thy love.

And when I read the history of the noble ones of earth,
Or of those brilliant creatures who in the brain had birth,
I felt my very heart to swell unutterably high
With pulsings whose elastic strength I deemed could never die!

And from each great departed one, each slumb'ring child of Fame,
Through all the dim and mighty Past a solemn whisper came;
And all their gathered symphonies would like an anthem roll
Sublime and high, reëchoing through each chamber of my soul.

Then came the angry storm; and when my little all was gone,
And I was left, alone and poor, to struggle darkly on,
Most hard indeed it seemed to leave a quiet dreamy life,
And rush amid the throng of men, unarmed, to share the strife.

Yet still there was a light to gild those waters of despair;
For Health and Hope, they still were mine, and Innocence was there:
And all the wayward, wand'ring steps of my unguarded youth
Had left a stainless honor, a pure unblemished truth.

And thus I lived; till, lately, I saw Life's bloom decay,
And passions wild and desperate began their frenzied sway:
My heart seemed dry and withered, and every nerve unstrung,
And the blight of age was on me, although I still was young.

And then the maddening Tempter did enter in my heart:
'Why let thy flowery days in cold unvarying gloom depart?
Wealth, Happiness and Fame, they never can be thine,
Then steep thy frolic senses in revel, song and wine!'

Oh, God! dear buried Brother! a shade is on my brow,
And the crimson dye of foul reproach has stained my honor now;
And yet my face is clear and calm, and the world shall never know
How dark and deadly is the tide that coldly flows below.

They shall not guess the brilliant hopes that perished in their bud,
Or through the sun-gilt clouds of mirth discern the howling flood;
But as the sparkling ocean-waves o'er buried jewels roll,
Even so shall jests and smiles conceal the shipwreck of the soul!

A blasting wind hath blown across my little world of thought,
And 't were enough to waken tears, the ruin it hath wrought;
How all the opening flowers of mind, that blossomed in their pride,
Beneath the killing frosts of sin have bowed their heads and died.

How dreary in the days of youth the shadow of Despair,
That gathers o'er the arid heart, and settles darkly there!
A desert heart, by the healing dew of gracious grief unwet,
Yet feels for wasted years of life a passionate regret!

'T is sad enough to see the frame that withers in its prime,
Go down into the darksome grave, to mould before its time;
But oh! 'tis horrible to view the immortal mind decay,
And grow more vile, corrupt, and foul than its prison-house of clay!

And well might one whose kindly heart once held the orphan dear,
Prefer to see me cold in death, outstretched upon the bier;
For well I know were *she* to lose the lustre of her worth,
I'd pray to see the ruin laid in holy mother earth!

Brother! there's *One*, whose image lay deep in my heart with thine,
Around whose young and innocent life my very soul did twine:
That image there will ever rest; but sullied now with tears,
Whose bitter flow discolours all the current of my years.

Oh! why o'er far-off, faded things, in idle sorrow grieve,
Or let Despair his listless chains around my spirit weave?
The fields of life, still broad and bright, before my feet are spread,
And withered flowers may bloom again, and healing fragrance shed.

Through all the paths of vulgar joy some lofty thoughts I've kept,
And now they waken in the heart, where they a time had slept;
And if there be a soul in man, those thoughts once more shall bring
Upon my almost leafless tree the greenness of its spring.

Up! up, my Strength! gird on thy sword! and let thy deeds atone
For those brief years of purpose weak, when Reason left her throne!
From yon blue sky upon thy steps a brother's eye shall bend,
And here on earth shall pray for thee a sister and a friend.

PENSIVOSO.

A MYSTERIOUS CORRESPONDENT.

WE were seated a few days since, just after dinner, in our quiet sanctum, and were fast passing from a delightful reverie into that more abstracted state when objects seem to flit around us without producing sensible impressions, and the mind is filled with unreal day-dreams, when a calm tap at the door brought us back to 'dull reality.' We uttered the usual word of admission; the door gently opened, and an old man entered, raised his hat slowly from his head, advanced to our table, and inquired in a low tone if he was addressing the Editor. On our bowing assent, he placed before us a bundle of papers, and left the room in silence. This was the work of a moment; yet the impression produced upon us was most powerful. In his general appearance the stranger was not unlike others of his age and condition. There was no affectation of antiquity in his manner nor in his dress. On the contrary, there was an evident conformity to things as they now exist. It was the countenance alone of the stranger which impressed us so sensibly; it was like a chiselled piece of statuary, expressive of something not in life; clearly indicating that its possessor was dead to this world, and which seemed to say: 'I have lived through all, and all is vanity!' Such, as the door closed, were the impressions that pressed vividly upon us, and held us for the time fixed motionless in our seat. When we had a little recovered, our first thought was to call the stranger back. But something checked the impulse. We sat down again and took up the bundle which he had left, while a kind of mysterious awe crept over us. As we advanced, we gradually came to feel a sympathy with the writer; and although the great merit of the papers consists in the depth of feeling and strict adherence to facts, we are induced to lay them before our readers. Of the writer we still hope to learn something more. We have sometimes thought he might be one of the numerous connections of our time-honored and worthy patron, *DIEDRICH KNICKERBOCKER*. Yet the disparity in their characters almost forbids such an opinion. A friend whom we ventured to consult, whispered something about the 'WANDERING JEW.' But the high measure of Christian faith which pervades these papers repels such an insinuation. On the whole, we concluded to lay the foregoing facts before the reader, and thus afford every one an equal opportunity with ourselves of judging of this mysterious personage; and we would take this occasion to assure our *ANONYMOUS*, that if he will but call again he shall receive a cordial welcome.

ED. KNICKERBOCKER

REMINISCENCES OF AN OLD MAN.

'TEMPORA mutantur et nos mutamur cum illis.'
'I cannot change!'

I HAVE no doubt, Mr. Editor, that you look with no little distrust upon a new correspondent. Times were, when these things were not so; when an editor received a package through the post-office with pleasure, and when a new pen was welcomed to his pages. But alas! the changes which have marked every thing about us, have left untouched neither the corps-editorial nor the corps-contributive. Formerly, as I have hinted, these two great divisions of literary laborers were on the most amicable terms; till at length a pseudo race sprang up, whose only desire was a longing to appear in print, and whose chief characteristic a lamentable stupidity. The unsuspecting editor at first congratulated himself upon the great increase of literary capacity; and it was not till his table groaned under these fresh contributions, (a rare charity, indeed!) till his privacy was completely broken, and his very inner sanctum violated, that he came to look about him, and discover that the Goths and Vandals were in the capital. Since then a continual contest has been going on; so that in the labor of selecting and rejecting, of protesting against and resisting importunities; the editor has grown desperate, and like an animal at bay turns at first indiscriminately upon every one that approaches him.

I can easily conceive therefore that the first manuscript from an unknown hand may make the editor turn pale, deplore his condition, and almost curse his destiny. Your first salutation to me doubtless is: 'Who are you? what do you want? I've enough matter for my Magazine. Look into these drawers — crowded to repletion; open those port-folios — in each compartment there is matter for every taste. My embarrassment is *l'embarras des richesses*; the difficulty is only in selection,' and so forth; to all which I have only to reply: I am an old, sad, melancholy man, whose only delights are to feed upon the Past. I want the privilege sometimes of expressing my feelings, when they swell within me, and will not be restrained. 'Tis but a small boon I ask, and easily granted; yet how great the comfort which I shall derive from it! If you have matter enough, why — here is more.

And yet, Mr. Editor, I would not work too much upon your pity. I am aged, but thank God! not infirm. If Wealth calls me not its possessor, neither can Poverty claim me for her own:

'Though I look old, yet am I strong and lusty.'

If what I have to say be not to your taste, not well put down or too poorly writ, pass it to your limbo. My end is accomplished; my mind relieved of the burden which at times bears so heavily upon it. Ambition I have none. It left me with the quicker blood of earlier years. The world charms me not. I look upon its wonder-workings with an incurious eye, and smile when I see gray-beards like myself spend days and months and years

'In dropping buckets into empty wells,
And growing old in drawing nothing up.'

Enough, Mr. Editor, for you: we may hereafter become more acquainted. If so, well. If not, perhaps better. But the kind reader: Are you also curious to know what old emblem of mortality seeks to secure your notice? Do you too hail me, and ask for 'name, age, and lodgings?' My old friend FULLER, discoursing of curiosity, somewhere says, that it is 'a kernel of the forbidden fruit, which still sticketh in the throat of the natural man, much to the danger of his choking.' Prythee, therefore, worthy friend, let not this same kernel throttle thee in the outset, to thy sore disquiet. I have said that I am an old man, and confidence you know 'is a plant of slow growth in an aged bosom.' Oh, reader! whether young or old, of the sterner sex or the more gentle, probe me not! probe me not, I pray thee! Let it suffice for me to say, that I have read much; thought much; felt much. I have wandered this drear world many times over, and have seen every nation on the face of the earth, and can speak of their manners and their customs, their miseries and pleasures, their follies and crimes. I have dined with the noblest aristocrats of Russia, and supped with the Arab of the desert. I have taken my café with the most celebrated politicians of France, and have drank of the soft wines of Chios with the far

softer daughters of that isle. I have sported with the fair maidens of Andalusia, under the delightful palm-trees of Spain, and have wandered half frozen through the desolate wilds of Kamschatka, without shelter or protection. I have seen too my share of ocean life, and gloried in its changeable companionship. I have witnessed storm and shipwreck, have beheld death in every shape, and made acquaintance with danger in every form. Yet still I am spared; while friend after friend has sunk quietly into his grave, or been torn rudely from the world by accident or violence. I wander among the busy throng that crowd the pavements of this new but enterprising city. Each has some pressing object before him; each has friends, relations, and mayhap a loving wife and darling children, for whom he labors, while I am *all alone*! I often stop and number the people as they pass along, with anxious eye, if peradventure I might chance to light upon a countenance that seems familiar. But all are strange. They pass by me like the wind, and I am still alone! Merciful God! that one soul should feel so cheerless in the bosom of thy great family!—that one man should feel so lost among his fellows!

But my thoughts wander—they *will* wander, in spite of me. Still I must repress them. Thus much for what I am and what I have been; and now, in the cold evening of life, I sit myself down in a bustling city of this western world, to scribble—ay, to scribble. For what else can an old man do? Read I will not:

‘ Authors are evil spirits, and their books
Are part of them.’

But can you abide me, reader? I am often querulous; egotistical too, you may think me, for I do use the ‘condemned I,’ instead of the ‘We royal.’ But did you look upon these things as I have learned to look upon them, how hardly would you call me an egotist! When you have had your heart-strings wrung, your hopes withered, your friends cut off; ay, even your *enemies* dead around you, while a new world, ‘born in a day,’ stares you rudely in the face; ah! then how bitterly, how scornfully, will you look at the clap-trap forms to which man, poor fool that he is! pays servile homage!

Yet I, even *I* hope to please you. I will try not to presume too much upon the privileges of age, nor attempt to imitate the piquancy of youth. I have been long since convinced that

‘ All things terrestrial wear a different hue,
As youth or age persuades, and neither true.’

It shall be my care to draw the picture without giving to it too much gloom or gayety; to lay the colors in such wise that neither the vermilion of youth nor the gray pallor of age shall predominate in the tints.

But it is rash to promise. Would you know the subject of my poor thoughts?—the result of my cheerless day-dreams? Follow me then, in these my hastily-recorded ‘Reminiscences.’

Great Jones-street, Evening of Saturday, 1842.

The Young Englishman.

CHAPTER I.

IN looking over some old papers which have been lying quietly in one of the drawers of my escritoire for more than forty years, I took up a bundle that brought many sad recollections to mind, and made my heart bleed anew, when I had supposed that all its life-blood was wrung from it. It was a journal of two or three voyages made when I was in the fulness of life, and in the fresh vigor of manhood. It is fearful to look back on the trying scenes I have witnessed; the narrow escapes and the perilous adventures which it has been my lot to encounter. But they are all over; and if my mind cannot always enjoy the peaceful retirement which my quiet chamber affords, my body at least is at rest, and is no longer exposed to its former perils. And I thank my MAKER for these hours of repose; I thank Him that I have at last found a place where I can live the days allotted to me, and die in peace, if such should be His will. I can now welcome evening in, with no fear of disturbance without, or of danger within doors; and can look forward with calmness to the time, not far distant, when the hand that traces these characters must be stiffened in death, and the heart that now beats so healthfully, hushed for ever! But I wander again; 'tis an old man's failing, and I confess to it.

I spoke of some papers: I hold them before me. Strange art! that preserves and cherishes our feelings, gives them a form and presence from one year to another, without charge to the thoughts which delighted or oppressed us! These papers—they speak of days gone by; and since all mentioned in them have long since passed from the world, I may speak freely of their contents. Perhaps it would be better to give the narration as nearly as possible in the language of my journal, written a short time after the sad events related therein took place. The circumstances were then vivid in my mind; indeed they are now too deeply impressed ever to be forgotten. Making some alterations then which may occur to my mind in the course of the narrative, I will proceed:

It was in the leafless month of November, just at the close of the last century, that the good ship 'Christoval Colon' was to sail from London, bound to the south'ard, round Cape Horn, to touch at different ports, as appeared from certain placards about the docks, and a notice in the 'Public Ledger.' I was to sail in that ship as far as the island of Jamaica, and punctual to the hour I stepped on board. My effects had been previously stowed away, so that I had little else to do, save reconnoitre the passengers, of whom there were some dozen or more; for the merchantman had a good reputation as a sea-boat, and her commander was well known as a skilful sailor and a gentleman. I looked about me. There was the keen calculating shrewd-minded Scotchman, going to South America, probably not to return to old Scotia again these twelve years, perhaps never:

But he can make more money in Rio than at his old stand near the Trongate; so to Rio he goes. Here was a young Spaniard, bound for — I know not where. He seemed to let the world pass easily enough, wore a sword and dirk, and smoked a paper cigarro. Next came a young merchant from the island of Jamaica — very common-place. I was checked in my observations by the sight of a group near the cabin-stairs, on the quarter-deck. I paused a moment, and carelessly strolled toward them. The company consisted of some six or eight; part of whom seemed destined for the voyage, while the remainder had come down to the vessel to see their friends fairly off, and to receive their parting adieus. Of the number, one was evidently an invalid, a victim of that siren, CONSUMPTION. Oh! how visibly could you see its ravages in that pale, emaciated countenance, those attenuated limbs, that feeble step; how forcibly did all these speak of decay and dissolution!

The young man before me, for he was scarce three-and-twenty, stood surrounded by his friends, who seemed anxious and solicitous in the extreme for his well-being. Indeed he was one that could not fail to interest, even at the first sight. He was not very tall, yet of full height; his countenance singularly impressive; his forehead boldly developed and well proportioned; and the very black hair that hung over his temples contrasted singularly with the almost marble whiteness of his brow. His eye was full and dark; not piercing, but expressive of thought, decision, and energy. Yet there was in his look something that told of calm despair — a despair of recovery; while at the same time the soul seemed almost to triumph within him, that it was so soon to pass into a higher and nobler state of existence. I paused and gazed upon the youth, and tried to fancy his feelings; his frame subdued by the insidious disease which baffled all human skill, till it was well nigh wasted away. ‘Certain, certain death!’ murmured I, half aloud: ‘man knows that he is *liable* to die at any moment; yet when he feels the *certain*ty of the immediate approach of the Destroyer, how does that feeling chill his heart and unnerve him!’ But the young man needed not my pity; nay, I rather gathered strength and took courage at the sight of him; and the feeling that first moved me gave place to very different thoughts. I looked upon him almost with envy.

But who are the companions of his voyage? Can you mistake the one who stands nearest, with her anxious eyes cast upon his faded cheek and pallid features, as if questioning the effect of each breeze that breathed upon him? Oh no! She must be, she is the *mother* of the youth, ‘and she was a widow.’ There was a subdued, chastened sorrow on her brow, which told of the hours of sadness and grief which she had endured. Yes, the mother stood beside her offspring, her only and beloved son — her hope, her pride and her dependence. Alas! how cruel is the Tyrant! There was her darling boy, almost ready for the grave, about to try the last expedient to restore his languid frame to health, with every reason to fear that it would prove fruitless. There he stood, but oh! how different from the time when he was a merry, light-hearted boy, and

gladdened her soul with his sprightliness and activity. But how could she now be so tranquil and composed, while her heart was almost broken, and her sorrows were thickening upon her? *She was a Christian!*

A few steps forward, but ill concealing her grief, stood the young man's only sister. How different was the calm submissive sorrow of maturer years from the quick feeling of youth; the deep sadness of the mother from the fresh grief of the sister! The mother's eye was dry. The sister wept, and in her tears she found relief. So it is with the young: time and trouble have not taught them the burden of existence: their hearts, easily affected, respond to the slightest impression; and the tears which they shed, like the showers of spring, are followed by the bright sunshine of hope; and then they smile and are happy again! Youth! youth! 'tis long years gone; but the memory thereof clings to me still. Why may I not weep as in my boyhood? Why are tears forbidden me? Has my heart become cold? has the fountain of affection and feeling been dried up within me? Oh, no! no! This is not the reason. *Hope has deserted me, and I cannot weep!* Who has not heard of 'the luxury of grief?' 'Tis a specious term. The young, in full life, may enjoy it, but the aged never; for *their* eyes are dry. But to return; for why should I interrupt the train of my narrative, and blot my journal with interlineations, to expose my feelings to the world, and lay bare a desolate heart?

There is *another* in the company, whom I cannot picture. She is not habited for the voyage, yet in that voyage are embarked all her hopes and all her fears. Upon its result is staked her happiness for life. Be it prosperous, and who so joyous and light-hearted? Be it adverse, and who so wretched and despairing! Merciful Father! that this world should present such dreadful alternatives! that our brightest hopes should ever be darkened by the bitter dread of disappointment. Sad indeed was her heart, for she was the betrothed of the youth. She stood a little apart from the rest, and was apparently lost in fearful foreboding: for in a countenance which nature had formed capable of expressing the greatest degree of pleasure and delight, nought could be traced but the fixed look of sorrow. Lovely she must have been in her happy hours; beautiful in her smiles, when all within was peace, while her heart knew no sadness, no misery; but to me she seemed, as she stood, subdued, sorrowing, and *alone*, not to belong to earth. She was more than beautiful — she was angelic. I cannot describe her; for who, after dwelling on so sacred a theme as a woman's grief and a woman's love, can turn from it to delineate with minuteness every particular of form and lineament of countenance?

EVERY thing was ready, and the ship was about to get under way. The friends of the invalid had taken their leave; yet she still remained. But the moment arrived when she too must go. Her brother, who accompanied her, warned her that there could be no more delay. I watched with anxiety the effect of the separation

upon both. The lovers, as I afterward learned, had bid each other a fond farewell before coming to the vessel: still they were anxious to take that last look which all of us know sinks so deep into the heart, and is never forgotten. Both had promised to act composedly if MARY was permitted to make one of the company to the ship; and until now both had redeemed their promise. The young man had taken a seat before his friends left; for he was too much exhausted to remain long standing, and Mary had advanced next him, as each friend shook her lover's hand, and with a cheerful tone wished him a pleasant voyage and a safe return. All this she had borne. But the cruel moment had come. The voice of the captain was heard in preparation for immediate departure. Leave him she must; and despite the natural modesty of her nature, and the delicacy of her situation, she sprang toward him and knelt at his feet and sobbed aloud. What then to her were all the miserable forms and ceremonies of an unfeeling world? What the presence of strangers or of friends? She cared not for these — she *thought* not of them. She thought only of her lover; and with that thought came the feeling that could not, would not be repressed, that they should never meet again. 'Oh William! William!' she cried, 'I am bidding you farewell for ever! I know it — I felt it this morning before I bade you adieu. We shall never meet again!' And the poor girl sobbed as if her heart would break.

The youth had to this moment controlled his feelings; had bade adieu to all his friends with a firm countenance; and even now the presence of the numbers on board made him strive hard to command himself. But *this* was more than he could bear. He struggled to retain his natural composure; but he could not. He was unnerved, and he bowed his head and wept. And there they mingled their tears. They were one — one by the very strongest of all ties that binds soul to soul — love united with despair.

Great mystery of life! That two should love as *they* loved, only to be torn from each other's embrace, never to meet again! That hearts formed for happiness should be thus crushed in the spring-time, ere Hope has lavished half her promises, or Anticipation pictured half its pleasures; when the pulse of existence beats fullest and clearest, that it should falter — tremble — flutter — stop! Oh, why must we part from those we love? why must the soul be lacerated and tortured till even death is prayed for, while we are yet unprepared to die? It cannot, *cannot* be, that we part thus for ever. Yet such are the thoughts of the complaining soul. Years of wearisome and sorrowful experience have taught me the answer. Long was I in learning the lesson, but I bless my MAKER that He has taught it to me. In this world we must serve Him and prepare for the nobler life to come. Were all things bright and beautiful upon earth, without a cloud to obscure or a vapor to dim its glories, how soon should we be wedded to time and sense, forgetful alike of God and Eternity! How soon would earth become our paradise, and the joys of Heaven cease to attract us! Oh! *let us* suffer here, rather than forget that we have another existence to spend, and that

with our Creator and our God, if we do but trust His Providence. Soul *must* meet soul, and Spirit spirit, in the world to come. We *shall* see our friends and our loved ones again! God is just: let man be silent before him.

‘Not a moment to lose; flood and tide wait for no man; we’ve lost five minutes already,’ shouted the pilot, who had the management of the vessel through the intricacies of the Thames river.

‘Mary,’ said Mrs. —, ‘we must say good by. Come,’ added she, seeing that Mary stirred not, ‘you must be cheerful; do n’t you see we are going to have a fine voyage, and that you may soon expect us back in health and good spirits?’

What did it cost the mother to say those words! Still, Mary moved not. ‘Speak to her, William,’ said Mrs. —; but William could not speak. Her brother now approached, and gently raised her up, but she fell back into his arms insensible. A few moments restored her to animation, but hardly to consciousness; and she walked silently from the vessel, murmuring as she passed away: ‘*for ever! — for ever!*’

All had left the ship save those destined for the voyage. The invalid, his mother, and sister still kept their places. Near by stood the young man’s servant (who had accompanied him half the world over) with a rigidly unmoved countenance, which it was really difficult to understand. George had been trained solely by his young master, and was all that a faithful servant should be. He loved him to devotion, yet his countenance showed nothing of the working of his feelings. I had watched him from the first, for his peculiar manner attracted my attention, and could see nothing but the same rigid indifference which seemed *stamped* upon his features. But when the scene which I have just described took place, George turned around, looked this way and that, coughed, hemmed, and took out his handkerchief; but it would not do. The tears started in his eyes and rolled down his face, and the poor creature attempted in vain to restrain them. And who would have restrained their tears? Years have since rolled by, and all the parties mentioned, save the poor penciller of these melancholy truths, are numbered with the dead. Since then I have witnessed many a sad event, and looked too often upon suffering and danger and death. Yet never have I had the tenderest feelings of my heart so forcibly awakened, never have I been so touched with another’s grief, as on the day I first embarked on board the ‘Christoval Colon.’

The deck was strewn with cordage, and the sailors were busy in getting the vessel under way. Once afloat, the monotonous ‘yo! heave ho!’ intermingled with the more enlivening ‘ho! cheerily!’ sounded in strange contrast with what I had just seen and heard. But it sufficed to recall my mind to earth again. Passing out full into the stream, we floated down the noble river. Soon the great metropolis with its spires and domes and cupolas gradually receded from view, until all was lost in the dark vapor which constantly hangs over that wonderful city. We had bid adieu to England.

S T A N Z A S .

BY THE AUTHOR OF 'THREE PASSAGES IN THE HISTORY OF A POET.'

ALL poets mere translators are
 Of Nature's music into man's dull tongue ;
 Borrowers of beauty simply, as a star
 Reflects the planet whence its glory sprung.

So streams that seem to feed the sea
 Only pay back what wealth from ocean flows ;
 And so the waxen plunder of the bee
 Is made to counterfeit its parent rose.

Each minstrel's tune then must resemble
 The daily sounds which round his senses breathe,
 And his own imitative lyre-strings tremble
 As the trees tremble which he plays beneath.

Some rhymers, like the woodland brooks
 Whereby they walk, sing sweetly but not strong,
 And all the little river's turns and crooks
 And murmuring falls are mimicked in their song.

Some to the ebbing, hardly heard,
 Of some dead harbor ply their languid art,
 Where scarce more drowsily the tide is stirred
 Than their tame pipings move the listener's heart.

HOMER was nursed beside the waters
 ('Tis plain enough) of some wild Grecian shore ;
 Hark ! in his tale divine of countless slaughters,
 We hear the surge — its rising and its roar !

The gentler Mantuan, 't is as plain,
 Learned to lisp eclogues in the Lombard groves,
 And hymned his harvests mid the ripening grain
 Of Tuscan meadows, white with snowy droves.

'T is not the mood of Dorian flutes
 Sonorous MILTON's grave-paced muse inspires ;
 No ; the swoll'n organ best his grandeur suits,
 And the rolled anthem of cathedral choirs.

How ARIOSTO's touch betrays
 The halls he haunted in the knightly time !
 When ladies' eyes repaid the poet's lays,
 And ringing arms gave love a tone sublime.

Oh then what kind of music here,
 Amid this bustle of insane Broadway,
 Among the million, boisterous with beer,
 Should creak its jargon in the ear of day ?

Methinks in every scribbler's strain
 Some well-known city-sound my senses greets ;
 The din of bells, the rumbling railway train,
 And ever omnibus-resounding streets.

A dock there is, near Corlear's Hook,
 Where into Hudson many a drain disgorges ;
 Round it are noisy shops of smith and cook,
 And men who ply the trade which was Saint George's.*

From morn till night a dialect obscene,
 Mixed with harsh strokes, disturbs the greasy air ;
 And when I read the —— Magazine,
 In my imagination I am there.

L I F E I N T H E M E T R O P O L I S .

N U M B E R O N E .

A U C T I O N S K E T C H E S .

READER, have you ever been to an auction sale? If not, avoid it, pass by it, turn from it, and go on your way! And yet, if you *can* go in a calm, philosophical spirit, and with a firm determination under all temptation to spend not a single dollar, or what is still better, without a single dollar in your pocket, you will find ample amusement for a leisure hour. In walking down Broadway on the east side, or on either side of Pearl-street, about ten or eleven in the morning, did you never observe a mysterious-looking little red flag hung out from the second-story window or from the top of the door? This mysterious little flag has proved far more dangerous than was ever the black flag of the pirate — if not to man's life, at least to his pocket. It is not an honest, manly flag, streaming out boldly in the wind; but it waves to and fro with a hypocritical, insinuating, inviting air, which has lured many an unsuspecting stranger to his destruction.

An inexperienced person may make a pretty good inference as to the character of the sales, from the appearance of this flag. Some are inscribed with the name of the auctioneer, the description of goods, and the hour of sale. These indicate a wholesale establishment, and that here the sales are openly and fairly conducted. Some have only a plain red field; these, to say the least, are of a doubtful character, and must be regarded with a cautious and suspicious eye; while others, and especially corner-stores, tear one flag into two pieces, and attaching one to a broom-stick, and the other to

* SAINT GEORGE, GIBBON tells us, was a bacon-seller.

a hoe-handle, protrude one into each street. These are the most dangerous of all. Avoid them as you would a broker's shop or the court of chancery; for you will buy pinchbeck for gold and plated ware for silver; and learn to your cost that 'all is not gold that glitters.'

Perhaps of all the different kinds of auctions, the most amusing are furniture sales, where nervous old ladies bid against themselves. If the auctioneer is a man of any humor, furniture sales afford a rich field for amusement. I attended one a few days ago in the eastern part of the city, in which the presiding genius was a man of this stamp. The company was composed principally of women, (as is generally the case,) probably four to one. Of these, about two thirds had come merely from curiosity, as to a place 'where women most do congregate;' the fair sex being especially gregarious in their habits. Some had dressed themselves for the occasion in their Sunday clothes; while others were in their every-day garb, and with their babies in their arms, as they had no one to leave them with at home; yet it would not do to miss such an occasion.

It appeared that the owner of the furniture had had, or had thought he had, a taste for the fine arts, and had covered his walls with paintings and engravings, of all sizes and descriptions. Some of these were odd enough. One I remember struck me as particularly ludicrous. It was a representation of the murder of Helen Jewett by Robinson. The painter had represented the lady fast asleep in her bed, with her night-cap and curl-papers in remarkably strong relief, considering that the only light was a small dip-candle, six to the pound, in the hand of the murderer. Robinson was discovered standing in the middle of the room, with a cloak over his arm, and an immense hatchet in his hand — already bloody, probably from anticipation. He was advancing stealthily toward the bed, with his left side slightly advanced, and bending forward with his hand to his ear, in much the manner of savages on the stage when they advance upon the unwary foe; who generally, by the by, is supposed to be some five or six miles off.

'Here, ladies!' said the auctioneer, 'I have a very interesting picture to offer you; a representation of the murderer Robinson, in the very act of approaching his victim. The head of Miss Jewett is a portrait, taken from a plaster-cast shortly after her death, and admitted by Robinson himself to be a most astonishing likeness. The figure of Robinson is a fac-simile — as like him as two peas. I have been credibly informed that at the trial two respectable old gentlemen who had never seen the prisoner recognized him at once from his resemblance to this picture. And the cloak, ladies! the cloak is the very identical one which the murderer wore! What shall I have for this valuable painting?'

'One dollar,' from an old lady.

'Thank you, Ma'am; one dollar, one dollar, one dollar — half — two, two and a half — three, *three* dollars; three dollars are bid for this invaluable picture; only three; worth at least *ten*!' Three dollars,

three dollars, three dollars — going at three dollars! — going, going! Ladies, this picture is invaluable as a moral lesson as well as a work of art. I would recommend it to all mothers who have grown-up daughters. Put this picture before them, and what temptation could ever induce them to leave the paths of virtue! Ladies, the owner of this picture has daughters; they have grown up from youth to womanhood; they have never left the paths of virtue; and their mother ascribes it mainly to the influence of this picture!’

This address evidently produced a sensation. There was quite a stir among the matrons around me; and I heard one vixenish-looking old maid, with a sharp face, hooked nose, and iron spectacles, whisper her neighbor, ‘that to be sure it was so; and that if she hadn’t had such a ‘pictur,’ she didn’t know what mightn’t have happened to her.’ The auctioneer put up the picture again, and the good ladies vied with each other in purchasing this invaluable safe-guard to female honor; and as they were assured that there was not another to be had in the city for love or money, it was finally knocked down to a Mrs. Chastely at three dollars and a half; having cost originally, frame included, the sum of three shillings. The good lady bore her prize off in triumph, apparently as proud of her bargain as if she had purchased a handsome table or a valuable clock at the same price.

After selling a few other pictures, of more or less value, the auctioneer put up one of much the same stamp as the first. It purported to be a representation of the Virgin and Child. The virgin was dressed in a bright yellow silk gown, cut rather low in the neck, with her hair brushed carefully behind her ears, (probably to give her a meek expression,) twisted round and fastened upon the top of her head with a silver comb. Of course the virgin had silver and not plain tortoise-shell, like common women. But the painter had been determined that she should excel all her sex not only in the quality but quantity of comb; and for this purpose he had given her two or three extra inches, which made it tower above her head in a most formidable manner. She had very small feet, and very white hands. Then she wore a black belt round her waist, with a paste-buckle, and a handkerchief round her neck. She was standing up so as to give full effect to her height, which was about two feet above that of ordinary women. Whether the artist had given her this vast superiority from a belief in the degeneracy of the human race, or from the same motive which led him to bestow upon her the extra inch of comb, we are unable to state, but rather incline to the latter opinion. The former is confined we believe to philosophers; men of only common sense reject it.

The painter had evidently had a taste for matching colors. He had made the face to correspond with the dress, and had given it a most unearthly yellowish tinge; so that but for the outline, it would have been rather difficult to distinguish them. He must have been a phrenologist too; and had determined to give the virgin memory ‘large;’ at least seven. So he had contrived to put her eyes about

three inches apart, and had located one on each side of her face, much after the manner of the chameleon or cat-fish. In order to give her plenty of veneration, he had raised a bump on the top of her head, that towered almost as high as the silver comb; and for the sake of conscientiousness, he had given her such a breadth of crown that her head looked like nothing so much as a large wedge, most particularly broad at the top.

But no one could deny to the artist the praise of consistency; for he had admirably suited the child to the mother. It was dressed in a long yellow frock, and had a lace cap on its head, and socks on its feet, and was staring straight forward with its great, round sky-blue eyes, with a most concentrated expression of stupidity; while round its head were some yellow daubs here and there, bearing no particular resemblance to any thing whatever, but which a remarkably vivid imagination might interpret as intended for small pieces of lemon-peel cut in fancy shapes. But even a vivid imagination would never have suspected this to be the virgin and her child, had not the artist fortunately anticipated this difficulty, and taken measures to guard against it. He had written under it in huge black letters, so that he who ran might read: 'THE VERGEN AND THE CHILDE.'

This work of genius the auctioneer next offered for sale. He prefaced his offer with a few introductory remarks: 'Ladies, I have next to offer you an invaluable work of art—a genuine CANOVA.'

'A genuine *what*?' inquired the old maid with the sharp face and steel spectacles, of her neighbor.

'A genuine Hanover, Miss Sharpe.'

'A Hanover? What's that?'

'Oh! Lor! Why don't you know that? Why it's a city in France where they make all the best pictur's.'

Miss Sharpe blushed at her ignorance, and the old lady bridled up as if she plumed herself not a little upon her superior knowledge.

'I thought that it was in Germany,' suggested a pale, meek-looking little woman, in a low voice.

'In Germany, to be sure! No, Ma'am; it's in France. Ain't my husband in the pictur'-framing business, and ought n't I to know?'

This argument was regarded as conclusive; and it was settled to the satisfaction of every body present, that Hanover was a city of France, in which they made all the best 'pictur's.' Miss Sharpe, with a laudable desire to atone for her ignorance, outbid all competition, and carried off the picture at two dollars and a half, in the full glory of possessing a 'genuine Hanover.'

The auctioneer soon disposed of all the pictures. Some were valuable, but they were few and far between. The greater part were mere daubs, tacked or pasted against the wall. After selling the pictures he held up a large punch-bowl, which he assured them had once belonged to an English earl, Lord-Fitz Noodle, and which he and three other English earls had been in the habit of emptying every night, until in due course of time they had emptied

their pockets; when it had been sold to a broker, from whom it passed to a china-dealer, and so through the hands of about ten other people, all of whom he enumerated, until it came to the present owner. The descent, like that of many old families, was so clearly made out that not a doubt could be entertained of its genuineness; and so the punch-bowl was knocked down, as was right and proper, at about three times its actual value, to a lady whose children went to dancing-school, and who had been once to the theatre, and had therefore indisputable claims to gentility.

The next articles offered were a dinner-service, off of which High Commissioner Lin had once eaten his dinner at the house of an intimate friend, (at least so the auctioneer assured us,) whose head he had afterward ordered to be cut off; a dozen small breakfast-knives, with one of which a gentleman in pecuniary difficulties had cut his throat; a large earthen-ware mug, out of which an Irish gentleman who murdered his wife had been in the habit of drinking; a dozen silver-spoons that had once belonged to a real alderman; with many other rare curiosities of the same description, all of which sold advantageously. But I was obliged to tear myself away at this stage of the proceedings, having derived no little amusement from our visit.

SKETCH THE SECOND.

I HAVE endeavored to give a brief sketch of a furniture-sale: but there is another description of auction, of an entirely different character; the wholesale auction, where entire cargoes are sold 'at one fell swoop.' Let the reader enter one of these large stores with me between ten and two o'clock, and I think the bustle will rather astound him. People are pouring in and out, so that the door is rarely shut for two minutes consecutively. Your ears are greeted with as great a confusion of tongues as ever prevailed at Babel. The quick and violent tones of the Frenchman, the grunting of the German, the petulant snap of the Spaniard, and not unfrequently a mixture of all three, with an occasional sprinkling of English — all these are heard in rapid succession, forming a kind of conversational chowder, that would horrify the ears of a critic. Here too you may meet with all sorts of characters; from the bashful little grocer who never disputes a bill even when it is wrong, to the pert and forward grocer who always disputes it, *right* or wrong; the grocer who cheats and the grocer who is cheated; the grocer who never weighs his goods and the grocer who always weighs them, and invariably finds them wrong, the weight, by a remarkable coincidence, being always too little. Then there is the active business-man, with his quick, nervous step; the large, self-important man, who lays down laws on all subjects, whether he knows any thing about them or not, in the true Johnsonian style; the fluent man, who has a great idea of his oratorical powers; discourseth eloquently on all subjects with a great deal of gesture; and who thinks the people were not alive to

their true interests when they refused to send him to Congress, but don't know now whether he should accept, if they were to make him the offer. Then there is the man who tells tough stories, much in the Munchausen style; and as if anticipating something like incredulity on the part of his audience, always winds up with, 'Now that's a *fact*, Sir! You may rely upon it, Sir;' and the man in authority, who holds perhaps some petty office under government, and who struts about with a majestic and dignified trend, to the great admiration of all small boys and little girls. Then there is the rich merchant, who comes to make arrangements for selling his cargo of silks or teas, and the poor grocer, who comes to beg an extension on his note of fifty dollars. These are but a portion of the grown visitors; but scarcely five minutes pass in the day that the door is not thrown violently open, and a small voice is heard to issue from some spot apparently not more than a foot above the floor: 'Matches?' 'No!' (with energy.) 'A firsht-rate article — besht kind?' 'No!' (angrily.) Should the day be rainy, the small voices do not venture out with their matches. This is the time for the news-paper boys to pounce upon the unwary. The door is thrown open with the same violence — indeed it is remarkable that the smaller the boy the louder the noise — and a voice so like the other that you would swear that if it was not the same it was at least its twin-brother, is heard to exclaim: 'Pa-a-pers, Sir?'

This voice has scarcely retreated, when another is heard, if any thing a tone smaller than the first. This voice generally indicates a little girl with a large basket on her arm, shoes a world too large for her feet, stockings, if she have any, dirty and lying in layers on her shoes, and an old straw bonnet with a faded riband, which had probably been a bridal present to her great grand-mother. The orange-girl is generally allowed to enter, for auctioneers are mortal, and sometimes eat oranges. But if your time is precious, beware how you purchase any odd number — three, or five, for example. She knows very well that she sells one orange for three cents, two oranges for six pence, and four for a shilling; but if you buy three or five, it involves the necessity of an abstruse mathematical calculation, worked out on the digits of the left hand by means of those of the right, that is not at all unlikely to occupy from ten to fifteen minutes.

But with all that is amusing about an auction-store, there is much that is sad too. It has its dark as well as its bright sides. Not unfrequently there enter beggars with scarcely a rag to their backs, seeking to gain a living by selling blacking, almanacs, or some other trifle; store-keepers, once in a good business, now poor and penniless, who come with some moving tale of losses, to beg assistance. It was but the other day I happened to be standing in a friend's counting-room when I heard a story of this description. The relator was an honest, intelligent-looking man, though there was a weakness about the lines of his mouth which made it no difficult matter to account for his losses. It was the old story of endorsing for friends, who had turned out scoundrels, and so turned him out of

house and home; bad debts, hard times, etc. It appeared that he had been a dry-goods' merchant in Grand-street, and had been doing a very good business. His brother became involved, and begged him to endorse for him, representing himself as but temporarily embarrassed. He did so cheerfully, and to a large amount — some ten thousand dollars, if I recollect rightly. But a few weeks after, his brother was arrested on a charge of forgery. His affairs were investigated, and it was found that his property was wholly insufficient to meet the demands of his creditors. Of course they came upon our merchant. He might perhaps have been able to meet the demand, but just then the hard times came on, and he found it impossible to collect what was due him. The result was inevitable; he failed, and with a young family dependent upon him, was thrown for support upon the unwilling loans of relatives and friends. And so he had lived on from day to day and from year to year; to-day cheered with the hope of obtaining some employment, which to-morrow was doomed to dissipate; experiencing that bitter disappointment 'that maketh the heart sick.' Our friend was fortunately able to procure him a clerkship, which is sufficient to give him a bare subsistence. But with broken health, and weighed down by his brother's disgrace, he can never hope to pay off his heavy debts, and take that stand in society which he formerly held. This is but a specimen of the tales of distress which you may constantly hear. Heaven knows how many hundreds there are in this great city, whose tales of misery are never heard by mortal ears!

But let us leave the counting-house of the auctioneer, and accompany him to the sales-room. I have often thought that a pretty good index of a man's character might be formed from his manner of bidding. On one side you will see the important, consequential little buyer, who scorns to resort to the winking system, but speaks out short, quick, and decided; on the other the cunning bidder, who slowly closes one eye, and winks his bid with a most concentrated expression of slyness, that says as plainly as wink can say: 'You see what a cunning fellow I am; you don't catch *this* child asleep!' Then there is the buyer who bids by raising his eye-brows; and the buyer who bids by a significant look: this last generally has a great idea of the power of his eye; and the buyer who takes up his position near the auctioneer, and bids by pulling his coat-tails. This buyer is generally anxious to appear on intimate terms with the great man of the day. He is a sort of male Leo Hunter, and talks of his friend the Hon. Mr. So-and-so, his friend Judge This-and-that, and 'the President,' and 'the Governor,' and 'the Mayor;' with all of whom he professes to be intimately acquainted. If by any good fortune he gets introduced to a literary lion, he is delighted. He never lets the unfortunate animal alone, but walks him up and down Broadway, and takes him into Wall-street, and talks loud, and laughs at nothing, that he may appear to be on friendly terms with his majesty.

The last and most numerous class are those who bid by a nod. But even here there is a great variety. Some give a careless nod;

others a slow and dignified nod; while others again give a short, energetic nod, as much as to say: 'I mean to have it, so you may as well give it to me first as last.'

Nor is there less variety in the auctioneers than in the bidders. You may hear all sorts and varieties of tones. There is the short and business-like 'going,' 'going,' and the long, drawled-out 'g-o-i-n-g;' and the 'g-o-i-n-g' with the 'rising inflection,' as the elocution-books have it, and the 'going' with the rapid 'falling inflection.'

The auctioneer's business is far from being a merely mechanical one, as the uninitiated suppose. There is as much difference between a good salesman and a bad salesman, as between a good lawyer and a bad lawyer, or a good doctor and a bad doctor. One will sell his cargo in half the time that another will employ, and get four or five per cent. more for it, and pick out his buyers too, so that he gets nothing but good paper.

Nor is there less variety in their manner. One is a wit, and makes speeches to the company; another frightens innocent spectators by pretending to take bids from them; and a third pulls off his spectacles, and gravely assures the company that he cannot possibly go on at such prices, and the next minute, like the 'positively last appearance' of a favorite actor, proceeds with the sale, 'in consequence of the earnest solicitations of his numerous friends and the public.'

Such are some of the more prominent traits that may be observed at auction-sales. But if the reader will spend an occasional hour in a sales-room, I can promise him that he will find others still more amusing.

QUIT.

S O N N E T .

BY MRS. E. CLEMENTINE KINNEY.

FALLEN LEAVES.

THE leaves are falling! thick upon the ground
 Withered to lie, or rustle 'neath the tread,
 Giving the ear a melancholy sound,
 Like whispered warnings from the mouldering dead.
 My hopes like Autumn-leaves, whose hectic red
 The painted omen of decay is found,
 Have glowed as bright; but now their hues have fled —
 Blighted and seared, they strew my pathway round:
 All, save that hope whose leaves perennial grow
 Upon the Tree of Life! Ah, frosts of wo,
 Make greener still, but never blight this leaf!
 And who that doth that 'tree of healing' know,
 Will trust again earth's hopes, though fair as brief,
 Which droop and perish at the touch of grief?

Newark, (N. J.,) 1842.

NEW YEAR'S NIGHT OF AN UNHAPPY MAN.

FROM THE GERMAN OF RICHTER.

AN old man stood in the new year's night at his window, and looked with a glance of fearful despair up to the immovable, ever-blooming heavens, and down upon the still, pure white earth, on which was no one so sleepless and so desolate in soul as he. For his grave stood near him; it was covered with the snows of old age, not with the green foliage of youth; and he had brought out of a rich life nothing but errors, sins, and diseases; a wasted body, a desolate soul, a breast full of poison, and an old age full of remorse. To-day, the beautiful hours of his youth reappeared like spectres, and re-conveyed him to that lovely morning when his father first placed him upon the cross-way of life, which leads, on the right, by sunny paths of virtue, into a large quiet land, full of light and harvests; but on the left, plunges down into the mole-walks of existence, and a black cave, full of distilling poisons, hissing snakes and dark sultry vapors.

Alas! the snakes were hanging on his breast, and the drops of poison were on his tongue; and he knew now where he stood. Distracted with irrepressible grief, he called to the heavens:

'Give back to me my youth! O, Father! place me again upon the cross-way, that I may choose aright!'

'But his father and his youth were long since gone. He saw the ignis-fatui dancing upon marshes and disappearing upon cemeteries, and of which he said: 'These are my foolish days.' He saw a star flying from heaven, and glittering in its fall, vanish upon the earth. 'Thus am I!' said his bleeding heart, and the snake's-teeth of repentance probed still deeper and deeper into his wounds. His flaming imagination showed him flying ghosts (*nacht-wandler*) upon the roofs; the wind-mill lifted its threatening arms for destruction; and a skull, having been left behind in the dead-house, assumed gradually his features. In the midst of the struggle, the music of the new year flowed down from the steeples like far-off church-melodies.

His emotions began to soften. He looked around the horizon, and abroad on the far-extended earth, and thought of the friends of his youth who, now happier and better than he, were teachers of the earth, and fathers of happy children and blessed men. He said: 'O, if I might also slumber like you with dry eyes this first night of the year! Alas! my dear parents! I should now be happy had I followed your precepts!'

In the feverish remembrances of his youth, it appeared to him as if the skull with his features, in the house of the dead, up-raised

itself, and at length, by that superstition which in the new-year's night sees spirits of futurity, became a living youth.

At last, he could look upon it no more. He covered his eyes; a thousand hot tears streamed and vanished in the snow; and he sighed in accents scarcely audible: 'Return, youth! return!'

And it *did* return. It was a horrid dream. He was yet a youth; his errors only were no vision. But he thanked God that while yet young, he was able to shun the loathsome walks of vice, and turn into the sunny path which leads to the land of harvests. Return with him, young reader, if thou art standing with him in the way of error. This terrific dream would become thy future judge. And if thou shouldst call, 'Come back, beautiful youth!' it would no more return.

THE DEAD TRUMPETER.

FROM THE GERMAN.

WOUNDED, the dying trumpeter
Has found his last repose;
His wounds are many, and his blood
From num'rous fissures flows!

Warm flows the blood, and burns the wound,
But yet it cannot be;
He waits to hear upon the air
The shout of victory!

And as he felt death's thrilling pain,
As life was ebbing fast,
There came a sound borne to his ear,
A loud and well-known blast.

It raises him from off the earth;
His gaze is bland and lone:
He sits again upon his horse,
An image like to stone!

The trumpet pealeth out the blast,
He grasps it in his hand,
Now like the thunder echoing
'Victoria!' through the land.

Victoria! Victoria!
Is heard o'er hill and dell:
Victoria! it rises up
Like the deep thunder's knell.

Then as the trumpet is removed,
And dies away the sound,
His heart is broken; and he sinks
A corpse upon the ground!

LUDWIG VON YOUNG.

L I T E R A R Y N O T I C E S .

A TREATISE ON WOOD-ENGRAVING, HISTORICAL AND PRACTICAL; with upward of three hundred Illustrations engraved on wood. By JOHN JACKSON, Engraver. London: C. KNIGHT AND COMPANY.

SOME of our readers will doubtless have noticed on the counters of our importing booksellers a handsome volume, in half-blue morocco, as profusely and elaborately illustrated as any work which has probably ever appeared. If they have not, we would recommend them to lose no time in doing so, for they will on many accounts find it worthy of their especial attention and inspection. The title-page of this superb book is, as our readers will perceive, so exceedingly unpretending, and so very modest, that in the absence of previous information it would probably be looked at and put aside, like many other books, without much notice. There is *a reason* for this modesty. Passing over the contents and very beautiful illustrations for the present, we solemnly aver, that in the whole course of our editorial career, never in so few words did we find two more wilful perversions of truth than are contained in that title. Would not every reader of common sense suppose that the illustrations were executed and the work written 'by JOHN JACKSON, Engraver?' It is plain and palpable that such is the intent and meaning; no one can doubt — there is no room for doubt. But we have lately been made aware, by the perusal of a preface published by another bookseller, that so far from this being the case, not one line of the work was written or *could* be written by JOHN JACKSON; and of the three hundred illustrations, which the reader *must* infer were from his hand, as he *is* an engraver, how many does the reader suppose were really executed by him? SIXTEEN! sixteen out of THREE HUNDRED! 'by JOHN JACKSON, Engraver!'

As honest chroniclers, determined as far as we can to see justice done to all our brethren, whether of literature or the arts, of whatever country, we hold it right to disabuse the lovers of elegant literature of so gross a departure from fact. The book contains seven hundred and forty-nine pages, divided into eight chapters. The first seven chapters, which are by far the most interesting, consist of a history of the art from its first invention, with anecdotes of the most eminent professors and fac-similes of their works. The anecdotes, journals and letters of the great master of German art, ALBERT DURER, are copious, entirely new, at least to us, and full of extraordinary interest. The last chapter of the volume contains one hundred and three pages, a great proportion of which however is occupied, not by printed matter, but by a profusion of exquisite engravings. It gives details of the

practice of the art; that is, the mode of preparing the blocks, of whetting and holding the gravers and tools, of protecting and shading the eyes, and every thing else pertaining to a wood-engraver's practice; details which it is manifest might be furnished by any wood-engraver's apprentice, however illiterate. In fact, the *memoranda* from which the instructions were written were the production of as illiterate a man as probably ever took pen or graver in hand, and that man was 'JOHN JACKSON, Engraver,' the pseudo author of this learned and erudite book. Yet it appears that from having furnished *some* interesting memoranda, which the real author, a ripe and learned scholar, elaborated into one hundred and three pages, including the large space occupied by cuts, being less than a seventh part of the volume, has the veracious Mr. JACKSON had the hardihood to palm upon the public the work of a truly learned man *as his own!* — and in this extraordinary imposition we regret to find that Messrs. KNIGHT AND COMPANY were aiding and consenting, as they were perfectly aware of the fact before they published the volume. It appears that Mr. JACKSON is the wholesale manufacturer of wood-cuts for the Penny Magazine and other penny publications of the Messrs. KNIGHT, and that the value of property in the three hundred engravings for the treatise was in him. They are so beautiful and so highly finished, by artists *whose names are suppressed*, that a chief part of the value of the volume was constituted by the engravings. The true author is WILLIAM ANDREW CHATTO, Esq., a classical scholar of high attainments and reputation, author of numerous elegant works, and a gentleman every way entitled to great respect and consideration. In perfect good faith and a firm belief in Mr. JACKSON's integrity, the copy-right was in evil hour assigned to him before the publication of the work. In order that our readers may judge of Mr. JACKSON's *literary* abilities, and his right to be considered the author of this learned work, and that they may also judge what sort of memoranda Mr. CHATTO had to work from, to enable him to write the practical details of the art, in all that regards *spelling* and grammar and alteration of construction, (a more laborious task, be it remembered, than original composition,) we copy verbatim the following choice morceau, being a note addressed to Mr. CHATTO, which occurs at page eleven of the preface we have referred to :

' I CANNOT somehow or other dismiss from my mind, the result of my interview with Mr. K — T, which, *as it is*, I plainly see will have the effect of delaying what *I have* to do. I feel I cannot proceed 'cheerily' with it as it stands, and prefer 'cutting the finger off' rather than have it always acheing. If you have no objection I would rather show him a little of the manuscript now, suppose it is the less, and let him say yes or no, and be damned to him. I can never proceed with any thing where it is suspend (like the sword of Demacles) between nothing and something.

' Yours in haste,

' JOHN JACKSON.'

This is a specimen of the epistolary correspondence of a man who would have the world believe he is a classical scholar, and master of modern languages, French, Spanish, Italian and German!

Sad was the hour and evil was the day when Mr. JACKSON departed from his own legitimate art and trade of a manufacturer of wood-blocks, and wished to be considered as the historian of them. Far better had it been for him had he taken the sword of '*Demacles*' from where it hung 'suspend between nothing and something,' and cut the 'acheing' finger off which held the pen, while writing the title for another man's book. The chastisement which has been inflicted on him by the outraged author in his separate preface will assuredly keep something more

sensitive than his finger 'acheeing' whenever he looks on 't. The separate preface is a master-piece of indignant rebuke and severe castigation, and it also abounds with flashes of irresistible wit and humor. It appears that Mr. CHATTO remonstrated with Messrs. KNIGHT AND COMPANY on the injustice of aiding and abetting an illiterate man like JACKSON to palm a work on the public as having been written by him, to which they well knew he was altogether incompetent. These remonstrances were made with all the freedom and fervor of conscious integrity and truth. Messrs. KNIGHT AND COMPANY were *then* wealthy, patronizing publishers, circumstances which might have induced a less undaunted author to write in a more subdued style; but they seem to have had no influence on Mr. CHATTO. He wielded his pen as he would have drawn the sword of Independence. But alas! he was *an author*, and a deaf ear was turned to his expostulations. An independent author?—his contumacy must be punished, while the pliant manufacturer of blocks for penny publications was upheld and sustained. But the day of retribution was not far distant. Fair notice was given before publication, that if the title *was* printed as it is printed, a separate preface would appear, and appear it did, to their mortification and the infinite amusement of the public. On reading it, a Scotch friend of our acquaintance remarked that it irresistibly reminded him of a pithy stanza of BURNS, which applies well. We are to suppose the benediction uttered by Mr. CHATTO's antagonists:

' And when we chastened him therefore,
 Thou kens, Lord, how he raised such splore,
 And set the country in a roar,
 O' laughing at us;
 Curse thou his basket and his store,
 Kail and potatoes! '

Whether Mr. CHATTO's 'kail and potatoes' have suffered, his good friends the public can best tell: we think the benison has fallen the other way, and that Mr. JACKSON has ere now exclaimed in the words of honest Sir Andrew Aguecheek: 'An' I thought he had been valiant, and so cunning of fence, I'd have seen him damned ere I'd have challenged him.' In assuming the lion's skin he little thought what a threshing-machine he was going to set in motion. Conjurers say it is an easy thing to raise the devil, but a very different affair to lay him.

We have been gratified to observe by several of the London booksellers' catalogues, that the work, notwithstanding its false title, is always referred to as CHATTO's Treatise on Wood Engraving; and we happen to know that the trustees of the British Museum, indignant at the fraud, have caused the separate preface to be bound up with the Museum copy, and Mr. CHATTO's name entered in the catalogue as the author, without noticing JACKSON. The work has also been reviewed and we believe reprinted in Germany, and Mr. JACKSON most severely handled by the German critic. We also know that some gentlemen in New-York, feeling equally indignant, have had a new title printed, and liberally supplied it to all purchasers of the book whom they could hear of; and we understand that any of our readers who possess the treatise may be favored with a copy of the title by addressing a line to Messrs. WILEY AND PUTNAM, Broadway.

As we have paid some little attention to the subject matter of Mr. CHATTO's beautiful book, we consider the present a peculiarly favorable moment, when so many books superbly embellished with wood-cuts are almost daily issuing from the

press, for calling attention to this magnificent volume, and giving a brief notice of it. The author is a gentleman, possessed of every requisite to render such a work not only highly useful but even popular. He has rendered it interesting in its historical details in a far greater degree than could have been imagined. It is, in fact, not only one of the most beautiful, but also one of the most readable and entertaining books we have lately encountered. Mr CHATTO has a highly cultivated mind, is intimately acquainted with classical authorities, of extraordinary aptitude for the arts, and withal has great clearness and perspicuity of style; a style, in short, which never leaves the reader in doubt on any subject the writer is illustrating. The art of engraving on wood, which might *seem* a dry subject, is the very reverse in our author's hands. He traces it from its earliest dawn to the present day. The romantic story of its pretended invention between the years 1285 and 1287, 'by the two interesting orphans Alberic Cunio and Isabella his twin sister,' is demonstrated to be a mere fable, a pure fabrication by the crazy author PAPILLION in his '*Traité de la Gravure en Bois*;' but the story was so perfectly romantic, and related with so much apparent candor and plausibility, as to impose on the credulity of no less a writer than the late WILLIAM YOUNG OTTLEY, who was esteemed one of the very first judges of art, and, as keeper of the prints in the British Museum, a great authority. In Mr. OTTLEY's '*Inquiry into the Origin and early History of Engraving upon Copper and in Wood*,' 2 vols. 4to., published in 1816, he brings forward arguments to support Papillion's romance, which is also sustained by the Italian writer ZANI, as also by Mr. WILLIAM S. SINGER in his '*Researches*' into the history of playing cards,* and moreover by no less a person than the *learned* author of the article on wood-engraving, published in the *Encyclopedia Metropolitana*! All these authorities and all their arguments are demolished by Mr. CHATTO in the short space of two pages. We never read a more triumphant refutation; nay, the very existence of '*the interesting orphans Cunio*' is shown to be 'the baseless fabric of a vision.' Our author pins his faith to no man's ipse-dixit, however great his name, but sets to work with right good will, fearlessly grappling *with facts*. He investigates, searches, sifts, and sums up, like a sound, impartial judge, who *will* know the bottom of every thing, and show the truth beyond all doubt. Our readers are probably aware that before the invention of metal types, a few books were printed from engraved blocks of wood. Bibliographers call them *Block-Books*. They are now of extraordinary rarity, but they may yet be found in the possession of a few indefatigable antiquaries. Our much respected friend, Mr. JOHN ALLAN, of Vandewater-Street, New-York, has several such books, of extreme rarity; and no gentleman is more worthy or more deserving of the treasures he possesses; for during a long and useful life, unlike some churlish collectors, his chief pleasure has ever been to make his extensive library and cabinets of medals, minerals, and curiosities *useful* to his friends, to artists, and the public; like the liberal, generous-minded man that he is.

With the same fearlessness and originality which he displayed regarding the *invention* of wood-engraving, Mr. CHATTO dispels the nonsense which has for so

* MUCH new light we understand will soon be thrown on this very subject by Mr. CHATTO, in consequence of the late accidental discovery by him of some unique cards enclosed in the binding of an old volume. From many singular discoveries of a like nature, we would strenuously recommend our bibliographical friends, when sending their *fifteeners* and *sixteeners* to be rebound, carefully to inspect the *inside* of the vellum covers.

many ages been promulgated by 'great' authorities, respecting one of the block books. As a short specimen of his style and reasoning, we quote the following extract in relation to such books, which is not less interesting and instructive than much which precedes and follows it:

'Of all the block-books, that which is commonly called 'Biblia Pauperum'—the Bible of the Poor—is most frequently referred to as a specimen of that kind of printing from wood-blocks which preceded typography, or printing by means of movable types. This title however has given rise to an error which certain learned bibliographers have without the least examination adopted, and have afterward given to the public considerably enlarged at least, if not corrected.* It has been gravely stated that this book, whose text is abbreviated Latin, was printed for the use of the poor, in an age when even the rich could scarcely read their own language. Manuscripts of the Bible were certainly at that period both scarce and costly; and not many individuals even of high rank were possessed of a copy; but to conclude that the first editions of the so-called Biblia Pauperum were engraved and printed for the use of the poor, appears to be about as legitimate an inference as to conclude that, in the present day, the reprints of the Roxburgh Club were published for the benefit of the poor who could not afford to purchase the original editions. That a merchant or a wealthy trader might occasionally become the purchaser of a 'Biblia Pauperum' I am willing to admit, though I am of opinion that the book was never exclusively intended for the laity; but that it should be printed for the use of the poor, I cannot bring myself to believe. If the poor of Germany in the fifteenth century had the means of purchasing such books, and were capable of reading them, I can only say they must have had more money to spend than their descendants, and have been more learned than most rich people throughout Europe in the present day. If the accounts which we have of the state of knowledge about 1450 be correct, the monk or friar who could read and expound such a work must have been esteemed a person of considerable literary attainments.'

It was our intention to have made some remarks on the very beautiful engravings with which Mr. CHATTO's elegant volume is embellished, and of the artists who executed them, particularly the eminent draughtsman Mr. F. WM. FAIRHOLT, who made the whole of the drawings, but whose name, as well as those of *all* the engravers, Mr. JACKSON has so cunningly concealed; but as we propose returning to the subject of wood-engraving in an early number, when we shall endeavor to show its recent astonishing progress and popularity, and the influence it is exerting on the book-trade at the present period, we shall suspend our remarks till then. We propose in our intended article to give some account of the early embellishment of books by means of wood engravings, particularly breviaries and books of devotion, and may perhaps give specimens of some of them. For the present, we shall content ourselves with calling the attention of our readers to Mr. CHATTO's admirable work, and the very unhandsome manner in which he has been treated in bringing it before the public. We would especially recommend a perusal of his separate preface, published by Mr. WALTER SPIERS, London, which, although a very handsomely-printed pamphlet of thirty-six pages, in super royal octavo, may be imported for twenty-five cents; and in its perusal we can promise our readers as rich a *show-up* as they have probably ever *sat down* to.

* 'It is,' says the Rev. T. H. HORNE in his 'Introduction to the Critical Study of the Scriptures,' 'a manual or kind of Catechism of the Bible, for the use of young persons and the common people, whence it derives its name of Biblia Pauperum, 'the Bible of the Poor,' who were thus enabled to acquire, at a comparatively low price, an imperfect knowledge of some of the events recorded in Scripture.' The young and the poor must have been comparatively learned at that period, to be able, to read cramped Latin, when many a priest could scarcely spell his breviary!

HUMAN LIFE: OR PRACTICAL ETHICS. Translated from the German of **DE WETTE.** By **SAMUEL OSGOOD.** In two volumes. pp. 778. Boston: **JAMES MUNROE AND COMPANY.** New-York: **WILEY AND PUTNAM.**

Our readers will not need to be reminded that a series of translations under the general title of 'Specimens of Foreign Standard Literature' was commenced in Boston five or six years ago, by Rev. **GEORGE RIPLEY**, a gentleman whose reputation as a scholar, and especially as a student of German, stands deservedly high. Of this series fourteen volumes have been published under Mr. **RIPLEY**'s editorial direction, although the translations have been executed by various scholars. Volumes **XII.** **XIII.** and **XIV.** have been very recently published, and deserve our favorable notice. Numbers **XII.** and **XIII.** contain a translation by Rev. **SAMUEL OSGOOD**, of Providence, (R. I.) of 'Lectures on Ethical Science,' delivered to a promiscuous audience in Basle, in the years eighteen hundred and twenty-two and twenty-three, by **DE WETTE**, a distinguished German theologian and moralist. These lectures were heard with great attention and interest by many of the most respectable and accomplished citizens of Basle, among whom **DE WETTE**, having been exiled from Prussia, and banished from his professorship in the University of Berlin, had found a new sphere of usefulness and a home.

The translator has placed his countrymen under obligation to him, for having put within their reach a valuable work in a highly attractive form. The mode in which he has executed his undertaking is worthy of praise from all who can estimate its difficulty. Without unnecessary circumlocution he has succeeded in making the translation of difficult passages intelligible to the English reader; and while he has rendered them as literally perhaps as was consistent with clearness, has made an English version which is generally easy and graceful, sometimes rich and eloquent. We might select many passages to illustrate these remarks; but must be content with offering one or two specimens, which, while they will give a favorable idea of the translator's style, will, we venture to hope, excite a desire to become better acquainted with the writings of **DE WETTE**.

In lecture seven, which is entitled 'Piety in Contemplation,' there are several passages of great brilliancy and beauty. In recommending a pious contemplation of nature, the author displays a fine imagination and great delicacy of sentiment. We will leave our readers to judge for themselves whether the translator has not favorably represented the original in the following splendid pictures of nature:

'WHAT a beneficent, steadfast alternation! Free from anxiety we resign ourselves to slumber, under the silent calm of night, sure that the sun will awaken us. And he arises, the all-animating, joyous king of day, hailed by the jubilee of nature, roused to fresh vitality, mirroring himself a thousand fold in sea and stream, and every dew-drop that trembles upon the flower's cup. He arises, and ascends quietly to the meridian, overlooking his creation; and having shed the fulness of his warmth, sinks quietly to rest, and leaves it to stilly Night, under her cool mantle, to nurse and develop the quickened germs. Thus, in eternal course, the picture rolls on from day to day, and yet is ever varying: then, by the change of day and night the change of seasons is brought on. The weary year goes to rest, and stretches the protecting mantle of snow over the tender children of earth, who placidly slumber beneath. So as not to disturb them, the sun is veiled in thick clouds, else emits only pale, sloping beams, that its warmth may not wholly cease. Then it again mounts up, dispels cloud and snow, and — wonder! ecstasy! — awakens all that slumbers, vivifies all that seemed dead: light pours its splendor upon all the pale earth; the meadows are covered with fresh green; the woods brighten with young foliage, the gardens with ornamental flowers; Flora pours her horn of plenty over hill and valley; vegetation sprouts, shoots up, blooms, and gives fragrance; all is in rapture and bliss. And in wood and field new life universally reigns; the birds brood, beasts bring forth and give suck, and even bog and water swarm with new inhabitants. Even through the breast of man, fresh life, fresh joy streams; hope brings new, lovelier forms before his eyes, and new activity glows in his limbs. Wonderful mystery of the regeneration of nature! Majesty of ever-radiant youth, triumph of eternal resurrection, victorious jubilee of life, conquering death! So shall we also arise, renewed; over us death has no power; and, as flowers spring from

the earth and burst their buds, so shall the graves one day open, the heavenly germs within them press forth to eternal light. Thus even now we are renewed by the vital power of freedom and love; and even when the locks whiten, and the light of the eyes goes out, we bear still the crown of immortal youth, and the light of the spirit beams in the brightness of spring. O, creative power! that streams through the universe, fount of eternal youth and immortality, enter our breast, melt the earthly snow that lies upon our heart, kindle the breath of freedom, awaken the spring of inspiration, quicken the flower of love, and let it bloom in unfading splendor!

'In the dance of the Seasons, the sister with heavy crown of ears of grain follows the flower-crowned Spring, and to her a third extends rich clusters of fruit and grapes. The blossoms bear fruit, and the fruit contains the seeds of new plants and blossoms. Thus life contains life, and by alternate developement the preserving and renewing power acts in the individual as in the whole. Thus also should every blossom of our love bear fruit, and each of our actions, the fruit of a fresh blossom, should contain the seed of others, that the garland of our lives, woven from blossoms, ears of grain and fruit, ever fresh and full, should wind from pillar to pillar in the temple of God, and fill it with precious fragrance. Like that noble tree of the south, which together with ripe, golden fruits, bears fragrant blossoms and young fruit; so in our life new resolution and fresh effort should accompany every finished deed, and progressive activity attend our quiet joy in successful achievement.'

All the remarks of DE WETTE upon the 'advantages of a taste for flowers' are very beautiful; but particularly striking is the passage in which he speaks of them as the 'image of piety,' and traces the resemblances between them and the manifestations of the pious mind. We could not fill our pages with any thing more attractive than extracts from this part of the translation; but we must forbear, and point our friends to the book itself. One only of these fanciful but not wholly unreal resemblances we must transcribe for its rare beauty's sake:

'The lake-rose swims and bathes in the moist element, which, fertilizing, pervades the earth, and lifts up its crown to the sun like a clear, calm eye. Who thus can swim in the fulness of universal life, washed pure from all selfishness, and thus look up unshrinking with pure eye?'

The work of DE WETTE abounds with free and noble thoughts, beautiful images, humane sentiments, and valuable suggestions for the right conduct of life. It is not however without its faults; the most obvious of which are, that it is too rhetorical, and wants compactness, to a degree that renders some parts of it wearisome and comparatively weak. Of the former the author was evidently sensible; of the latter the reader will be, whether *he* was or not. But both may be in part accounted for, by the circumstances under which the lectures were delivered; and will easily be forgiven, for the sake of the inspiration of virtue and love, and the treasures of practical wisdom for which every attentive student of the work will gladly acknowledge himself indebted.

THE ROSE OF SHARON: A RELIGIOUS SOUVENIR FOR 1843. Edited by Miss SARAH C. EDGERTON. Boston: A. TOMPKINS and B. B. MUSSEY.

WE took up the handsome annual whose title we have given above, with favorable anticipations concerning its literary matériel, and a close examination of its contents enables us to say that the work amply fulfils the promise of its predecessors. We have marked several passages in its articles, both of prose and verse, which we shall be glad hereafter to copy, but to which we can at present only advert. One thing especially impressed us. The papers are all replete with good moral or religious lessons; and yet these are not forced in, as unnatural warp in the fabric which they brighten and adorn. It might perhaps be deemed invidious, were we to single out individual articles for particular commendation, where all are so meritorious and praiseworthy; but we cannot forbear to say, that in the perusal of 'The Dweller Apart,' by Mrs. J. H. SCOTT, (now, alas! no more,) 'Earth and

Heaven,' by Miss LOUISA M. BARKER, and 'The Comet,' by Mrs. L. J. B. CASE, we derived especial satisfaction. Some of the poems too impressed us quite as favorably. The engravings are of unequal merit. The one of 'Connecticut River' strikes us as the best executed; others have a raw, crude appearance, which detracts somewhat from the effect of the design and the beauty of the execution.

SONGS AND BALLADS: Translated from UHLAND, KÖRNER, BURGER, and other German Lyric Poets: with Notes. By CHARLES T. BROOKS. In one volume. pp. 399. Boston: JAMES MUNROE AND COMPANY. New York: WILEY AND PUTNAM.

THIS is the title of volume fourteen of the series of 'Foreign Standard Literature,' to which we have elsewhere referred. The translator is Rev. CHARLES T. BROOKS, of Newport, (R. I.,) who has been assisted in making up the volume by the contributions of a few friends, whose initials are affixed to their several translations, while the pieces for which we are indebted to Mr. BROOKS are anonymous. We regret that he has not designated his own work. More than four fifths of the songs are without any initials to indicate by whom they were rendered; and of these a large number have been borrowed from juvenile song-books which are in common use. The natural inference of the reader would be that Mr. BROOKS translated all these pieces. A somewhat blind allusion to them in the preface is all the information which he gives us. If he originally translated them all for those song-books, he should have distinctly avowed it; if he did not, he should have made a distinction between those for which he is responsible as translator, and those which have been merely selected.

But passing this objection, which does not affect the merits of the work, we take pleasure in saying that we do not know when we have received from the press a more delightful book. The selections have been judiciously made from the rich and various stores of German songs and ballads. There is hardly a piece in the volume concerning which we should be disposed to ask why it was chosen; however much the student of German may regret the omission of some of his favorite songs. The book will give to American readers some idea of the wealth of the lyrical department of German poetry, and will tend, we think, to excite in many a taste for it. The fire of freedom which glows in some of the German popular songs; the tenderness and delicacy of sentiment and exquisite finish which give a charm to others; the devoted patriotism, the pure humanity, the chivalric courage, the true love, the confiding piety, which may be found scattered among the lyrical productions of Germany, enlivening appropriate numbers; all these and other characteristics of the true poetic inspiration, having been preserved in skilful translations, are brought together in this volume, and commend it to readers of almost every variety of taste and feeling. If we had space we should be glad to give a specimen of KÖRNER's unrivalled war-songs; of UHLAND's sweet and finished lyrics; of BURGER's lively ballads; and of the patriotic, the sentimental, the pastoral songs and odes of other celebrated bards; and would not omit HERDER's magnificent 'Organ.' But our limits are too narrow; and our selection must be restricted to two pieces, which if not better than the rest, are at least too good to be passed by. It seems to us impossible that the following song by KRUNMACHER having been once read can ever be forgotten. Piety can ask no more beau-

tiful expression of its most soothing and elevating sense of the omnipresence of a loving Father. The poet speaks in a spirit akin to that of Him who said that he was never alone, and who 'had seen the FATHER:'

MOUNTAIN AND VALLEY.

On Alpine heights the love of God is shed:
He paints the morning red,
The flowerets white and blue,
And feeds them with his dew.
On Alpine heights a loving Father dwells.

On Alpine heights, o'er many a fragrant heath,
The loveliest breezes breathe;
So free and pure the air,
His breath seems floating there.
On Alpine heights a loving Father dwells.

On Alpine heights, beneath his mild blue eye,
Still vales and meadows lie;
The soaring glacier's ice
Gleams like a Paradise.
On Alpine heights a loving Father dwells.

Down Alpine heights the silvery streamlets flow;
There the bold chamois go;
On giddy crags they stand,
And drink from his own hand.
On Alpine heights a loving Father dwells.

On Alpine heights, in troops all white as snow,
The sheep and wild goats go;
There, in the solitude,
He fills their hearts with food.
On Alpine heights a loving Father dwells.

On Alpine heights the herdsman tends his herd;
His Shepherd is the Lord;
For he who feeds the sheep
Will sure his offspring keep.
On Alpine heights a loving Father dwells.

As a fine specimen of the German ballad, and as a spirited translation, we offer, in conclusion of this notice:

THE NOBLEMAN AND THE PENSIONER.

BY FFFPHEL.

'Old man, God bless you! does your pipe taste sweetly?
A beauty, by my soul!
A red clay flower-pot, rimmed with gold so neatly!
What ask you for the bowl?'

'O Sir, that bowl for worlds I would not part with;
A brave man gave it me,
Who won it—now what think you?—of a bashaw
At Belgrade's victory.

'There, Sir, ah! there was booty worth the showing,
Long life to Prince Eugene!
Like after-grass you might have seen us mowing
The Turkish ranks down clean.'

'Another time I'll hear your story;
Come, old man, be no fool;
Take these two ducats—gold for glory—
And let me have the bowl!'

'I'm a poor churl, as you may say, Sir;
My pension's all I'm worth:
Yet I'd not give that bowl away, Sir,
For all the gold on earth.

- ‘ Just hear now ! Once, as we hussars, all merry,
Hard on the foe’s rear pressed,
A blundering rascal of a janizary
Shot through our captain’s breast.
- ‘ At once across my horse I hove him —
The same would he have done —
And from the smoke and tumult drove him
Safe to a nobleman.
- ‘ I nursed him, and, before his end, bequeathing
His money and this bowl
To me, he pressed my hand, just ceased his breathing,
And so he died, brave soul !
- ‘ The money thou must give mine host — so thought I —
Three plunderings suffered he :
And in remembrance of my old friend, brought I
The pipe away with me.
- ‘ Henceforth in all campaigns with me I bore it,
In flight or in pursuit ;
It was a holy thing, Sir, and I wore it
Safe-sheltered in my boot.
- ‘ This very limb, I lost it by a shot, Sir,
Under the walls of Prague :
First at my precious pipe, be sure, I caught, Sir,
And then picked up my leg.’
- ‘ You move me even to tears, old Sire :
What was the brave man’s name ?
Tell me, that I too may admire,
And venerate his fame.’
- ‘ They called him only the brave Walter ;
His farm lay near the Rhine.’
‘ God bless your old eyes ! ’t was my father,
And that same farm is mine.
- ‘ Come, friend, you ’ve seen some stormy weather ;
With me is now your bed ;
We ’ll drink of Walter’s grapes together,
And eat of Walter’s bread.’
- ‘ Now — done ! I march in, then, to-morrow ;
You ’re his true heir, I see ;
And when I die, your thanks, kind Master,
The Turkish pipe shall be.’

We think we have seen a better rendering of UHLAND’s exquisite ‘ River-Passage ’ than the one here given ; although the opening is beautiful :

- ‘ Years have vanished like a dream,
Since I ferried o’er this stream ;
Flood and castle, as of old,
Glimmer now in evening’s gold.
- ‘ Two companions, loved and tried,
Then sailed over by my side ;
One was father-like — the other
Young and generous as a brother.’

The names of the publishers will be to our readers a sufficient guarantee that the typographical dress in which these ‘ Selections ’ are presented to the public is in keeping with their internal excellence.

EDITOR'S TABLE.

EDMUND BURKE'S ELECTION FOR BRISTOL: A GLIMPSE INTO THE PAST. Suppose for a moment, reader, that a blooming young lad, with a taste for such a freak, should traverse the city of New-York, on the eve of an important and stormy national election, and gather up all the hand-bills and partisan *affiches* that he could find upon fences, dead-walls, hydrants, and pumps, and seventy or eighty years thereafter spread them before the public? What a flood of reminiscence it would awaken in the minds of the old, and what glimpses into the 'dark backward and abysm of time' it would impart to the young! Such a thought as this was in our mind the other evening, as we ran over a pile of time-stained electioneering hand-bills, which were showered upon the good people of Bristol, England, in 1774, when EDMUND BURKE was returned to Parliament as their representative. We propose to give our readers some idea of these long-preserved and interesting documents, many of which bear the marks of having been torn down by some friend or enemy of the candidate whom they abused or commended. To our mind, as we perused them one by one, they seemed to roll back the tide of years. That distant period was 'all a living, colored time, not a gray, vacant one, and had length, breadth, and thickness, even as our own has.' Just as at this day, the grossest falsehoods were then insinuated and the meanest misrepresentations hinted against the popular candidate. BURKE was accused of cajoling the Quakers; of backing and filling to them with the most shameful explanations, apologies, and false promises. He was charged with being ashamed of having risen from the middle ranks of life, and with 'entertaining sentiments adversarious to general freedom.' His domestic and social relations were invaded; and the 'Hibernian DEMOSTHENES' was called upon to inform the electors whether the 'story of a *tête-à-tête* and intended amour with Miss S——N could be denied;' whether he had not been a student at St. Omers, and was not now a dissenter, while pretending opposition to that sect; why he sent his son to France to be educated, instead of sending him to school in England; whether he had n't a liberal pension and a 'profitable agency for *New-York*,' and was not 'dependent on the ROCKINGHAM party and North-America for his support,' and so forth. Letters too, pretending to emanate from the Society of Friends, and other religious bodies, were circulated in large printed sheets. One of these is particularly amusing. It is entitled '*The Quakers Bit*,' being a 'Doleful Letter from AMINIDAB and OBADIAH to the Man called EDMUND BURKE,' and commences thus: 'Verily, friend BURKE, thou hast deceived us, yea miserably deceived us! Friends brought thee hither to pull

down the Man of Sin, called King, Lords and Commons, and to establish a Commonwealth in righteousness, wherein Friends might bear rule. We sent for thee to curse these enemies of the Lord, but lo! thou hast blessed them altogether! We felt free to launch out into great vanity and expense on thy account. Upward of two thousand pounds were spent in those profane, ungodly gewgaws called ribands. Ah! friend BURKE, what return dost thou make for all these things? Friend CRUGER laughs at us, and says as we sent for thee we must pay for thee. The women he says were *his* friends, and he wanted no other assistance. Verily, there is too much truth in what he sayeth. Even our own women, SARAH, REBECCA, RACHEL, SUSANNAH, and all the sisters, have strong drawings toward that carnal man CRUGER!

On the other side, the friends of BURKE kept up a vigorous fire with their 'paper pellets.' Some of these were long poetical hand-bills, led off, as their dates indicate, by one which begins as follows:

' You good Bristol folk,
An election 's no joke,
But serious indeed is the work;
Let none represent ye
That do not content ye —
Vote therefore for CRUGER and BURKE.

' No Minister's tool,
Who 's for despotic rule,
And for pension would bring in the Turk,
Or would cram down our throats
His papistical votes —
But let us have CRUGER and BURKE.'

In an 'Address to the Electors' we should almost recognize the hand of BURKE himself, but for his denial elsewhere of any personal interference in the contest. The annexed sentences struck us as especially characteristic: 'Come forth and give your private judgment the sanction of your public suffrage. Be *ashamed* to have the power of doing good, without putting it in action, and strength to prevent evil, without giving it exertion.' In a 'New Song, to the tune of Derry Down, addressed to the opposers of BURKE, CRUGER, and Liberty,' even the ladies, who it seems took an active part in the election, are elaborately ridiculed. As thus:

' CAN a bosom so fair and a brow so serene
As D — NEY's e'er know what foul passion can mean?
So nice and so trim, and so fond of her person,
How in noisy elections can she take diversion?

' And were I to name all the rest of the fair
Who in herds to the tavern to dinner repair,
I'm afraid that the men, ere they'd choose them such wives,
Would bachelors live to the end of their lives!'

A large sheet contains BURKE's début at the Bristol hustings just before the election. No previous canvass he declared had been made for him. He was put in nomination after the poll was opened, and did not appear until it was far advanced. From the beginning to the end of the election he had kept silence on all matters in discussion, and never asked a question of a voter on the other side, or supported a doubtful vote on his own. He drew a vivid picture of his opponent, going round to the electors and squeezing their hands, with: 'Sir, I humbly beg your vote; I shall be eternally thankful; may I hope for the honor of your support? Thank you, my worthy friend! thank you kindly! That's an honest fellow! how's your good family?' etc. He spoke of 'the unhappy contest with America, on which he looked down as from a precipice,' and avowed his determination never to assist in putting any colonist in a situation not becoming a freeman. 'We seem,' said he, 'to be approaching a crisis in our affairs which calls for the whole wisdom of the wisest among us, without being able to assure ourselves that any wisdom can preserve us from many and great dangers.' After his

triumphant election, his friends congratulated him in various ways. Even the Quakers were moved to verse, and addressed a long poetical 'Epistle' to him, which closes as follows :

'FOR Bristol thou art freely chosen,
With CRUGER to be sent,
To take thy seat among those men
In the House of Parliament.

'Then shall thy name in all the land
Resound with great applause;
Forever shall thy memory stand
In AMERICA's glorious cause !

'In all thy ways Bristol remember !
From thence thou art sent up ;
Neglect us not, as a late Member,
Lest thou drink the same cup.

'Huzzas for ever we will sing
For CRUGER and for BURKE !
Your names perpetually shall ring
In Bristol streets throughout.'

The reader will find quite as little rhyme as poetry in these stanzas, particularly the last, which could even be excelled by almost any one of 'the world's people.' The 'Hibernian DEMOSTHENES' however *knew* the part he was called upon to perform ; and unlike his defeated opponent, who 'yielded his will implicitly to the electors,' he repelled dictation, and declined giving pledges. From the hustings, after the poll had closed, he protested against all *instructions* ; 'mandates issued, which the member was bound blindly and implicitly to obey, to vote, and to argue for, though contrary perhaps to the clearest conviction of his judgment and conscience ;' as utterly unknown to the laws, and as arising from a fundamental mistake of the whole order and tenor of the constitution. Parliament, he said, was a *deliberative* assembly of *one* nation, with *one* interest — that of the whole ; where not local or party purposes or prejudices ought to guide, but the general good, resulting from the general reason of the whole. 'We are now members,' said Mr. BURKE, 'for a rich commercial *city* ; this city however is but part of a rich commercial *nation*, the interests of which are various, multiform and intricate. We are members for that great nation, which however is itself but part of a great *empire*, extended to the farthest limits of the East and of the West. All these wide-spread interests must be considered, must be compared, and if possible, reconciled.' No wonder that these far-reaching and statesman-like views, delivered with eloquent energy and sincerity, 'arrested a stone in the upraised hand of a misguided BRICKDALE partisan,' who had been taught or *bought* to believe that BURKE was in reality the enemy to England and the people that his opponents represented. 'Here endeth the first chapter.'

'THE BURNING OF THE ERIE.' — The 'Traveller' who wrote this poem is not destined to supplant BYRON in the memories of those of our countrymen who have a love for the true poetic inspiration. The opening of our author is quite sufficient to convey an idea of his entire performance :

'LAKE ERIE's waters lay inland in vast expanse,
Rolling dull turbid waves in greenness to the glance,
With bounds converging, as, by nature's constant law,
They near the Narrows, where, in wild, terrific awe,
Compressed by rocks till scarce in width a cable's length,
The rushing mass immense in mad resistless strength,
Headlong soon plunges, delving down the dread abyss,
O'er famed Niagara's stupendous precipice.'

The poem gradually approaches its grand climax, like the waters of Niagara toward the Great Cataract, and like them, to mingle in froth and foam :

'Listen ! — Methought I heard a sudden sound,
Like an explosion. All is still around.
All listen — Sure 't was nought. — But why that rush ?
That shriek below us ? Ha ! The dreadful truth
Bursts out with fury. — THE SHIP'S ON FIRE !
Heavens ! — Is there no refuge ? Where ? Oh ! where !
Horror of horrors ! See the mad furies rage,
Resistless, driving frenzy ! — Hear the appalling cries !

Ah ! see the fiends behind ! — the frantic crowd !
 A boat ! — it sinks ! — they 're lost ! — another now !
 It is the same ! — 't is gone ! — all, all is lost !
 There is no hope ! the waves are strewed with death !
 Yet there 's a fragment ! — let me plunging catch !
 Sweet soothing waters ! — it may save ! alas !
 There yet is hope ! I 'll praise the God of love ;
 Eternal Sovereign ! Prince of power above.'

We are more than ever convinced, that a poet is born and not made. 'Hence we view' the force and truth of the well-known distich :

'A man cannot make himself a poet,
 No more 'n a sheep can make itself a go-at.'

THE BOSTON MUSEUM AND GALLERY OF THE FINE ARTS. — This establishment, perhaps the most splendid of its kind in the country, was opened, as we were recently informed, for the first time in the spring of 1841, in a building erected expressly for it, on one of the most eligible sites in Boston, at an expense, if we remember rightly, of upward of sixty thousand dollars, making the total cost, including the collection, to exceed eighty thousand dollars. The chief apartments are two spacious and lofty halls, admirably calculated for the purpose for which they were designed. Of these the lower one, a truly magnificent saloon, with a wide gallery running quite round it, may be called the museum proper. Here are deposited the specimens of statuary, sculpture, antiquities, curiosities, natural history, etc., and many of the valuable paintings in which the establishment abounds. Among the statuary may be noticed an exquisite Medicean Venus in marble, by CANOVA : and another Venus in a recumbent posture by the sea-shore. Of the paintings, that of WASHINGTON crossing the Delaware, by SULLY, is the largest and of course the most conspicuous. This is unquestionably the finest production of that distinguished artist's pencil, and forms an attractive show of itself. But it is in the smaller and more exquisite paintings of the 'olden time' that this museum excels perhaps all others in America. The proprietor, MOSES KIMBALL, Esq., started with the determination of forming a picture-gallery that should stand unrivalled this side of the Atlantic ; and to effect this, he added to a refined taste in such matters a perseverance of search and a liberality of expenditure that could scarcely fail of success. The result may be found in the present collection ; richer probably in the genuine pictures of the old masters than any one out of the capitals of Europe. Among these may be noticed the works of RUYSDAEL, VANDYKE, CARACCI, TENIERS, BRUGHEL, POUSSIN, SALVATOR ROSA, OSTADE, and of others of like reputation ; as well as portraits by Sir GODFREY KNELLER and Sir PETER LELY. Among those by artists of a modern date, are many gems by MORLAND, SALMON, PEALE, WEST, DOUGHTY, etc., etc. There is also a series of portraits of American worthies, some of them originals of COPLEY and STUART, and executed in a style hardly approached in later days. The collection of engravings, water-color drawings, etc., is also very large, and as a whole doubtless unequalled. This department includes many rare pieces by RAPHAEL MORGHEN, WILL, DOO, SHARPE, MARTIN, ROBINSON, and other celebrated engravers, beside the magnificent battle-pieces of LE BRUN. These latter are believed to be the only copies of those prints in the United States. They consist of a series of five plates ; and an idea may be formed of their value, when it is stated that some years ago a Boston gentleman in Paris offered five hundred dollars for a set, which offer was refused. The museum is likewise rich in specimens of natural history, antiquities, curiosities, etc. But we have no room to particularize. The establishment, as we have before remarked, consists of two principal rooms. The lower one we have already partially described ; and our notice of the upper must be still more brief. It is arranged expressly for a concert-room and picture-gallery combined, for which purpose it would be difficult to find its equal. The walls are covered with valuable paintings, which, in consequence of the light being thrown upon them by windows in the roof, are shown to the greatest advantage. The seats, which can accommodate upward of one thousand persons, rise one above another, in amphitheatre form, so that the stage is plainly visible from every part of the room. Here concerts or other entertainments are given every evening, without extra charge. Not the least charm about this establishment is the judicious taste in arrangement and the parlor-like cleanliness every where exhibited ; to which are added a facility of inspection and study, and a quietness and decorum, even on the most crowded occasions, seldom encountered in places of public resort. We know of no exhibition more worthy of attention than this gallery of the arts ; and if any of our metropolitan readers should chance to visit Boston without paying their respects to Mr. KIMBALL, they will have forgone a gratification not easily obtained elsewhere ; although our Boston friends, when they shall honor us with a visit, will find the extensive and rare collections of our famous AMERICAN MUSEUM to challenge their admiration and curiosity, and to present a kindred 'feature' in the notabilities of the town with their own interesting and valuable establishment.

POEMS, ETC., BY JUDGE CHARLTON, SAVANNAH. — We gave in our last number an eloquent extract from an unpublished Address by Judge CHARLTON, of Savannah, Georgia, and are well pleased to learn that, together with a similar oration from the same pen, already noticed in the KNICKERBOCKER, it will be included in a volume now passing through the press, which is to contain the published and unpublished poems of Judge CHARLTON and those of his gifted and lamented brother. We have had an opportunity of examining several of the proof-sheets; and can assure our readers that they will find in the volume, when it shall appear, 'a treat' of no ordinary character. We leave a more elaborate notice of the work until it shall have been announced by the booksellers; yet we cannot resist the inclination to present the following note to one of the humorous poems. It is in the best vein of our favorite contributor, the 'Georgia Lawyer.' The record, we are advised by the author, himself a distinguished member of the Georgia bar and judiciary, should be taken something more than 'cum grano salis.' The legal acumen of the judge reminds us of the pompous definition of murder, by a similar functionary in England, in charging a jury: 'Murder, gentlemen, is where a man is murderously killed. The killer, in such a case, is a murderer. Now, murder by poison is as much murder as murder with a gun. It is the killing that constitutes murder in the eye of the law. You will bear in mind that murder is one thing and manslaughter another; therefore if it is not manslaughter it must be murder, and if it be not murder it must be manslaughter. Self-murder has nothing to do in this case: one man cannot commit *felo de se* on another; that is clearly my view. Gentlemen, I think you can have no difficulty. The murder of a brother is called fratricide; but it is not fratricide if a man murder his mother. You will make up your minds. You know what murder is, and I need not tell you what it is not. You can retire upon it if you like.'

'A FRIEND of mine has recently returned from an excursion into the — circuit of this State. He tells me that, while in the county of —, he strayed into the court-house, and was present at the arraignment of a man by the name of Henry Day, who was charged with attempting to kill his wife. Day was a pale little man; and the wife, who was present, was a perfect behemoth. The indictment being read, the prisoner was asked to say whether he was 'guilty, or not guilty.' He answered: 'There's a mighty chance of lawyers' lies in the papers; but some part is true. I did strike the old lady; but she *fit* me powerfully first. She can swear equal to a little of any thing, and her kicks are awful. I reckon what you say about the devil moving me is pretty tolerably correct, seeing as how *she* moved me. I have told you all I know 'bout the circumstance, Mister. I gin 'Squire Jones there a five-dollar bill, and I allow he'll talk it out for me.' 'Squire Jones there-upon rose, and said he had a law point to raise in this case, which *he* thought conclusive. It was an established rule of law, that man and wife were but *one*; and he should like to know if a man could be punished for whipping himself: he should be glad to hear what the solicitor-general could say to *that*. The solicitor-general answered, that he thought his brother Jones had carried the maxim a trifle too far: men had often been punished for beating their wives. If a man should kill his wife, it would not be *suicide*. Here 'Squire Jones interposed, and defied the solicitor-general to produce an authority to that effect. The solicitor-general looked over 'Greene and Lumpkin's Georgia Justice' for some minutes, and then observed that he could not find the authority just then, but he was sure he had seen the principle somewhere; and he called on the judge to sustain him. In the enthusiasm of counsel on this point, they forgot to offer any evidence as to the guilt or innocence of DAY in the premises. The judge, being likewise oblivious of this fact, proceeded to charge the jury. He told them that man and wife were *one* and were *two*. If the *wife* ran in debt, or abused a neighbor, or knocked down and dragged out a fellow-citizen, the man and wife were *one*. If the husband did any of these things, then man and wife were *two*. He remarked that, in *either* event, the man was legally bound to suffer; and therefore, come at it as they would, Day was undoubtedly guilty. He said he would not decide the question, whether if a man kill his wife it was murder or suicide. He was not prepared to express an opinion upon that point; it was a very delicate one, and he had no idea of committing himself. (Some one in the room here observed that he was mighty fond of committing others.) He then called up the bailiff, a tremendous-looking cracker, wearing a broad-brim white hat with crape, (I never saw a man south of latitude thirty-three that did not wear a white hat with crape,) and proceeded to admonish him that the jury were very much in the habit of coming in drunk with their verdicts, and that if it happened in this case, he would discharge the prisoner, and put *his* punishment upon him. The bailiff, giving a significant glance at the judge, replied, that other people beside the jury came into court drunk; that some people thought other people drunk, when some people were drunk themselves! The jury then

retired, and so did my friend. The next day he returned and found matters in *statu quo*, except that Day and his wife had made up, and were discussing together the merits of a cold fowl and a quart of beer, and now and then interchanging kisses, despite the frowns and becks of the officers. The judge, clerk, and sheriff had been up all night, and looked wolfish; and the bailiff was seated on his white hat at the door of the jury-room, and his countenance indicated that he had swallowed the concentrated venom of a thousand wild-cats. The most awful curses, oaths, and sounds proceeded from the jury-room; some were roaring like lions, some crying like children, mewing like cats, neighing like horses, etc. At last, a short consultation was held at the door of the jury-room, between the foreman and the bailiff; whereupon, the latter, putting his white hat one-sided on his head, came into the court-room, and addressed the judge thus: 'Mister, Tom Jakes says the jury can't agree about this here man; and if you keep him (that is, Tom Jakes) without grog any more, he'll lick you *on sight*.' The judge appealed to the bar if this was not a contempt of court; and 'Greene and Lumpkin's Georgia Justice' having been consulted, it was finally decided that, as it was a threat addressed to the judge as a private individual, and was to whip him 'on sight' and not *on the bench*, it was not, under the free, enlightened, and democratic principles of Georgia legislation, a contempt of court. This being settled, the judge directed the bailiff to say to Tom Jakes, the foreman, that 'the jury *should* agree, if they stayed there through eternity.' The bailiff retired, and so did my friend; but he gives it as his opinion, from the frame of mind in which he left all parties, that the jurors and bailiffs are *still there*.'

THE DRAMA.

PARK THEATRE: MR. GEORGE VANDENHOFF.—From the good impression made by the father of this gentleman, more was expected of him than would have been looked for in one whose name was a stranger to the American boards; and in his case, although not in as great a degree as in that of CHARLES KEAN, disappointment was the consequence. A predisposition to be pleased is quite as likely to be unfavorable in its results as otherwise; and in either case the judgment will be unjust. If we are pleased, we are apt to flatter our discrimination by bestowing an unwarrantable degree of applause upon the object; while on the other hand, if our expectations are not fulfilled, we mix up our disappointment with the displeasure which we wreak upon the unfortunate subject of our too favorable anticipations. Mr. VANDENHOFF not only labored under this disadvantage, but he had also to contend from the first with thin houses; owing to the attraction of CELESTE at the other house, with the most wretched support upon the stage that any actor of pretension ever encountered upon the Park boards. With but one or two exceptions there was hardly a character represented in any of the pieces which were brought forward during his engagement. One would suppose that the *text* of Richard III., if not the business of the scene, would be tolerably familiar to the ladies and gentlemen of the Park Theatre; but the lamentable mistakes, omissions and commissions, of which many of them were guilty on the night of Mr. VANDENHOFF's performance of it, showed a 'plentiful lack' of information, even in scenes which nine tenths of the old play-goers could repeat line for line. If any Lord Mayor of London ever made such a bungling piece of work in delivering a speech to Royalty as Mr. WILLIAMS did in the few lines set down for him in this play, his municipal dignity could not have received any considerable addition thereby. Often during the progress of a performance the unnecessary noises behind the scenes were such as materially to destroy any little illusion that might exist, and completely distract the actor from the business of the scene. We say these things in justice to Mr. VANDENHOFF, who deserved a better support both before and behind the curtain. Notwithstanding some unpleasant mannerisms, and an occasional effort at originality, which was not approved of, Mr. VANDENHOFF is entitled to a high place among the good actors of the day. His voice and his person are both well fitted for his profession; his readings and discrimination of the delicate points of the scene show that he has the taste to appreciate and the power to display the deep and subdued as well as the bold and prominent meanings of his author. It could hardly be expected to find in the son the finished effect of study which distinguishes the father; but there is enough apparent in the present performance of Mr. GEORGE VANDENHOFF, to warrant the hope that before he reaches the age of his father he will have acquired a degree of excellence, and a reputation, of which both may be proud. For his own sake as well as for that of the admirers of a chaste style of acting, it is sincerely to be hoped that his next engagement at the Park may open under better auspices.

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MR. AND MRS. BROUGHAM.—The public have enjoyed a gratification which was hardly to be expected in these dull dog-days of the drama, in the performance of Mrs. BROUGHAM. Coming among us without the preliminary flourish of a great name, we were taken by surprise most agreeably, and were greeted on the first night of her appearance with the best representation of 'Lady Teazle' that has been witnessed since the retirement of Miss PHILLIPS. We do not know where there was a fault in this performance: if there *was* one, it was so well disguised that it appeared a

merit. All the high finish, the rich and delicate comedy of the character, were sustained throughout, and there was a touch of emotion displayed in the 'screen scene,' which to us was quite original; and coming as it did in immediate contrast with the irresistibly ridiculous situations and unparalleled humor of this unequalled scene, its effect was deeply felt and warmly acknowledged by the audience. Mrs. BROUGHAM's '*Lady Gay Spanker*' we did not so much admire; and so far as this poor opinion goes, we consider a want of admiration in this case a decided compliment to the lady. This '*Lady Gay Spanker*' we like not at all! It may be very fine, and very English no doubt it is; but to use a homely word, it is not very lady-like, according to our old KNICKERBOCKER notions of female delicacy and propriety. That '*Dolly Spanker*' should look and *feel* small in the presence of such a Nimrod, we never wondered; the miracle is, that he can feel any other equality in her presence than that which he would experience in the companionship of a favorite horse. Bachelor as we are, and loving as we do the whole sex with a feeling so universal that we could never narrow down our adoration to so small a compass to fix it upon any *one* in particular, we would pray an especial deliverance from the uxorious tenderness of a steeple-chaser in petticoats. Mrs. BROUGHAM possesses a fine person, an easy and graceful manner, and the faculty of making art appear so much like nature that the fiction in her hand becomes a reality. We hope the Park boards may often be graced by her presence. Mr. BROUGHAM, like his gifted lady, gave unexpected pleasure by his appearance. His 'line' is in Irish character; and were it not for the remembrance of poor POWER, the loved and lost, he would no doubt be considered the best performer in his rôle that has ever appeared here. Mr. BROUGHAM is a most lively actor; and with a rich brogue and a truly Irish countenance, never fails to bring out the rollicking fun and humor of the character which he represents. His performance of '*Dazzle*' in '*London Assurance*' was replete with all the dash and Jeremy-Diddlerism which the author could possibly have imagined when he wrote the part. The 'least taste in life' of the brogue gave a new zest to his performance of the character, and made it quite *the* gem of the piece. Both Mr. and Mrs. BROUGHAM have fixed their reputation here as artists of superior merit. 'May their shadows never be less!'

THE BOWERY. — The enterprising manager of this immense establishment outgeneralled all competitors in the engagement of Madame CELESTE immediately upon her landing on these shores. The result has been, that the BOWERY THEATRE has been crowded nightly to witness the performances of this eminent *artiste* in several of her old and many new characters, which she rendered with all her accustomed spirit and grace. As we write, she has entered upon a reëngagement, with no diminution in audiences or popularity. 'Tragedy, comedy, and dance' proved alike attractive in her personations; and the slight foreign accent with which she rendered the English text of her spoken parts was a pleasant feature in her performances. 'THE BOWERY' has taken a new lease of public favor.

MITCHELL'S OLYMPIC. — We have dropped in on two occasions at this little bijou of a theatre, and found densely-packed audiences with mouths blended into a wide grin, in box, pit, and gallery. Short and light pieces, varying weekly, and presented under the supervision of a complete master of the stage and all dramatic effects, render the OLYMPIC one of the most pleasant resorts of the metropolis. Mr. MITCHELL has secured the services of several new actors of merit, and among them Mr. J. M. FIELD, who contributes both in his personations and with his pen to the attractions of this 'Temple of MOMUS.' Success to Mr. CRUMPLES, and the 'unities of the drama' which he so agreeably 'illustrates!'

ANNUALS FOR THE YOUNG. — Two of the prettiest Christmas and New-Year's gifts of the season, and which are destined to make many a young heart happy, as the holydays approach, are a couple of beautiful little volumes just out of the press of Messrs. OTIS, BROADERS AND COMPANY, Boston. The largest is entitled 'Youth's Keepsake; a Gift of Love for Young People;' and a lovely little gift it is. There are pretty engravings of 'Little ANNIE,' and 'MINNIE and her Hoop,' 'Blowing Soap-Bubbles,' and the poor 'Lost Children;' together with *such* a variety of interesting and exciting stories, in prose and verse, that our little friends should wish to be always young, so that they may continue to enjoy that true happiness which is 'the perpetual possession of being deceived.' The 'ANNUALETTE' is a charming little book for 'children of a *smaller* growth.' It is full of pleasant stories, and abounds in pictures. There is the sweet group of 'The Fisherman's Children,' 'The Little Shepherd,' 'The Bird's Nest,' 'The Pet Chicken,' and so forth. The little people who read this notice, or hear their father or mother read it, must ask them to purchase these pretty presents. Tell them that they are as cheap as they are beautiful; because the publishers know that it is not easy for little folk to get much money from their parents in 'these hard times.'

GOSSIP WITH READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS — We find in the following rapid sketch from an obliging contributor another evidence of the increasing interest which is felt among us upon the subject of *Architecture*. We have had occasion to observe, not only in the communications of correspondents from various and distant sections of the Union, but from personal observation here and elsewhere, that this theme is exciting very general thought and remark. The influence of the example and writings of Mr A. J. Downing, of Newburgh, author of 'Landscape Gardening' and 'Cottage Architecture', as one of the promoters in this matter appears to be widely and sensibly felt. Indeed, a recent stroll through his very pleasant grounds, and an examination of his charming yet tasteful residence, and the result of his own cultivation and design, have convinced us that there are thousands in our State and country, of moderate means and merely natural tastes, who might and should cultivate his credence regard for the accessories of taste and refinement in matters architectural and horticultural. Let it not be argued that Mr Downing is a professor of florist and horticulturalist professions, that the pleasure and enjoyment of his feeling for the beautiful is confined to art, for this feeling is common to all but too many who lack power to express nor the taste to follow, to pursue it to legitimate results. Yet it must be confessed that the fine taste manifested by Mr THORBURN, for example, in the fitting up and embellishment of his seed and plant store, would seem to indicate that there is something in these pleasant natural pursuits which promotes the exercise of a taste and feeling for the beautiful. But to our correspondent.

'The history of every people, *Architecture* seems to show the advance in civilization, as well as the prevalent customs and tastes. With the ancients, domestic architecture was not deemed a matter of much importance. Their buildings were erected for the accommodation of multitudes rather than for the comfort or convenience of individuals. They had no taste, but rather than be present, as their mighty mausoleums and monuments of departed glory bear witness. The Greek and Roman architectural order and design regarded by the moderns as the standards of taste and beauty are the Greeks, whose attention for the religion is shown in their solemn and stupendous temples, rising as art a pure but not a perfect art for any kind, was deemed necessary. In the Romans we are indebted for many of the most useful improvements of the moderns. Men, with their splendid homage of the gods, for they had as many triumphal arches, edifices, and monuments as we had to the vanity of the former, as shrines and temples to the worship of the latter. All that was rich and magnificent flourished with the Romans; the delicate and the classic were the characteristics of the Grecian school. When the Romans applied to Italy, they found a style of building peculiar to the country, and although I could say little to commend the Roman style, I am impressed with the immense magnitude of the edifices. Roman improvements were by degrees introduced, but we found no easy task to teach the rule and proportion, and the rules of proportion, as soon as the Romans entered the world we find architecture relapsing into its early rudeness of design. It is to these circumstances, however, that we owe the many methods which come under the denomination of *Composite*, a style which by many eminent judges is considered to equal or surpass in the antique, and for many purposes to surpass it. One great general objection has been made, in a somewhat sweeping way, to the German and Roman orders, and that is the difficulty of adapting them to domestic purposes without departing from their perfection, by a necessary departure from those rules of proportion and established laws concerning their details which they never could be successfully executed. Semi-barbarous nations could scarcely be expected to modify the various styles and orders, hence we find them frequently employing all the orders together in one building, and even these are frequently combined with plans and ideas of their own, which certainly produce a picturesque effect, and which is at the most time highly irregular and grotesque.

About the middle of the twelfth century, a more regular and perfect order of things was introduced. The pointed arch took the place of the Roman semi-circle, and as a support, the right shaft succeeded the more solid pier. From this time, grace and elegance became objects of great consideration, and then all that rich tracery and fret work for mold and the heads of windows was introduced, which being decidedly English in its origin is now known as the early English style. The early barons of the country imbued a taste for elegance, and by degrees many magnificent cathedrals, palaces and castles were built, which, although now generally in ruins, are still considered the most beautiful ornaments which the country can boast. In France and Germany, owing to Italian influence, the Antique still possessed its prestige, although the number of buildings in that style was by no means so great as those of the Gothic. With the latter, a new and peculiar style was introduced, which took the name of that family. At this time almost all buildings, were now for religious purposes, with the exception of a few with a view to strength and security as to elegance and beauty. Hence this style was of a sterner and very massive nature. Its chief peculiarities consisted in heavy corners, elaborately enriched with carved carvings, heavy square towers, and other details, with very large and bold moldings, into which not only doors but even the walls and ceilings were carved. There was less of artistic talent shown in this method than of mechanical ingenuity, as many of the most pleasing effects were derived from a very curious arrangement of the moldings. The planar parts were also enriched with curious carved leaves and scrolls, and fillets of various shapes laid upon the surfaces. It was also customary at this period to carve the most prominent parts of the principal apartments with paintings, either painted on or let into the wall by means of the relief. The floor was also enriched with carvings, which by the interposition of gold and silver, which were brought from the East, when combined with the oak, a very pleasing and splendid effect.

The next improvements were derived from Queen Elizabeth, who paid much attention to architecture and the accommodations, and when we reflect upon her having for centuries and complete domestic architecture, taste as well as the most perfect taste, and the rest, it is not to be wondered at that what was going on in the interior of the country was the English style, and it is from this era that we derive that beautifully chaste and truly splendid style, the *Elizabethan*. The difference between this and the former is not at the first glance strikingly apparent to the beholder, but, whoever examines minutely the two, will find

perceive that there exists a wide contrast between them. The Elizabethan exhibits much more of art and taste, and required artists to execute it; many of its chief ornaments being a combination of beautiful scrolls, and curves, with foliage, figures, etc., which required accomplished draughtsmen to design. It was based also upon more correct principles, as much of the Roman and Grecian orders were used in the forms into which the enrichments alluded to were introduced.

Thus we see that the Elizabethan was gradually preparing the minds of the people for those changes which were now about to take place; for shortly after, in all their glory, appeared again the orders of Rome and Greece. With such men as Sir CHRISTOPHER WREN and Sir JOHN VANBURGH, it is no marvel that the antique should find many friends; and as building was at that time a *fashion*, it gained such ground in England that it has withstood all attempts to change it, even down to the present day, with one or two exceptions. France also has had her famous national styles, to some of which the growing taste of the day particularly invites our attention. That magnificent monarch, LOUIS XIV., introduced the most splendid and gorgeous and at the same time beautiful style of enrichment ever known. To describe its peculiarities would involve too much space and time; and I fear would after all be to most persons but faintly comprehensible; for it is not saying too much, that a sort of *indescribable* taste pervades this method, which gives it more the appearance of magic than of design. It is however a style which requires to be carried out fully; since to stop short of its perfect finish deprives it of its chief and characteristic beauties. The design of the embellishments themselves seems to have been derived from shells, fossils, lichens, etc., the curves and contour of which all naturalists have so much admired. It is generally introduced in gilding or in rich dark woods. LOUIS XIV. had also his own method of decoration, which much resembled that of the preceding reign, but was of a much lighter character, and combined with its enrichments straight as well as curved lines. The grounds were about the same. The next style was the grand and beautiful *Napoleonesque*, than which nothing can be more chaste and magnificent. It combines nearly all of the more immediately preceding styles, added to much that is rich and beautiful from the antique. Its great patron possessed a refined taste, and he has shown us how much ornament the Roman and Greek orders were capable of bearing. Never were more beautiful outlines seen than many of this description; and the style possesses among other advantages that of being always neat and beautiful, while to save expense it will bear a reduction of ornaments. The style of the cognoscenti of the present day is denominated the '*style Renaissance*.' This is not, as has been supposed, a distinct and separate method, peculiar to itself. It is only a restoration of all that has gone before, except the more recent styles. The Renaissance style may be Egyptian, Pompeian, Arabesque, Gothic or Tudor; any thing that is ancient and at present revived. I am aware that many persons distinguish it as peculiarly applicable to those methods which we derive from Pompeii and Herculaneum; but in my judgment this is an erroneous opinion. . . . It is evident that the taste of the day is inclined to go back to 'the good old times,' and to revive the styles and methods of our ancestors. Every specimen of antiquity is eagerly secured; and all that is now done is but an imitation, with a few modifications, of what has gone before. G. P.

WE shall be obliged to the author of '*Three Passages in the History of a Poet*' for a continuance of his valuable favors. Appropos of that article: Looking over a late number of the London '*Examiner*,' we remarked some caustic lines upon the practice of the official mendicants in Westminster Abbey, to which we adverted in our last number. It is a matter of surprise, we think, that the Dean of Westminster did not permit the remains of BYRON to be deposited in the Abbey; since it would certainly have increased the tolls, and a good penny might have been made of it:

L I N E S

ON SEEING, OR RATHER NOT SEEING, WESTMINSTER ABBEY,

I ENTERED from the crowded street, and all
The noise of passing Life behind me died
Out, like the murmur of the ebbing tide
Of some great sea, in distance musical !
I thought to leave it for a while, its small
And jostling interests, its pomp and pride,
And step from out it with a regal stride,
A monarch of the Dead, and wrap the pall
Around me like a royal robe of state !
But Life in all its littleness was there
Before me : and, as at a toll-bar gate,
A fee is asked of all who would repair
To pass an hour with the departed Great,
And MAMMON of GOD's temple has the care !

WE have reserved two pages out of the eight which compose the paper on the '*Novels of my Girlhood*,' for publication hereafter, if we have the writer's permission. We should publish it entire, but that the article has in part been anticipated by the '*Recollections of Early Reading*,' in a late number of BLACKWOOD, written by a very matter-of-fact sort of person, whose description of himself is in these words: 'I am not in the slightest degree of an imaginative turn of mind; I farm my own land; I am church-warden of our parish; fifty years of age, and weigh fourteen stone. My memory is far from good. There has been no instance of somnambulism in my family, except during the last Oxford vacation, when my eldest boy was observed by his mother walking sound asleep, but with his eyes open, toward the maid-servant's room. He had apparently not gone to bed, but must have fallen asleep with his clothes on. On my wife's getting a new maid, there was no recurrence of Frederick's complaint; so it would not be fair to consider that solitary instance as a proof that such a tendency is in the family. I read no novels, and can't understand poetry; but I have gained two prizes for turnips, and was only beat by Lord Spencer in the feeding of sheep.' This is certainly a very hum-drum species of Scotchman; yet in a sort of trance he improvised a very admirable specimen of the old-fashioned style of novel-writing, to which we would recom-

mend the attention of our fair correspondent. . . . The paper '*On Duelling*' should appear, but for the fact that the theme has been lately elaborately discussed both in native and foreign periodicals; the '*Democratic Review*,' the '*Edinburgh Review*,' etc. Public opinion, at home and abroad, seems to be undergoing a decided change in relation to the practice. 'In nine cases out of ten,' says the '*Edinburgh*,' 'it is the man who has done the wrong, or who is substantially in the wrong, that seeks and profits by the duel. We do not believe that its benefits are at all comparable to its evils: society is strong enough and civilized enough to do without it now; it is no longer any safeguard to it; on the contrary, experience shows that the duel is frequently used as a means for stifling inquiry, for upholding the dissolute, and reinstating the guilty. It is contrary to all experience that duels have refined manners. Whenever and wherever duelling has most prevailed, then and there manners and morals have been most rude and most lax.' It is but justice to say that the writer establishes the truth of these positions by numerous examples, and beyond all gainsaying. . . . '*My First Week in New-York*' contains too many 'blunders' to be true. One however is recorded which is worth transcribing: 'I had never seen a large vessel before in my life; and as I was sauntering along the wharf, I observed a dozen sailors pulling an anchor 'taut up' to the iron hause-hole of a noble ship, to 'fish it,' as I afterward learned they called it. They were singing away at a great rate, when I interrupted them with: 'Look o' here, you! You may heave-o and hi-bo all day, but I'll be darned if you get that great-big crooked thing through *that* little hole, any way you can fix it!' And *such* a laugh as they set up I never heard before in *my* life.' . . . We are glad, but by no means surprised, to perceive that the '*Forest Life*' of our fair correspondent 'MARY CLAVERS,' noticed at large in our August number, has met with as favorable a reception in England as its predecessor, '*A New Home*.' The '*London Examiner*' praises its 'exquisite faculty of observation,' and declares that 'there is really more stuff in Mrs. CLAVERS' two small volumes, more thought and fancy, ay, and of amusement, than in nine tenths of all the rubbishing productions of our circulating libraries.' The selections of the '*Examiner*,' in illustration of its editor's encomiums, we perceive are identical with our own. . . . We do not often read and very little affect political speeches. There is usually so much of ad captandum fustian and bombast in these appeals to 'the dear people,' that they are any thing but attractive to a quiet or thoughtful mind. But we find the following passage in the report of a speech delivered to 'the democracy' at Tammany Hall, by Mr. MICHAEL WALSH, an exception to kindred efforts in general. It is an illustration of the speaker's argument for down-trodden MAX, who lacks not the merit but the liberty to rise:

'WHEN a man is placed in a false position, the very traits of his character that would be virtuous in a true one, are looked upon as faults or denounced as vices by those who attempt to form an estimate of his character without possessing instruments to take the altitude of his mind. When the temple of Minerva was finished, at Athens, two rival sculptors of that city were employed to decorate its summit with a statue of the goddess. Each labored in secret, and followed the conceptions of his own mind, with a view to the production of a master-piece of art. On the day that the merits of the statues were to be decided upon, and the hour for so doing had arrived, a few of the self-constituted judges gathered in front, while thousands remained behind, who could see nothing. Those in front passed judgment upon the production, like the leaders of our party, and the thousands who could see nothing, hurrah'd and responded to the decision. One statue was of the size of life, finely sculptured and of most exquisite workmanship; the features beautifully chiselled, until life seemed starting from the marble. The other was of colossal size, with huge and apparently unshapely limbs, and features that looked to the immediate observer more like unmeaning protuberances than any thing else. When the judges gave a decision in favor of the small but beautiful statue, it was gradually raised amid the shouts of the multitude, and became dimmer and fainter as it receded from their view; and when it finally reached the pedestal, it resembled nothing human or divine, but seemed to have dwindled to a mere print. The applause gave way to murmurs and disapprobation, and it was then lowered to make room for its rejected rival, which was very reluctantly hoisted in its stead. As it receded from the earth its deformities lessened, and gave way to an appearance of symmetry and beauty, which increased with its distance from the earth; and when it finally reached the pinnacle from which the sculptor, from his knowledge of perspective and proportion designed it should be viewed, then it looked as if the Divinity herself, so beautiful was its aspect, had descended to receive the homage of her worshippers. So is it with men. GOD ALMIGHTY moulded the characters of men according to the station which he intended they should ultimately fill; and when a man is placed by circumstances in a position lower than that in which he was created to move, his virtues become vices in the eyes of those whose vision is too short to view him as a whole, and who therefore reject him as unfit for elevation.'

We know not how this passage may strike the reader, but to our poor conception it embodies an admirable and classic simile, most eloquently expressed. . . . The article entitled '*Descending Scale of Existences*' is a good deal too long, and *slightly* improbable in some of its assumptions. We are glad to be made aware, however, that 'skeeters' and other vermin know how good it is to be annoyed 'in their line;' that

'Fleas have other fleas to bite 'em,
And so go on, ad infinitum!'

Pardon us, reader, for jumping from one thing to another, (like our subject, a murrain on him!) but 'speaking of fleas:' we have lately seen a complaint made by some grumbling JOHN BULL, that this insect has a good deal more proportional force than it ought to have; or if otherwise, that great injustice has been done to 'us humans' by giving us so little. Assuming for example that a flea weighs a grain, which is something above its real weight, and that it is able to clear one inch and a half at a spring, a man of one hundred and fifty pounds' weight ought, by the same rule, to be able to make a spring over a space of twelve thousand and eight hundred miles, and consequently to leap with ease from New-York to Cochin China, or round the world in two jumps!

There would be slight trouble in jumping at any conclusion with such a power as this. But we are afraid it is not feasible. . . . Let 'G. C. A.' be assured that we fully appreciate the *spirit* of her '*Story of the Heart*.' We forego its publication, however, because such elaborate pictures of love and love-making do not 'read well in print' to thousands of persons who *feel* the reality as deeply as any. The more simple the written avowals of young and passionate affection the better. The 'soft confession' of our correspondent's heroine is too 'wordy' to be very fervent or sincere. 'She doth protest too much.' BURNS, who illustrates the passion of love with the utmost truth and feeling, never over-elaborates his pictures of this 'pleasing pain.' What a perfect lover he draws in his 'Country Lassie:'

'In simmer when the hay was mawn,
And corn waved green in ilka field,
While claver blooms white o'er the lea,
And roes blaw in ilka bield;
Blithe BRASSIE in the milking shiel,
Says 'I'll be wed, come o't what will';
Outspak a dame in wrinkled eild,
'O' gude advisement comes nae ill.'

The old dame tells her (we quote from memory) that she is young and has many wooers; that it is 'plenty feeds the lover's fire;' tells her to remember that as she brews so she must drink; and concludes by recommending her to accept 'JOHNIE o' the busky glen,' whose barns are full, and who has abundance of this world's gear. The reply of the maiden illustrates the simple fervor of affection which we wish to indicate to our correspondent:

'For JOHNIE o' the Buskie-glen
I dinna care a single flie;
He lo'es so well his crops and kye,
He has nae love to spare for me;
But blithe 's the blink o' ROBBIE'S e'e,
And weel I wot he lo'es me dear;
One blink o' him I wouldna gi'e
For Buskie-glen and a' his gear!'

'O, gear will buy me rigs o' land,
And gear will buy me sheep and kye;
But the tender heart o' lersome luvie
The gowd and siller canna buy!
We may be poor, ROBBIE and I,
Light is the burden Luvie lays on;
Content and luvie bring peace and joy—
What mair hae queens upon a throne!'

This language is full of tender passion, but it is not mawkish. Can 'G. C. A.' say as much for the kindred scene and colloquy in her second chapter? . . . JOSEPHUS MOLITOR! friend 'M. S.' We recognized six of your 'humorous shots' at a glance. The second is formed from the old story of the indolent painter who excused his broken promise to have a landscape finished by a certain time, on the ground that he had three or four times to take down the chimney of a house in the foreground, because it *smoked*; and the last one would better suit the columns of 'The Flash' than the pages of the KNICKERBOCKER. The dialogue smacks too strongly of

'That famous gate of Billing,
Which does n't lead to cooling.'

'M. S.' must forego the 'resurrection business,' if he would amuse our readers. His 'own hook,' if we may judge from his perception of the burlesque, would be a safer reliance. . . . The gifted, the eloquent, the good CHANNING is no more!—his blameless earthly life has commingled with the 'life to come!' The great teacher, the fervent advocate and defender of HUMANITY; the pure Man and the devoted Christian; has gone down to the pale kingdom of Death, and joined the innumerable silent nations and generations that sleep on the bosom of our common mother!

'Fixed are those eyes, enlivening all he said,
For ever mute is that persuasive tongue!'

How solemn, how fruitful of thought, is the death of such a man! The soul-light which he shed upon the world is brightening and radiating, and will illumine and enlighten succeeding times; yet the earthly tabernacle in which that spirit dwelt is dissolved: it was a frail tenement; and well did its immortal occupant know that it was but a tenant at will in that house of the body, and might be turned out with but short warning; and it was therefore always ready to go, at any moment. In the gentle gloaming of his years he declined calmly to his 'west of life,' sinking with the golden October sun behind the time-horizon, to rise in the full effulgence of the Sun of Righteousness, whose 'healing beams' he had reflected on earth. 'Mark the perfect man, and behold the upright; for the end of that man is peace!' . . . Mr. IRVING, in his story of ICHABOD CRANE, mentions as characteristic of the Negro, an invariable effort at high-flown language. Some examples of this propensity are well introduced in the amusing article of our friend 'P.' of New-Orleans; and one of them we present: 'Look o' here, Jim, d' you know that Big Sam, 'at went home so *cizzled* todder night, died afore mornin' Fac', though, any how. He fell a untimely wictim to the *oyer-and-terminer*!' 'Delirium tremens' was the disease at which the colored gentleman aimed; but the other two 'dead' words which constituted his supply of 'foreign lingo' became confused in his mind. . . . '*Modern College Life*' contains some well-deserved hits at 'unrewarded collegiate studies,' together with sundry harsh

and foolish comments upon the study of the learned languages, to which we could not consent to give place. That in some instances there are small colleges where the love of money predominates over a genuine love of learning, we can well believe; establishments formed after the model of a shrewd observer of nations, institutions, and the individual Man: 'Wall in a square enclosure, furnish it with a small, ill-chosen library, and then turn loose into it three or four hundred Christian striplings, to tumble about as they list, from three to seven years; certain persons under the title of 'Professors' being stationed at the gates to exact considerable admission fees.' But that sometimes 'these things are so' does not justify our correspondent in the wide latitude which he has taken in his generally well-written essay. . . . 'P. S.' takes our comments upon his '*Despondency*,' noticed in our last 'Gossip,' in the right spirit. 'At first,' he writes, 'I was a little piqued; for I didn't quite like the idea of going so far to be laughed at. I thought to have remonstrated with you; but I forgot my purpose, in the remembrance of a reply made by a pompous English Colonel in India to a fellow-officer, who resented a reproof of his, administered with an oath: 'Sir,' said the mortified offender, 'I beg to inform you that I did n't come out here to be d—d!' 'Why then, Sir,' responded the Colonel, 'you may *go home* and be d—d!' Our village paper would have given my piece entire to the world, which you have discarded; and so you have saved me perhaps from being d—d at home.' . . . The idea of a fatherless world, let us say to 'M.' of Richmond, (Va.) swinging by some blind law of chance, which may every moment expose it to destruction, through an infinite space, filled perhaps with nothing but suffering and wretchedness, unalleviated by the prospect of a future and a happier state, should be intolerable to a man who has a spark of benevolence in his bosom. 'All the splendor of the highest prosperity,' says ADAM SMITH, 'can never enlighten the gloom with which so dreadful an idea must necessarily overshadow the imagination.' The earth rolls not back on her axis to find the morning, nor retrogrades in her orbit to find the spring; but onward, onward for ever; and shall this 'eternal progress' be denied to the undying soul? 'Is the past annihilated,' says TEUFELSDRÖCH, 'or only past? Is the future non-existent, or only future? Those mystic faculties of thine, Memory and Hope, already answer; already through those mystic avenues, thou the earth-blinded, summonest both Past and Future, and communest with them, though as yet darkly, and with mute beckonings. The curtains of Yesterday drop down, the curtains of To-morrow roll up; but yesterday and to-morrow both *are*. Time and space are not God, but creations of God; with GOD, as it is a universal *here*, so is it an everlasting *now*. And seest thou therein no glimpse of IMMORTALITY?' . . . '*Passages in the Life of a Joker*' are in bad taste. The writer's wit is merely a *lumen siccum* — a dry faculty of surprising. He reminds us of the babbling button-holder mentioned by some modern essayist, who had a 'last joke' for every man he met, and who annoyed the sleepy passengers of a stage-coach, upon whom he was bestowing stories 'in choice lots,' by feeling about him in the dark for a smile, and handling his neighbor's cheek to see if he understood him. Of all bores in the infinite regions of Boredom, defend us from such an inveterate 'joker' for a dinner-companion! . . . The '*Lines*' to a female friend after hearing her sing 'Auld Robin Gray,' are fanciful and delicate, but lack force. A pretty conceit in the last stanza was derived, we suspect, from the beautiful epitaph upon the tomb-stone of a charming English vocalist:

'Rest undisturbed within this humble shrine,
Till angels wake thee with a voice like thine.'

Very, very unequal is the '*Tale of Georgia*' from our Darien correspondent. The scenery is admirably painted, but the 'vein of tender passion' which runs through the story is not a golden ore. There is a climax in the exordium of the third chapter which reminds us of nothing so forcibly as of one which closed the description of a terrific storm in the English Channel, by some cerulean ROSE MATILDA writing home to a friend in London: 'In spite of the most earnest solicitations to the contrary, in which the captain eagerly joined, I firmly persisted in remaining upon deck, although the tempest had now increased to such a frightful hurricane, that it was not without great difficulty I could — *hold up my parasol!*' . . . We thank '*A Bereaved Mourner*' in Boston for her sympathy with the sentiment touching the association of nature with departed friends, hastily and imperfectly expressed in our last issue. Such fancies, be they *but* fancies, are as balm to the wounded soul. It needs such an one as our fair correspondent to appreciate rightly and feel deeply the eloquent beauty of IRVING's remarks upon the visitation of spirits. Surely, *surely* we may be permitted to cherish the hope that the spirits of the loved and lost are sometimes with us on earth:

'Yes! sometimes in unworkly places,
Soft Sorrow's twilight vales,
We meet them with uncovered faces,
Outside their golden pales;
Though dim, as they must ever be,
Like ships far off and out at sea,
With the sun upon their sails!'

WE are sorry that 'L.'s lines are no better. The subject is a very felicitous one. We have often thought that there is scarcely a more beautiful sight on earth than to gaze upon the warm, round cheek of a child, closing his eyes for the night, and 'half child-sport half God in the heart,' pronouncing his little petition for a blessing upon his innocent slumbers, and his happy awakening with the morrow's dawn. . . . The essay upon '*National Manners*' is rather a sectional than a national picture. Indeed, this last is we think of very difficult if not impossible accomplishment. There is a provincialism of mind as well as of accent. Manners make the man, and localities tend to make the manners. Yet we have encountered men of education and wealth, from various quarters of the Union, who had no *distinctive* manner beyond that of well-bred gentlemen. There was no impatience or instability in their speech or action. You saw by their countenances that they were at home, and in quiet possession of the present moment as it passed, without desiring to quicken it by gratifying any passion, or prosecuting any new design; and that the possession of stable wealth and the absence of pecuniary care which it establishes, conduce very materially to these ends, we think is undeniable, although our correspondent would seem to entertain a different opinion. . . . Number one of the '*Familiar Sketches of Character*' will appear in some department of our next issue. We have another sketch under consideration, of a similar disciple of DIDDLEB; who, in the language of Mr. YELLOWPLUSH, 'gets his allowents of nothink a year, spends it in the most 'onrable and fashnable manner, and mooves in the most xquisit suckles.' . . . '*The Pursuit of Happiness*' is a school-boy theme, and not over-well treated by our Princeton friend. Three close pages are taken up in the elaboration of that which we contend is wholly embraced in the following sentences, which afford a sententious yet striking contrast between pleasure and happiness: 'Happiness and pleasure affect us in a different manner; and to a certain degree, have nothing in common with each other. Pleasure *cannot* be lasting; it would soon lose its charms; because the mind and senses would quickly be weakened by its vivacity. Pleasure is not, like happiness, *within ourselves*: it is accidental, and depends on others. Every person may feel a lively *pleasure*; but the *heart* only can render us capable of tasting *happiness*: for which reason, those who possess not exquisite sensibility have no pretensions to it. Happiness resembles a gentle warmth proceeding from ourselves: pleasure, which is more exterior and lively, but less durable, affects us like adventitious heat; of which we are soon deprived, because it is not natural.' . . . There was a sentence or two jotted down in a late 'Gossip,' upon the subject of literary men being expected always to '*talk literary*,' by certain people in society. The last 'BLACKWOOD' gives us a rich burlesque of an editorial character who is in the habit of complying with these requisitions. He is the editor of the '*Provincial Flambeau*;' and we are introduced to his acquaintance at a *conversazione*, where we find him indulging in patronizing criticisms upon the merits of several 'rather clever' writers; as thus: 'The poet GAY, Sir, is one of the pleasantest authors who has lately come before me. The ease of his versification gives a fresher, greener, sunnier effect to the flow of his ideas: at the same time, he has not the heroic dignity of HOMER, nor the statuesque solemnity of DANTE. The design of his works is generally good, the execution spirited and correct; at the same time, he has no sublimity—decidedly no sublimity.' A blue-stock 'LEO-HUNTER' quite agrees with the critic in this, to which he replies: 'Few works have been submitted to my notice containing a remark at once so true and so profound. Without sublimity there can neither exist poetry, properly so called, nor the abstruser parts of metaphysics, such as geometry and astrology.' Who has not heard just such nonsensical common-places as these, and seen them pass for legitimate critical acumen? This assumption of the conversational style-editorial reminds us of Mr. SUMNER LINCOLN FAIRFIELD's editorial report of a remonstrance which he once made to an officer, at an inn in one of the towns on the Mississippi, who had arrested him late in the evening for evading the payment of his fare on board a steamboat, and insisted on his accompanying him to a Justice of the Peace: 'Would you, miscreant!' said we, 'take us away in our slippers? Do you deny us the right to put on our over-coat? Would you remove our person without our hat?' etc. At the same *conversazione* to which we have alluded, comes also by special invitation a moustached German baron, SCHWARTZENHAM, dying to know the 'benign cerulean,' of whom he thus speaks to his host: 'You did bromise to 'troduce me to de cleber lady; I love de cleber ladies. Is she in de room?—yaiz!' The introduction takes place; and the baron asks: 'Shall I av de seligkei—de appiness, to sit down by your arm, gracious lady?' The 'blue' yields a delighted assent, but fears that his 'unacquaintance with the language' will prevent his enjoying her conversation; 'when thus then SCHWARTZENHAM: 'Oh no, I verstand—stand under it, ver well. De speak is de schwie-rigkei—de difficulte—yaiz! I can read it wit—wit de grossest leichtigkei, and I am ver broud to befind myself at your arm to take lesson in speaking wit elegance and erhalenkei—grandeur—yaiz!' This character may seem something like a burlesque, possibly, to our readers in

the country ; but those much conversant with metropolitan life, and our foreigner-loving élite, will recognize the faithfulness of the picture. . . . Next to the '*Croton Celebration*'—which will be handed down from generation to generation, so long as its 'water runs' beneath our streets, and the voice of its fountains playing in the summer air shall make glad our parks and squares—next to this noble pageant, the display of Mr. COLT's '*Submarine Battery*' seems to have been *the* 'public thing' of the month. The experiment was made at the instance of the 'American Institute,' the consent of the Secretary of the Navy having been granted to Mr. COLT, who is now engaged in prosecuting his arrangements for experiments on behalf of the government. It is not our purpose to attempt a description of the scene ; but merely to render our tribute to an exhibition which in celerity resembled the quickness of thought, and in grandeur and sublimity approached the majesty of 'Nature in her awful moods.' To see the 'poor devoted bark' lifted in an instant upon a vast opaque column, like an inverted water-spout at sea, and then dropped in minute fragments upon the agitated waters—the whole under the intense gaze of some fifty or sixty thousand people, crowding the Battery and the wharves, clustering upon the shipping, clinging to house-tops, and standing upon chimneys—to see *this*, was indeed to behold 'a sublime spectacle.' Something has been said in one or two of the public journals to the effect that this remarkable invention is of English origin, having been used not many years since, in shattering a portion of the submerged '*Royal George*.' The fact however is, according to SILLIMAN's '*Journal of Science*,' that its original paternity is American, the main principle having been known ever since the revolution, and experiments upon it having been made in New-York as late as 1828. Mr. COLT's system however involves an important and *secret* improvement upon all practical results that have been heretofore established ; a fact of which Congress was doubtless sufficiently aware, or the liberal appropriations which have been granted for the prosecution of the submarine experiments would scarcely have been allowed. There is good reason to believe that the results of these experiments will be the establishment of a new era in naval warfare, at least in coast defence. . . . We have spoken of Mr. COLT ; and nearly every time that his name has run off the end of our pen, we have thought of his unhappy brother, now lying in prison under sentence of death within the present month : and we are glad of an opportunity to say, that we trust his doom is not wholly sealed ; to express our settled and firm conviction that he is *not* guilty of 'wilful and premeditated murder ;' and to venture a hope that a new trial may be accorded him by the Court of Errors. This opinion and hope, moreover, we believe to be those of eight out of every ten men in this city ; including many of the most distinguished members of the bar and the judiciary. A man in a state of acknowledged excitement, suspecting another of intent to wrong him, visits him 'in hot haste' at his apartment ; and we ask with Judge NOAH, 'What more natural than that a *mutual* contest should ensue ?' 'But the deliberate boxing-up and sending off the body ?' asks a querist, perhaps ; 'what must be thought of *that* ?' Ah ! reader, 'judge not' of that most unfortunate concealment after the fatal deed had been done ! It is not alone a *deliberate* purpose, not alone a '*foregone conclusion*,' that may prompt concealment of a deed of blood. A fear of consequences ; the want of an accessible confidant or friend in a city of strangers ; the shrinking from public reproach and a blasted reputation ; the awful presence of the hapless victim of mutual anger ; all these should be weighed against the behests of that stern justice which demands 'a holy human life, that God gave,' as an atonement for the killing of a fellow-being under the instigation of '*malice prepense and murder aforethought*.' The benefit of *doubt* at least belongs to the Doomed. When a man, as we remember, who had been executed for a murder done in Scotland, was subsequently found guiltless of the crime for which he suffered an ignominious death, thousands were assembled by proclamation at his grave ; and in presence of the great multitude, a white flag, an emblem of innocence, was waved above his ashes. How feeble a reparation, even to the living, but how utterly unavailing to the injured dead ! Although not parallel, yet even *this* case may convey a pregnant meaning to those who would visit the stern mandate of Death upon one who may never have forfeited his hold upon life. . . . Every body remembers the laughable description given by DICKENS' English coach-driver, of a locomotive, an innovation which he had good cause to dislike. The following by a sailor is scarcely less felicitous : 'Why, there 's nothing manly about it. A ship now, with her canvass bellying out, laying down to it just enough to show she feels the breeze, tossing the spray from her bows, and lifting her head over the seas as if she stepped over 'em ; there 's something like life there ! There 's something noble about a horse ; he steps as if he knew he was going, and proud of his duty, and able to do it. But *this* lubber—bah ! He comes insinnivatin' and sneakin' along, crawling on his belly like a thunderin' long snake with a pipe in his mouth !' We have heard many rail-road similes, but hardly expected to see a locomotive employed to point a homily ; yet 'Dow JR.' has taught us that even in rhetoric 'some things can be done as well as others.' 'My dear friends,' said he lately, 'let us consider what man is, to make the most of him. He is but a moving mass of matter ; a carnal locomotive, propelled by the steam of life, guided and governed by the great ENGINEER of the universe. He sets out with full speed upon the rail-way of

existence ; is often compelled to stop to oil his joints or tighten his screws ; sometimes bursts his boiler before he has attained half his journey ; and at others brings slowly up at the dépôt of death, where he blows off his spiritual vapor, and the old engine is laid up in the sepulchre for repairs, to be in readiness against the day of resurrection.' . . . Reader, did you ever think of the wide circle of *Forgetfulness* ? It has impressed us many a time in the populous thoroughfares of the town. 'I often think,' says a feeling poet :

'I OFTEN think each tottering form
That limps along in life's decline,
Once bore a heart as fresh and warm,
And full of ardent thoughts as mine.'

But the great circle of forgetfulness which expands around decrepid Age, as the water-ring widens around a stone thrown into a calm summer-lake, has spread beyond the scenes and the memories of the past. Friend after friend has dropped away ; even their children are forgotten in the busy throngs of a new and bustling age, in which 'all are strange and none are kind !' How imperceptibly the memories and fancies of childhood and youth and manhood have one by one widened and vanished in the quick transit of the fleeting years ! But be of good cheer, thou who art journeying down the hill of life, and art beginning mournfully to say : 'Whatever shall be the success of my labors, I pray that God will not abandon me in old age, and above all, at my death ;' be of good cheer :

'THOU lookest forward on the coming days,
Shuddering to feel their shadows o'er thee creep ;
A path, thick set with changes and decays,
Slopes downward to the place of common sleep ;
And they who walked with thee in life's first stage,
Leave one by one thy side, and, waiting near,
Thou seest the sad companions of thy age —
Dull love of rest, and weariness, and fear.

'Yet grieve thou not, nor think thy youth is gone,
Nor deem that glorious season e'er could die ;
Thy pleasant youth, a little while withdrawn,
Waits on the horizon of a brighter sky ;
Waits, like the morn, that folds her wing and hides,
Till the slow stars bring back her dawning hour ;
Waits, like the vanished spring, that slumbering bides
Her own sweet time to waken bud and flower.'

Yes ; Heaven is waiting to restore again the childhood of the soul in a 'better land !' . . . An 'inquiring mind' among some of our readers, who is quite satisfied with the solution of 'Mind your P.'s and Q.'s' given in our last, is desirous to know the origin of '*My Eye and Betty Martin*.' 'Could n't say for certain,' but rather incline to the belief that it is derived from '*Mihi Beate Martin*' in the Catholic litany, for St. MARTIN'S Day. Satisfied ? . . . 'Advice for the Season' is kind and benevolent in its tendency. It inculcates a generous regard for the welfare of the poor and destitute, in the rigorous season which is approaching, and is somewhat eloquent in its appeals to those hard-hearted citizens who, although blessed with ample means, yet stand by the hard game of life without taking any interest in the players. 'Remember the poor !' ye comfortable dwellers in the dense quarters of the metropolis, where suffering humanity reeks like compost, and hangs like rags upon the back of Society. Remember that we want more sympathy from one another, when the elements become our enemies. . . . The advertisement-epitaph upon a tomb-stone in Père la Chaise has been often mentioned. At a recent burial at 'Greenwood-Cemetery' one of the proprietors of that beautiful spot emulated the example of the 'disconsolate' Parisian widow. All that was said over the grave was said by him ; and 'in the words following, to wit : 'I want all should pass round, one by one, look into the grave, and see how *we* bury *our* dead. Here we have four hundred acres of land, and room a-plenty ; and here the body will rest till the day of resurrection, undisturbed by the innovations of city improvements !' He was subsequently heard to say, we believe, that 'although it might not perhaps be considered a disinterested remark, yet he did not hesitate to declare, that for his own part, he had rather not die at all than to die and be buried out of the Greenwood Cemetery !' . . . We perceive by the last 'Dial' that the '*Apostles of the Newness*,' better known as Transcendentalists, have had a gathering at 'ALCOTT-House,' where several members rose and offered 'scriptures' and 'statements of their thought' touching the establishment of a 'New Eden' in New-England ; where 'marriage and the family life, including the breeding and education of children, housewifery and husbandry, the relations of neighborhood, and man's relation to the CREATOR' are to be thoroughly revised. 'All hinderances to the immediate influx of DEITY into the spiritual faculties and corporeal organs' are to be removed by 'the true Germinators.' By this arrangement it shall come to pass that 'the outward frame shall beam with soul ; it shall be a vital fact, in which is typically unfolded the whole of perfectness.' We confess to some incredulity as to the practical details of the 'New Eden ;' and must beg the 'Apostles of the Newness' to take heed to the close of the following 'scripture : 'Beneath the actual which a man is, there is always covered a possible, to tempt him forward, and beneath that, *an impossible*.' How much room is taken up in this world by ninnies ! . . . A favorite contributor to this Magazine, speaking of some of BRYANT'S later poems, in a recent note to the Editor, says : 'They affect me like the closing strains of some splendid voluntary, where each solemn fall seems like the last, yet burst after burst of varied harmony carries you back again, to be brought again to a yet more impressive parting harmony ; till the solemn close leaves a sensation like sobbing in your heart. His poetry is like

no music so much as that of the organ.' Speaking of BRYANT: we cannot forbear to say 'in this connection,' that in the daguerreotype-faithfulness of his pictures of *external* nature, ALFRED B. STREET, Esq. is the only living American poet who can claim a near approach to an equality with him. Observe, in preceding pages, the sweet 'still-life' of the tranquil scene:

'Where the green rushes and long tangled grass
Proclaim the shrunken streamlet; a faint track
Leads to a barrelled spring, whose waters boil
Unceasing from its loose gray-sandy depth.'

Observe too the *perfect* transcript from nature contained in the following:

'The thread-like gossamer is waving past,
Borne on the wind's light wing, and to yon branch,
Tangled and trembling, clings like silver silk.
The thistle-down, high lifted through the rich
Bright blue, quick float, like gliding stars, and then
Touching the sunshine, flash, and seem to melt
Within the dazzling brilliance.'

But the reader will need no incentive to possess himself of the whole of this admirable painting. . . . There is a private page at the end of the '*Oyster Biography*' which irked us not a little, when by accident we encountered it; for in 'these times,' when a dollar looks to most persons to be of the size of a cart-wheel, 'it is pretty impossible to award to others those things whereof we ourselves are not possessed of; because in so doing, persons are pretty apt to imbibe obligations which it is pretty impossible for them to eradicate themselves therefrom.' From this lucid explanation, our friendly correspondent will perceive that we are compelled to forego his admirable paper, which will reach him with the present number. We *must* offer this advice, however, from the clever article in question: 'A long, narrow, scraggly, parchment-complexioned oyster particularly avoid! It is an ancient maiden, whose time has long passed. Seize upon the round plump bachelor, or a budding beauty of a middle-size, with a white marbled complexion, a pure purplish blush suffusing her bosom at the thought of being presented before you disrobed of her shelly garments. Respect her feelings. Sprinkle a little cayenne, that she may close her eyes while you squeeze a few drops from a lemon upon 'her sweet body;' quickly embalm her in your mouth, and leave all further disposition of the matter to Providence.' This is in the best vein of LAMB, and would reflect credit upon even JOHN WATERS. May we soon be 'enabled' to hear from the writer again. . . . We desire to impress one thing upon our friend and correspondent 'P.' of Havanna. 'Do us the favor to observe: 'Literary fame is more easily caught than kept. If you do nothing, you are forgotten; and if you write and fail, your former success is thrown in your teeth. He who has a reputation to maintain, has a wild beast in his house, which he must constantly feed, or it will feed upon him.' . . . We like *not* the long essay upon the '*Foibles and Dupes of Modern Days*.' There is a species of torpid fun in parts of it, but it looks like having been filched from some other writer, and hashed up with original dulness. Here is a good sentence, which we cannot find in our edition of 'LACON,' but we would wager a ducat that it was abducted from *some* quarter: 'Some men talk sensibly and act foolishly; some talk foolishly and act sensibly. The first laugh at the last, and the last cheat the first.' . . . An article from the London '*Foreign Quarterly Review*' has been attributed to MR. DICKENS. On this point we are altogether incredulous. There is strong *internal* evidence that he never could have written it. We saw a good deal of MR. DICKENS while in this country, and heard him converse often and freely upon all topics which interested him; but we never heard him speak a disrespectful word of the American press or of an American editor. Let who will believe, we doubt. . . . If the young gentleman who sent us by mail a huge roll of manuscript, in lines beginning with capitals and seldom reaching the margin of his sheet, will be kind enough, on another occasion, to 'pay the post,' we shall '*feel* as happy' as he would have done to see his lines in print. Beware of bad spelling, Sir! The Chevalier EDWARDS, who has just 'taken the veil' at Sing-Sing, doubtless regrets his deficiencies in this respect. His '*few* hundred bales of cotton' detected his rascality, and sent him to his living tomb. He will probably never mis-spell *that* word again. . . . The following are among the articles filed for insertion, or awaiting immediate examination: 'Diedrich Duytchter,' by the author of 'A New Home;'; 'The Home-Valentine,' by WILLIAM PITT PALMER; 'The Harmony of the Bible;'; 'Moral, Political, and Literary Opinion;'; 'Luis de Camoëns;'; 'Animal Heat;'; 'The Polygon Papers,' Number Six; 'Noctes Conviviales,' Number One; 'Lines on the Death of a Christian Brother;'; 'The Evening Stroll, a Boyish Remembrance;'; 'The Poet,' by CAROLINE F. ORNE; 'To a Pair of Old Ear-rings,' by MRS. M. E. HEWITT. 'To my Cousin;'; 'The Sailor's Song;'; 'Emblems,' etc., etc. . . . Several publications, received at a late hour, (among them 'The Forest-Rangers' an 'Obituary Notice of REV. BENJAMIN ORR PEERS,' 'Julia of Balm,' 'Dublin Practice of Midwifery,' and 'The Brigand, a Poem,') will receive attention hereafter. Notices of the following works are in type, and will appear in our next: Ladies Annual Register; Book of Cage-Birds; Attractions of Language; Mineral Springs of Virginia; 'Ægri Somnia: Recreations of a Sick Room.'

L I T E R A R Y R E C O R D .

'THE HAND-BOOK OF NEEDLE-WORK.'—We were somewhat at a loss to know, on taking up this beautiful volume, whether it were really what it purported to be, or a copy of the London edition of LOCKHART'S 'Spanish Ballads,' sent to us through a mistake of the publishers; for truth to say, barring the page-engravings, there is little choice between the two in the matter merely of external beauty of execution. The superb ornamental binding, the clear and tasteful printing, the numerous engravings, ornamental vignettes, and 'illuminations,' from the burin of BUTLER, make an imposing display; but what is of more importance to 'the ladies of the United States,' to whom the volume is dedicated by the publishers, it embraces *every thing* worthy of notice in a treatise on decorative needle-work, together with historical sketches and detailed accounts of the practice of each department, to render them more generally interesting than a mere manual of directions and examples. Thus we have, as the mere *heads* of the subjects treated of: the early history of needle-work; the various kinds of tapestry; materials in general, as wool, silk, gold and silver, chenille, braid, etc.; with canvas, Berlin patterns, drawing patterns for embroidery, braiding, etc.; implements, framing-work, stitches, embroidery, canvas-work, crotchet-work, knitting and netting (what a various list!) braiding and applique, bead-work; needle-work of the English queens and princesses; with poems in praise of 'the Needle's Excellency' by rare old English writers. But we can add no more. Fair fingers have filched the book from under our very nose, as we write; and there is a gabble of female voices over its pages, quite too near for 'calm literary composition.'

MR. DEMPSTER'S 'BEAUTIES OF VOCAL MELODY.'—This is a choice and tasteful selection of Scotch, English, and Irish Songs and Ballads, with an accompaniment for the piano-forte; edited by Mr. WILLIAM R. DEMPSTER, whose delightful manner of rendering them at his concerts or 'ballad-soirées' has won for him so general and well-deserved a reputation. Let none of our singing readers, male or female, wherever they may be, remain long without this repository of sweet and touching melodies. Having but recently heard many of them from the lips of Mr. DEMPSTER, we can cordially commend them to the tastes and even the affections of our readers. By the by, our popular vocalist must permit us *again* to warn him against an occasional tendency to 'execution' in rendering the charming ballads of Scotland. To our mind, the ornamental trills interpolated upon the beautiful simplicity of the real music, are 'no great *shakes*,' to say the least. The effect of this, in rendering the following touching verse from '*Tak' your old Cloak about Ye*,' was any thing but agreeable:

'Gude-man, I wat 'tis thirty year
Sin' we did ane anither ken,
And we hae had between us twa
(O' lads and bonny lasses ten;
Now they are women grown, and men,
I wish and pray 'Weel may they be!'
And if you'd prove a good husband,
E'en tak' your auld cloak about ye.'

The words of the songs and ballads in this collection are in each instance given in full, and we are glad to observe, with correctness; and the music is extremely well executed upon good paper. Our copy reaches us through one of the New-York publishers of the work, Mr. A. V. BLAKE, Gold-street.

NATURAL HISTORY OF NEW-YORK.—We have received, and shall notice at large in our next number, a noble imperial-quarto volume, richly illustrated, being the first of a series on the '*Natural History of New-York*,' to be published by order of the Legislature. We have only time to remark at present, that the series will unquestionably prove a high honor to this great State. The 'Introduction,' by Gov. SEWARD, is one of the most condensed yet comprehensive treatises upon our institutions, resources, and advantages, that we have ever encountered; written moreover in a style of great simplicity and perspicuity, befitting the facts which it records to our lasting honor. We reserve farther comments until another occasion. Messrs. APPLETON AND COMPANY and Messrs. WILEY AND PUTNAM are the New-York publishers.

WILEY AND PUTNAM'S 'LITERARY NEWS-LETTER.'—This monthly register of new books, foreign and American, is a very useful work, containing brief literary notices of new publications, the new works published in London during the previous month, the new American works for the current month, the books recently imported by Messrs. WILEY AND PUTNAM; including works on architecture, building, masonry, carpentry, furniture, etc. etc. To libraries and rare-book lovers in general, this 'News-Letter' supplies an important desideratum.

Messrs. Appletons' Publications. — We have had frequent occasion to chronicle the excellent publications of Messrs. APPLETON AND COMPANY, many of which can hardly fail of exercising a wide and beneficial influence upon the rising generation of American youth. We find two additional volumes upon our table, which we can cordially commend to public acceptance. The first is an admirable narrative by Mrs. ELLIS, author of 'Women of England,' etc., entitled, 'First Impressions; or Hints to those who would make Home happy;' and the second, 'A Collection of Promises of Scripture, under their proper heads; representing the Blessings promised, the Duties to which promises are made, with an Appendix, relating to the future State of the Church; and an Introduction, containing Observations upon the Excellency and Use of the Promises, and Directions for the right Application of them. By SAMUEL CLARKE, D. D.' It need scarcely be added, after naming the publishers, that the volumes are neatly executed.

'UNCAS.' — It was a nefarious trick, whoever did it, the taking from our sanctum-table of the beautiful volume of Colonel WILLIAM L. STONE, containing his Historical Discourse upon UNCAS and MIANTONOMOH, delivered two or three months since at Norwich, (Conn.,) on occasion of the erection of a monument to the memory of the celebrated chief of the Mohegans. We had perused the interesting details of the narrative to where the Narragansett chief had been ordered to Boston, with the traitorous Pequod, to be examined by the Governor of Massachusetts, and dog's-eared the page for continued amusement, when lo! the volume mysteriously disappeared, and has not since been seen, 'though diligent and careful search has been made for the same.' We do not affect hints; we know the little book is in wide demand; but is there an unsold copy? 'An early answer is respectfully solicited.'

THE WHIG ALMANAC. — Messrs. GREELY AND McELRATH have published an Almanac for 1843, which, beside being as essentially Whig as its counterpart from the office of the 'Evening Post' is Democratic, is replete with various matters of interest and importance, with which partisan bias has nothing to do; such as the population of the states, cities, and larger towns of the country; the government, manufactures, election returns, presidential votes, time of holding elections, state and national, etc., etc.; including *also*, a Life of, and sundry information concerning 'HARRY CLAY of the West,' with a portrait of the distinguished Statesman; together with numerous 'anecdotes, epigrams, and humors of the times.' Office of the '*Daily Tribune*' journal, 100 Nassau Street

'FAMILY SECRETS:' BY MRS. ELLIS. — We have in two handsome and well printed volumes from the press of Messrs. LEA AND BLANCHARD, Philadelphia, this admirable series of household tales, from the pen of an English EDGEWORTH; and we are truly glad to find them embraced in so neat and cheap a form, for general dissemination. Of three or four of these graphic life-sketches we have already spoken in terms of cordial commendation; and we need only add, that the remainder bear fully out the promise of excellence which they furnished to the reader. The two volumes contain: 'Dangers of Dining out,' 'Confessions of a Maniac,' 'Somerville Hall,' 'The Rising Tide,' 'The Favorite Child,' 'First Impressions,' and 'The Minister's Family.'

SAXTON'S STENOGRAPHY. — We are very favorably impressed with a 'New System of Stenography for the use of Schools and Colleges,' by CHARLES SAXTON, Stenographer, Boston. The author does not pretend, as many teachers of Stenography do, that the art can be acquired by a few lessons from a lecturer. He presents, in his recommendation to *perseverance* in the art, a 'more excellent way' than can be found in the systems of 'steam-education' so much blazoned by the quacks and pretenders of the day. The author, having studied with care all the approved systems of short-hand, and having had large experience in reporting with his characters, claims, and we doubt not justly, to have accomplished as nearly a perfect system of Stenography as can be framed at the present day. SAXTON AND MILES, Broadway, are the publishers.

DR. PAYNE'S ESSAYS. — Our medical readers will be interested to learn that there have recently appeared, in a handsome pamphlet, the 'Essays on the Philosophy of Vitality as contradistinguished from Chemical and Mechanical Philosophy, and on the *modus operandi* of Remedial Agents. By MARTIN PAYNE, A. M., M. D.; Professor of the Institutes of Medicine and Materia Medica in the medical department of the University of New-York; Member of the Verein für Heilkunde in Preussen, of the Montreal Natural History Society,' etc.

. The attention of our readers is earnestly requested to an 'Original Paper' (though not an original subject, unfortunately,) on the second page of the cover.

THE KNICKERBOCKER.

VOL. XX.

DECEMBER, 1842.

No. 6.

THE POLYGON PAPERS.

NUMBER SIX.

MANKIND are divided into two great classes — censurers and eulogists. The former are disposed to regard only the errors in all conduct, and the defects of every production; while the latter raise their hands and open their eyes in undiluted admiration of all that can lay the slightest claim to praise. Upon the efforts which have been made by the learned to systematize and perfect language, the medium of our daily intercourse and prerequisite to all mental culture or social amelioration, these classes have, as in other things, displayed their distinctive propensities. The eulogists have deemed each new grammar or dictionary a *ne plus ultra* of order and perfection, after which it was needless to wish and impossible to hope for any farther advances in the science of philology. The censurers, including all those who had some darling theory to promote for fame's sake, or some rival work to popularize for lucre, have thought all previous treatises but the imperfect and clumsy efforts of children, babbling their confused ideas in tangled language, or the prate of parrots, repeating without understanding the pratings of their parrot predecessors.

The authors of grammars and the compilers of dictionaries have no doubt been like other writers, varying widely in their abilities and in the comparative merits of their works. I shall not assume the invidious task of pointing out the meritorious or stigmatizing the worthless; a task far above my acquirements, and which he only could fittingly perform who should have pursued those branches with the same zeal and to the same extent with the subjects of his criticism, and without having incapacitated his judgment by being a rival author. If my suffrage could add aught to the reputation of that distinguished veteran in learning, I might particularize Webster's Dictionary as, in my poor opinion, by far the most able in our language. He however who should characterize it as imperfect,

would characterize it rightly, and, *absolutely speaking*, might predicate the same of the best dictionary that has been or can be produced. If the doctrine of Pythagoras be true, and the soul of the erudite lexicographer shall be reproduced two hundred years from this, an infant mind developing itself in an infant body, he will find his present work a very insufficient interpreter to his second youth, of the conversation and writings of that age. He will be induced in his second manhood to publish a new edition of his dictionary, with an accession of at least ten thousand new words, a mark of obsolescence affixed to ten thousand old ones, and a totally different explanation of many of our present terms. Our dictionaries then *are* imperfect, and I shall attempt in my subsequent remarks to show that they must always be so, since, if true to their purpose, they must always be the varying exponents of an ever-flowing quantity.

Their compilers, however, have usually fallen far below that grade of perfection which *can* be reached; some from being too ignorant, and some from being too learned. The former were of course incompetent to the task, and the latter frequently allowed their learning to overweigh their judgment. When great erudition is not checked and sobered by as great good sense, it will run away with its possessor, and hurry him into a land like Milton's Limbo: a land of visions, theories, and nonsense. Inflated with the pride of knowledge, some men are determined to display it on all occasions, and where diffidence and humility would guide them into the path of truth, their vanity and arrogance involve them in the mazes of error. If an English word could with equal plausibility be derived from the Sanscrit and the French, they would prefer to derive it from the Sanscrit, as giving a more exalted idea of their amazing lingual acquirements. Could they draw it from the Hottentot, or import it from among the ourang-outangs of Borneo, they would doubtless be yet more highly delighted; for then the crowds in the pit would stare in still more ludicrous astonishment at the friskings of these learned Punchinellos, and even the critics in the boxes would clap their hands and shout, 'What prodigies are these!' Sometimes these *savans* will discover a slight similarity in the forms or sounds of two languages — say the Castilian and the Gaelic — as of course among the infinite diversities of distinct tongues there will also be some resemblances. Then they disjoint and recompose the languages; they search among old convents for mouldering palimpsests, and copy Runic characters from enigmatic slabs; they collate black-letter poems, and ransack fabulous histories, and when they do not *find* facts they *invent* them; till at last they fasten together a *subscus*, or dove-tailed argument, somewhat of the following nature: 'These languages bear an evident affinity with each other; *therefore* the two nations which spoke them must have been tribes of the same family; and it being shown that the two nations were homogeneous, it follows that their languages were off-shoots of one and the same stock.' And thus these 'learned Thebans' dream their lives away in theorizing fact out of countenance and turning common sense upside down.

Many complaints have been made of the incorrect derivations given by Junius, Johnson, Richardson, and others, and some of them in very truth are ludicrously frivolous. But they all seem to have labored under a mistake, into which scholars more learned than they have fallen — the mistake of supposing *all* words to be derivatives, and of thinking the most far-fetched and painful derivation the most correct one. The *lucus a non lucendo* principle of etymology has too long been prevalent. It arose from and has been perpetuated by the idea that the roots of all words are to be found either in living dialects or in those languages which have died from the lips but still live in the records of mankind. But there have been hundreds of tribes whose very languages were exterminated with themselves. How many words must have prevailed in the numerous colonies of Greece and Tyre! How many among the myriad communities which the Romans subdued, changing their customs, abolishing their laws, and annihilating even their words! Any one who will consult Varro, Servius, Priscian, and other Roman etymologists and commentators, will discover that the Romans borrowed very many terms from the Latin states, which they incorporated in their republic, and will infer that they left thousands more of which we have neither trace nor record. The same may be gathered from the scholiasts in relation to the tribes of Greece. He who passes from the fragments of the love-lorn Sappho, or the speeches of Bœotians in Aristophanes, to the hexameters of Homer or the treatises of Plutarch, will almost think himself among another people and listening to another language. What has become of the Coptic, Phœnician, and Numidian tongues? And if, as is alas! too probable, the men of the forest shall be extirpated from our broad land, their patrimonial possession, how many of their expressions will survive their own extinction? A few of their melodious appellatives will still continue to distinguish our rushing rivers and our inland lakes; but the last tones of their spoken language will soon float over the blue Pacific, and expire with the death-song of their race. Even in those languages which have stood the shock of so many revolutions, thousands of terms passed out of use and vanished from existence before the art of printing could seize and perpetuate them. Undoubtedly vast numbers of our words had their origin among those dialects which are now extinct, and great numbers more are the obsolete terms of tongues which are still spoken. How is it possible to discover the primitives of such words as these? They have flowed down to us through wars, migrations, revolutions, exterminations. Their course is too circuitous and perplexed to trace. Their fountain is in a land of fable and darkness, and the lips of those who could enlighten us are sealed for ever.

Our language, particularly, is a *congeries* of all others. It is a universal congress, where all the tongues of the earth have sent their representatives; a lingual emporium, a verbal rag-market; a dialectic Vanity-Fair; a grand carnival of languages, where masks from every nation with parti-colored garments and discordant tones greet and embrace each other, crossing and intertwining through the

mazes of a grotesque and monstrous harlequinade. If any one be dissatisfied with these comparisons, and is not disposed to style it a dictionary of quotations, or a many-tongued chameleon, or a Botany Bay of phrases, he may call it what it really is — an any thing and every thing at once. If the concourse of strangers at Jerusalem on the Pentecostal day were astonished at hearing each his own patril dialect from the cloven tongues of the apostles, much more might a delegation from the various subdivisions of the Adamitic family be amazed at the polyglott attainments of an Englishman, in whose conversation ‘Parthians, Medes, and Elamites,’ Frenchmen, Turks, and Bramins, would find their ears saluted by the familiar words of their own fields and fire-sides.

The causes of this mixed and incongruous character are many and complicated. In the first place, England, the country of our origin and nursery of our language, has been four times partially or wholly subjugated by continental invaders. After the original settlement of the island, by whomever it was made, and subsequently to its occupancy by the Gauls and Belgæ, it bowed successively to the Roman, Saxon, Danish, and Norman yokes. The Anglo-Saxons, two confederate Low-Dutch tribes, speaking a dialect akin to nearly all the tongues of northern Europe, laid the first and strongest *stratum* of our present language on the bare British soil; but each subsequent deluge of invasion left behind its retiring tide a deep formation of foreign and alluvial earth. The Normans particularly contributed a large share of this adscititious richness, and there is historical evidence that their semi-French was long the dominant language of the court, the pulpit, and the bar. These causes alone would be sufficient to impart to the English language a very heterogeneous character. But in the second place, the extreme simplicity of our language, the straight-forwardness of its syntax, and the almost utter absence of inflected forms, open a wide door for the admission of foreigners. Then the truly catholic liberality, or rather the lawlessness of utter anarchy, whereby it permits to every part of speech all possible varieties of termination, and to every letter all conceivable diversities of sound, removes every obstacle to their unrestricted introduction. The British, moreover, have sprinkled their colonies in almost every latitude and longitude of the globe; and if some of these expatriated children have proved rebellious to their mother’s civil sceptre, they have all been restive beneath the chastenings of her literary rod. From the crop of sturdy rebels which have grown up in their wild plantations, they have even sent some to swell the ranks of the disaffected in their maternal land. Next, the kindred nations of the Americans and English have prosecuted a more extended commerce than any other nations in any age, and, together with the commodities of foreign countries, have introduced their names. They have likewise pursued a greater number of the different branches of learning, science, and art, than any other people; and this has caused a great influx of foreign words, of terms compounded of Greek roots, and of new extractions from the Latin. John Bull and Brother Jonathan are both odd

even to strangeness; and if the previous utterance of all that can easily be said or thought of has left them little but the repetition of old remarks, they are determined to muffle them in a disguise so fantastic as to defy detection. The lateness of their accession into the fraternity of nations has given them but a younger brother's portion on the outskirts of the family estate. Yet would they dig beneath the surface of their uninviting soil, they would light upon beds of rude but priceless diamonds, which might purchase the boasted primogeniture of Greece, and out-glitter all the jewelry of Rome. But instead of drawing laborious wealth from their own exhaustless mines, they now prefer the ill-assorted riches of marauders, and descending on the fertile plains beneath, levy black-mail on their opulent and gentlemanly kinsmen.

In this manner historical causes, assisted by caprice, pedantry and affectation, have rendered our language a nation of outlaws, a congregation of aliens. And though in case of emergency these immigrants increase our resources, yet their presence is usually needless and their numbers are always cumbersome. Now whenever we can trace the devious course these fugitives have taken, it is well to credit them in our dictionaries to their proper source. But if their disguises baffle our scrutiny, let us not torture ourselves and them with vain inquiries. On such words I have seen as ludicrous burlesques as if I were to derive the English *eye* from the Latin *oculus*. Thus: *oculus, oculus, eiculus, eicul, eic, ei, eye*. Or *hand* from *manus*. Thus: *manus, mandus, handus, hand*; or thus: (for it is immaterial to the etymologist *how* he attains his end, provided he *do* attain it:) *manus, hanus, han, hand*. A reader unfamiliar with the infatuating tendency of etymological investigations would be lost in amazement were he suddenly admitted to the interior of a modern language-factory, and enabled to comprehend the movements of the fancy-loom, tearing up the tissues of previous weavers, and forming from the woof of conjecture and the warp of theory a flimsy texture of affiliated language. I can illustrate the details of the process by a reference to the word *league*, the etymology of which has been much contested. Some have derived it from the Celtic *llec*, and some have resorted to other branches of the northern family of languages. Dissatisfied with all these derivations, the erudite Johannes Logomachus traces it to the Latin *ligare*, to bind, because, *most probably*, (a favorite expression of the theorists,) the ancient measurers of land were accustomed to indicate the direction and termination of the *league* by a line bound from post to post, as we read in Herodotus that such distances were measured among the old Egyptians by *schæni* or 'ropes.' The erudite Schwartzbuchstab Wortfechter surmises that the root is *ligo*, a 'spade,' since, no doubt, 'spades' were employed in digging the earth, where the league-stones were to be placed. Trismegistus Haarspalter rather conjectures the root to be the Latin *legare*, through *legatus*, Italian *legato*, because, perhaps, the Papal *legates* in their embassies from court to court computed their journeys by these distances, as Xenophon informs us the ancient Persian kings were wont to estimate their

royal progress by *stathmi* and *parasangs*. In addition to all these illustrious suppositions, Charles Polygon imagines the true origin of the word *league* to be found in the bald English *leg*, since in those early days the distance was undoubtedly paced off, and pacing is done with the *legs*; etc., etc., etc.

This sketch may seem too farcical to be true. It is in one sense imaginary; that is to say, the last four derivations are of my own invention. But it is no caricature. The figures are drawn from life, and every one who is at all familiar with the etymological lucubrations of the learned, will instantly recognize the truthfulness of the coloring. I could soon adduce thousands of etymological freaks from the works of very learned authors, with whose names I will not cumber these pages; freaks which I might call ludicrous, but that they are too childish, too frivolous to laugh at. And the truth is, that any work which shall attempt to trace *all* words to their roots, will be deformed by hosts of derivations which ingenuity may render plausible, but common sense will scout. Who can tell the origin of one half the cant expressions that figure in the London flash dictionaries? Yet many of them will find their way into general use. Who can tell how provincialisms become national, and colloquialisms grow dignified, and solecisms are converted into established idioms? Who can show us the parentage of *humbug*, and of a hundred other upstarts, some of which will undoubtedly become classical? Sometimes they pass from the higher classes to the lower, and sometimes the patricians borrow them of the plebeians. They come no one knows whence; they travel no one knows how. Every body admits them because every body else does, and this universal admission soon gives them an undisturbed title to citizenship in the republic of letters; a republic, by the way, consisting like ours of *twenty-six* states; a clear proof that we are the most *literary* people in the world! Plainly then the etymological department of our dictionaries can never be complete.

It is, moreover, a matter of very trifling importance whether we discover or not the origin of ordinary terms, such as *league*, *field*, *whiz*, *fly*, etc., unless this should form a part of a great, philosophical, and consistent system of philology, and be auxiliary to the discovery of the parent-language, and the principles and manner of its formation. But this *desideratum*, the day-dream of the theorist and prayer of the cosmopolite, is now a hope too desperate to indulge. Of what advantage then would it be if the lexicographer were to show us that the word 'barbarous' by its primal import should merely signify 'foreign,' and can with no more propriety be employed in the sense of 'savage' than the Italians can use the word 'pelegrino,' which also originally meant 'foreign,' to denote any thing 'admirable' or 'fine?' Of what great utility to show that 'prevent' from its composition should signify to 'precede,' and 'let' from its first acceptation should mean to 'hinder,' and to refer for authority to the Bible, the 'well of English undefiled?' Suppose they could succeed in an attempt to prove that 'pedant' is derived from the Icelandic name for an 'owl,' and 'theorist' from the Chaldaic expression for

an 'ass?' Would the clearest demonstration of these statements induce us to change or modify our present understanding and application of these words? The meaning of our ordinary expressions is already irrevocably settled by use:

Quem penes arbitrium est, et jus, et norma loquendi.

Irrevocably, I mean, with one grand restriction; for use itself, 'which sits high over all, sole arbiter,' can revoke and unsettle them at will. Not all the academies in the world can roll back the tide of custom, or divert it from, or confine it in its time-worn channels. They may define the past and decide on the present significations of words, but can never control their future meanings. Not all the literati in America and Europe, whether singly or combined, can resist the sway of that silent power which is gradually swinging our language from its ancient moorings. Usage is a law to them as well as to the populace whom they would instruct, and like that populace, they must bow to its mandates. The French Academy, the most enlightened body that ever sat in judgment upon language, and composed of the most distinguished *savans* of all the kingdom, convened in solemn conclave, and published their unanimous decision on the orthography, pronunciation, and construction of their native tongue. That tongue, they thought, had attained a sufficiently high degree of copiousness, regularity, purity, and polish, to be stereotyped as the overruling, unalterable law. They could form no ideas which they could not express in their vernacular with ease and precision, and they supposed that posterity likewise could have no occasion to enlarge that abundant vocabulary, or modify that perspicuous syntax. A self-constituted legislature, they idly dreamed that their enactments would form the inviolable constitution of succeeding legislatures. Yet even the edict of that influential assembly, backed as it was by a criticism that scowled annihilation on all who trod not in the footsteps of the Gallic classics, failed to fix and perpetuate the features of their language, and render what was orthodox in the reign of 'Louis le Grand' the unalterable standard of propriety for all future ages. The failure might have sprung from causes that are every where in existence and always in operation. For even had society still continued in its old and drowsy round, *l'ancien régime* would have soon discovered that though gold might silence the remonstrances of justice, and the Bastille stifle the mutterings of the oppressed, no bribes could suppress the upspringing of the self-born thought, and no penal inflictions determine the form of its expression. The rebels against grammatical order would soon become so numerous and bold as to set authority at defiance, while the statute of prohibition would remain a lifeless letter, and bills of attainder be but an empty process. The sanhedrim of critics, convoked in each successive age, would be compelled by their subject-rulers to grant a general amnesty, and by a Janus-faced law, of retrospective and prospective operation, at once to indemnify the traitor and legalize the treason. But the Academy itself laid and fixed the train for the explosion of their own edifice. Many of its

members generated new ideas and presented them in startling combinations, and the powerful elements whereby they undermined the social fabric might well be expected to bring their own labors to the ground amidst the general downfall. And the revolution came, rending, shattering, anarchical, chaotic; when it seemed that the genius of Destruction, no longer content with the partial havoc of his humbler emissaries, had himself leaped from his throne in hell upon the shuddering earth. That revolution, so prolific in other and more important changes, rolled in a tide of novel terms and unauthorized constructions, and the 'laudatores temporis acti' among the French, the worshippers of their Augustan-age, now complain in the bitterness of grief that the language adorned by the grandeur of Corneille, the pathos of Racine, and the humor of Molière, is adulterated, dishonored, and well nigh undone.

Much less then can we hope to secure against change a language spoken by a race so whimsical and erratic as the Anglo-Saxons. The attempt is praiseworthy, yet can never be but partially successful. Our embankments may contribute feebly and for a time to stay the wearings of the tide; but the restless and chainless waters will soon overleap all our defences, and bury all our landmarks. We are changing; society is changing; the whole world is in the process of mutation; and do we hope that with new ideas and new relations our *words* will remain immutable? Words are the atmosphere through which ideas are seen. But those ideas color that atmosphere, and when *ideas* of a new nature and complexion appear, can the *medium* remain unchanged? Even while I write, the language is shifting; our foot-hold is sliding away; old terms are passing off; new ones are ushered in. Ignorance, fashion and learning, all contribute their quota to this work of innovation. Each fresh invention in mechanics, each new discovery in science, either extends and alters the meaning of an old word, or introduces a new one. Sometimes the secondary sense banishes the primary signification, and in process of time a third application usurps the place of both. When a great genius has clothed 'thoughts that breathe' in 'words that burn,' he has endowed the words themselves with a fresh significance, and thenceforward they have an added sanctity and loveliness in our eyes. We associate the coloring which he uses with the object which he paints, and each lends the other a reflected charm. In this way some words come to be poetical, acquiring a different character and a more elevated meaning. On the other hand, long use sometimes depreciates the value of a word as a medium of expression, and alters its application. Fashion, by a silent and irresistible influence, of which we can neither discover the beginning nor trace the progress, brands the term with the stigma of coarseness; it is abominated by the fastidious and eschewed by the affected; it descends to the lower ranks of life, and is there vulgarized, corrupted and lost.

From these considerations it is evident that the most important portion of our dictionaries, the department of definition, can never attain a character of precision, or hold forth a promise of permanence.

The same might be inferred from philosophical considerations, from adverting to the very constitution of our being, and the actual and necessary nature of language itself. Language is the mirror of thought, and thought constitutes the features of the mind. Now our thoughts combine themselves in forms of infinite complexity, and many of them are obscure and undefinable as the phantoms of the wizard's glass. As no mirror can shadow forth a clear and definite image of a dim and shifting object, so language can never represent our thoughts with an exact identity of shape and hue. The assertion of St. Paul, that 'we here see through a glass darkly,' though employed by him in reference only to our vision of sacred subjects, may be applied with equal truth to the perceptions and sensations of our entire intellectual and spiritual being. Our individuality is surrounded by the mists of prejudice; a condensation of vapors, through which even the light of those truths that interest not our feelings struggles with but feeble beams. Ideas, then, in passing from our own minds to the minds of others, must suffer a double refraction; for they traverse two atmospheres thick with the clouds of passion and heavy with the grossness of matter. Were the immaterial portion of our being a pure and unclouded intellect, our perceptions would be clear, and language might perhaps delineate them with palpable distinctness. Our ideas would be so many limnings of colorless objects; geometrical figures, enclosed by fixed lines of demarcation, with their forms and magnitudes discernible at a glance. Or were our intellects to precede our passions in their developement, their superior energy might resist or rectify the delusions of the latter. But even in early youth our souls attain to full-grown life, while our minds are still imbecile in strength and impotent of movement, gazing on the rising sun of Truth with feeble vision, and walking up the hill of Science with tottering steps. Our conceptions are the creatures of external impulse, and our understandings are the slaves of our terrors, our longings, and our hopes. Our ideas of material or immaterial things are not copies minutely faithful to their prototypes, but rather, like our own spirits, are enveloped in a carnal and ever-changing body. Our feelings define our newborn thoughts with their own shifting outlines, and imagination converts the simple distinctness of the figure into the rich confusion of the painting, baptizing it in the colors of the rainbow.

It is this coalition of the intellect and the imagination, this coöperative action of the judgment and the passions, that occasions most of our actual errors in reference both to things and to words, and most of our dissensions upon them when presented to our contemplation under apparently the very same aspects. For although our original idiosyncrasies, and the prejudices of education, together with the individual peculiarities in the history of our interior and exterior lives may be thought the sources of most of these disagreements, yet as the imagination will be found to have an overmastering coëfficiency in the procreation of our thoughts, so will it be the mainspring of our various and conflicting opinions. Let us take a familiar illustration.

Suppose that the instruments of our bodily sight were of different substance and diverse organization. Suppose that the right eye were of a variable convexity, adapting itself to the proximity of the object, so that, the rays proceeding therefrom always meeting in the same focus, the eye could behold it, however near or however distant, with the same distinctness; that its humors were perfectly transparent, so that the rays should find no obstacle to their transmission; of the same density with the intervening air, that they might pass unrefracted, and colorless, that they might suffer no change of hue; that its pupil were of an eagle strength, directing an unswerving gaze at the Sun himself, and drinking health and vigor from the intensity of his light; that objects were painted on its retina in their natural position, and that the optic nerve leading to the brain were a perfect conductor of all impressions, being itself passionless and unimpressible. Imagine on the other hand that the left eye were also of a varying convexity, yet varying not according to the distance of objects, but according to their apparent strangeness or beauty, so as to belittle all the unattractive and invest all the striking with a character of vastness; that its humors were partially opaque and deeply colored, so that the rays in their transmission would be largely refracted and acquire an adventitious tinge; that its pupil were weak, overdazzled by the brightness of day, and looking forth with pleasure only in the indistinctness of twilight; that objects were pictured on its retina in an inverted position; and lastly, that its optic nerve were itself replete with life and sensibility, forever thrilling with delight or quivering with anguish. With what truth or distinctness could the impressions of external objects be conveyed to the brain by the agency of these twin organs, united in office, yet different in nature and dissonant in action? But suppose farther that this left eye should be in constant and powerful operation from very infancy, gazing on the outward world with eager vision, and imprinting on the brain pictures of objects distorted from their true proportions and gaudy with fictitious hues; while the other should open slowly to the light, and be years in acquiring the promptitude of familiar habit, and the energy of its predestined power. Would the two organs ever become equally coëfficient in their ministrations to the brain? Would not the left eye occasion optical errors too strong and too inveterate ever to be overcome? Would it not still continue to swell the dwarfish to the gigantic, and reduce the colossal to the pygmean? And suppose yet farther, that in different individuals these organs were endlessly different in their construction, powers, and qualities, and in the respective periods and degrees of their developement. How infinitely various would be the pictures of natural objects conveyed through the eyes to the several brains of men!

Now in applying this illustration, if we remember that our spiritual vision is through the agency of a dual unity of organs, the right organ being the intellect, and the left the imagination with the passions, the parallel will be complete throughout. And from the coöperating yet conflicting agency of these confederate antagonists,

and the preponderant influence of the first-born and the strongest arise those optical illusions of the mind, which no exertions of the judgment can rectify and no teachings of experience dispel.

There are many words in our living language, words too of daily and most familiar use, to which no lexicographer can affix a definite and satisfactory meaning, and whose differences from other and apparently equivalent terms, no synonymist can explain. Their sense is too delicate and volatile for the touch. No combination of terms will embody their force. They have no twin-brethren, and in whatever substitute, the expressiveness, the character, the life of the features is extinguished. Their nicety of meaning can be gained from no synonymous word, nor synonymous phrase, nor from any thing short of long experience and multiplied examples. Look at the word 'gaunt.' The dictionaries will tell you it means 'thin, slender, lean, meagre.' But the peculiar force of 'gaunt' is not to be found in any or all of these. *It* is a picture, and *they* are a description. In none of them do you see the large, bony frame, with its jagged, skeleton outline. 'Thin' and 'slender' are by far too delicate expressions. 'Lean' has not its rude energy. 'Meagre,' a derivation from Latin through the French, has not the honest bluntness of our mother-tongue, and if it had, falls far short of 'gaunt' in strong significance. And if no one of these will singly express the true idea, certainly all combined will fail to do so. They rather confuse than strengthen the impression. This and a thousand similar expressions in our language are indefinable, impalpable; you cannot chain them; they ooze between your fingers and vanish from your grasp. And much more impossible will it be to seize the delicate shades of meaning in the words of a foreign, or a dead language. They rise above each other in infinite gradations, and are separated by intervals of distinction invisible to any but a native eye. Among modern tongues this is particularly true of the particles in the Italian. There are hundreds of little words in Greek to which in many of their connections and uses the ripest scholar can attach no definite English meaning. In the eighty-first line of the first book of the 'Iliad' are six of those particles so combined that they would have puzzled Porson to translate with fidelity, and probably Homer himself to express in other language of perfect equivalence. Many careless readers even among the learned have soothed their indolence by imagining that they were mere expletives; that is, words of no particular import, and thrown in only to fill up what Bulwer terms 'the porosities of language,' and give the sentence an agreeable fulness and rotundity! Preposterous idea! Every one of them had its distinct significance, perceptible, if not tangible, and real, if undefinable; and the existence in that language of so many connective particles whereby to *demark* every minutest shade of denial or assertion, is one among many arguments of its great superiority over every other tongue.

But that imaginative faculty of which I spoke above, exerts itself especially in boyhood in attaching to many things a host of qualities and to many words a comprehensiveness of meaning which they

do not intrinsically possess, and which they have not in the eyes of others. Receiving their form and substance from the character of our first impressions, they bear with different individuals a significance of greater or less intensity, of wider or narrower compass. Such are the expressions 'grim,' 'ghastly,' etc., with a long train of their terrible kindred; expressions associated with our early terrors, with our first ideas of death, of supernatural agencies, and the mysteries of the spirit-land. They are inseparably linked with our earliest emotions of awe and wonder; with the ghostly tales of the nursery and the searing dreams of childhood; with stories of giants, cannibals, and vampyres; with accounts of withered hags and dark enchanters; with legends of midnight murder, and black, unmentionable deeds; with faces of the dead, peering pale and awful through the darkness, and with all the shapeless and incongruous bugbears that curdled our blood and hushed our very heart's pulsations with the weight of horror, till, cowering close beneath the bed-clothes, we cried ourselves to sleep.

There are other words, which in the ears of some are prosaic, trivial or unmeaning, while with others among us they are the hieroglyphics of a wondrous language; the key-notes to all that is pure and lovely and sublime. They are united in an intertwining coalescence with the happiest and holiest feelings of our happiest and holiest hours. They are the names of Love and Poetry, and all those charmed words that talk to us of the stars and the sunshine, of the blue sky and the rolling ocean, and of Youth and Gladness, moving hand in hand through an Eden-world of fragrance, melody, and flowers. That Love, which in the minds of some is a gross and low-born passion, with others of us signifies the melting of being into being, the sweet outstretching of the arms from soul to soul. Poetry is with some a synonyme of ranting folly, worthy only of a lunatic asylum, while with us it is indeed 'a glorious birth;' the essence of all high philosophy, and prompter of all brave endeavors; the fountain of every virtuous action and impulse of every rational desire. These were the potent wizards who, on our first awaking from the blank of nothingness, anointed our eyes, enabling us to gaze on the face of Nature and obtain sweet glimpses of the world within, while the beautiful rushed in upon our souls, gush on gush, till rapt, subdued, delirious, we fell into a trance and dreamed that we were gods. These enchanters never revisit us in after years, but they come attended by a retinue of spirits — their ancient ministering train — and as their thrilling tones again vibrate through our being, whole tribes of slumbering emotions start up rejuvenescent and immortal in our hearts. They replenish for the lips of manhood the exhausted cup of joy, and rekindle in the breast of age the extinguished fires of youth. They unseal the fountains of our early tenderness, and for the brief season of their presence transport us backward to the palaces of Fairyland, where once we laughed in delicious merriment and melted in yet more delicious tears. Time may have rolled his oblivious waters over all our spring-time feelings; Experience, the sneering

demon, may have exorcised our spirits with his cold disenchantments; yet on the reëpearance of the true Magician, we find that his words have still their wonted power; that their mystic characters are indelibly engraven on our hearts; and no lapse of years can efface that first impression, no bitterness of conviction dissolve that early spell. They league themselves with all our hopes and all our memories; they compress into the compass of a moment the essence of a life; and running from hand to hand along the chain of hours, they quicken each torpid link in the series of feelings, and shoot, like an electric thrill, through all that rises from the cradle to the grave. According to the several admixtures of poetry and passion in our constitutions, so do these talismanic words rise in infinite gradations of significance; and what dictionary shall affix their meaning save the unwritten dictionary of the heart?

Many of our expressions are of a dim and intangible import, because they attempt an impossibility. They endeavor to present in the gross colors of sense a picture of that which is immaterial, having neither form nor substance. They strive to subject to the dominion of human knowledge objects that rise far above the sphere of our mortal being, and are wholly emancipated from the empire of earthly law. Our deepest emotions are the most indefinable to ourselves, and the most difficult to picture forth to others; yet those emotions will struggle for utterance in language. How can that language be other than indefinite, and how can the synonyms and paraphrases, by which we would explain it, fail to be equally vague and insufficient? In our better moments our spirits swell toward the limitless, and pant for the immortal. Worn with care and sick with disappointment, we look for something more pure, more peaceful, more permanent than we can discover here. Baffled in all our arts to seize the phantom Happiness, and bitterly confessing the inanity of earthly joys, and the idleness of temporal pursuits, we long for a something more solid and enduring—a something, we know not distinctly what; discoverable, we know not definitely where; obtainable, we know not clearly how. Yet there is a guide to that undiscovered ocean, and a chart of its enchanted isles; and we open with trembling hand and peruse with eager eye the oracles of heaven. With proud humility we read that we were 'created but little lower than the angels;' with bitter shame we view the picture of our guilt, our misery, our baseness; and with thoughts of breathless wonder and tears of grateful love, we learn that our sins are cancelled by the humiliation of our Maker, and our spirits ransomed by the sufferings of a God! We are told in language too plain to misconceive, that the practice of justice, the love of mercy, and a lowly walk will bear us safely over the desert of life and through the dark and chilling valley at its close, to the abiding bliss of an abiding home. But beside these essential truths, the sacred writers hint at the mysteries of the spiritual world, and at the conditions and mode of our own triplicate existence. And although their writings are unparalleled for energy of language and simplicity of style, yet those subjects are too delicate for sen-

sual perception and too vast for finite intelligence, and therefore a veil of impenetrable darkness still hides our origin and nature from our eyes. Forgetting the Saviour's comprehensive abridgment of 'the Law and the Prophets,' and forever grasping at doctrines impalpable in their nature and unessential to our lives, we are still adding to the fifty thousand volumes already published of creeds and commentaries, conjectures and discussions, all written for the purpose of *revealing* revelation. And not only the believers in the Bible, but also those miserable men who have rejected that celestial lamp, and walk by the pale glimmerings of reason, have been long striving to compass the attributes of the Creator, and fathom the wonders of our own psychology :

——— ' And reason high
Of Providence, foreknowledge, will, and fate,
Fixed fate, freewill, foreknowledge absolute ;'

a metaphysical labyrinth, where, carry what Dædalean thread they may,

' They find no end, in wandering mazes lost.'

But this thirst for knowledge is natural, unquenchable, tormenting ; and after all our idle efforts to learn the secrets of our prison-house and peer through the crevices of its battered walls into the 'void immense' without, our thoughts will still explore the depths of eternity ; our hearts will still swell upward and outward to the compass of a limitless creation, and imagination still picture to our dreaming eyes an image of the perfect, the changeless, the everlasting. We endeavor to express in words the vagueness of these infinite desires, and draw the outline of these rapturous reveries ; that is, we attempt to bound the boundless, and circumscribe that which has no circumference. But how crowd the length and breadth and depth of infinity into the measures of earthly space, or mirror the flow of eternal ages on the fleeting stream of time ? How delineate to the comprehension of others wishes that widen far beyond the compass of our own conceptions, or utter thoughts, whose very charm and essence consist in their being the mystic voices of an unutterable dream ? Frequently our thoughts are but the faint reminiscences of previous impressions ; the images of the images that rose in far-off years. Yet even these shadows of shadows, dim and dreamy as they are, we would fain portray in language, and then in other language assign the meaning of *that* language.

It would be inconvenient, nay impossible, to invent and employ a distinct word for every individual object, quality, and sensation, even were they entirely disconnected from one another, and unchangeable in their condition. How impossible then to have separate expressions for all those objects, qualities and sensations in all their multiform connections, grades and phases ! Yet this would be requisite for perfect distinctness in our thoughts and precision in our language. In our present dearth of words and complexity of ideas we are forced to designate ever-shifting objects by

terms which are true of them to-day and false to-morrow, and to qualify them by attributive expressions, which are applicable to them in one modification or connection, and inapplicable in another.

But why enlarge still farther on a theme already perhaps more than sufficiently illustrated, although its fertility is exhaustless, and each of its ramifications might furnish forth a volume? For what is the history of dialectics from Aristotle until now, but one continued proof that language is incapable of accurate and permanent definition? The contests of philosophers, the hostilities of the schoolmen, and the polemics of divines, have been a series of inky battles between men who commonly knew not for what or against what they were fighting. They understood but little and agreed still less about either the matters in dispute or the words which represented them. They remind one of Wieland's Abderites, gravely debating about the title to the shadow of an ass, or of dogs fighting with stubborn ferocity for the possession of a fleshless and marrowless bone. Oh! the acumen employed in splitting controversial hairs! Oh! the subtilty expended in showing the manifold and delicate distinctions between 'tweedle-dum and tweedle-dee!' Oh! the daily toil and nightly vigils endured in making truth and justice cut their own throats with their own weapon, the sword of reason! Oh! the argumentative skill displayed by Philalethes in evincing that a circle is *not* a square; and ah! the logical adroitness exhibited by Philopseudes in proving that a circle is a square! Alas! the quills that have been mangled and the ink that has been shed in those airy frays between the subjects of the mighty 'Stat nominis umbra,' wherein the champions of the pen have waved their wordy swords beneath a nameless banner, and hurled their paper javelins at a phantom foe! And hark to the cries of tipsy joy that rise from the contending hosts; for *both* have conquered! 'Victory! victory!' swells in a million voices, and the melody of the stars is drowned in their congregated shout. 'Io! Pæan! Io! Triumphe!' The rival chieftains are honored with an exulting triumph, and subaltern warriors are graced with a glad ovation! Each army marches to its capitol, the capitol of truth; in each the chorus chant the solemn anthem: '*Magna est veritas, et prævalebit*'; and in each the awful goddess, bending from her throne to greet her hero-servants, binds round their living brows a chaplet of dialectic laurels, and charges Fame, her handmaid, to encircle their posthumous names with a halo of syllogistic glory!

In viewing these conflicts of ineffectual fury, and these imaginary triumphs over an ideal foe, well might one unite in the exclamation of the sad philosopher: '*Oh! pueriles ineptias! in hoc juvenes ludimus, hoc senes meditamur!*' But this war of the Logomachists will never entirely cease till every human mind shall perfectly comprehend every possible object of human contemplation abstractedly, contradistinctively, and connectedly, and all their properties, differences, and dependencies shall be expressed by separate words, which shall possess one sole, clear, unvarying, and universally acknowledged signification.

THE HOME VALENTINE.

—
 'Jedweder traut in sich den Tod,
 Ist ausen noch so lust'ger schein.'
 —

HAYES.

STILL fond and true, though wedded long,
 The bard, at eve retired,
 Sat musing o'er the annual song
 His home's dear Muse inspired :
 And as he traced her virtues now
 With all love's vernal glow,
 A gray hair from his bended brow,
 Like faded leaf from autumn bough,
 Fell to the page below.

He paused, and with a mournful mien
 The sad memento raised,
 And long upon its silvery sheen
 In pensive silence gazed ;
 And if a sigh escaped him then,
 It were not strange to say,
 For Fancy's favorites are but men,
 And who e'er felt the stoic when
 First conscious of decay ?

Just then a soft check pressed his own
 With beauty's fondest tear,
 And sweet words breathed in sweeter tone
 Thus murmured in his ear :
 ' Ah sigh not, love, to mark the trace
 Of Time's unsparing wand ;
 It was not manhood's outward grace,
 The charm of faultless form and face,
 That won my heart and hand.

' Lo ! dearest, mid these matron locks,
 Twin-fated with thine own,
 A dawn of silvery lustre mocks
 The midnight they have known :
 But Time to blighted cheek and tress
 May all his snows impart ;
 Yet shalt thou feel in my caress
 No chill of waning tenderness,
 No winter of the heart !'

' Forgive me, dearest Beatrice !'
 The grateful bard replied,
 As nearer and with tenderer kiss
 He pressed her to his side ;
 ' Forgive the momentary tear
 To manhood's faded prime ;
 I should have felt, had'st thou been near,
 Our hearts indeed have nought to fear
 From all the frosts of time !'

W. F. F.

Diedrich Duytcher.

A FREE IMITATION BY A 'YOKER' OF THE OLDEN TIME.

IN the thrice-famed city of Nieuw-Amsterdam, during the greater part of the eighteenth century, lived a worthy burgher, who adhered so laudably to the time-honored custom of 'moving' every May-day, that traces of his existence might be found in almost every part of what was the city in the year seventeen hundred. His favorite and final residence, however, was a brick house, whose narrow, notched gable fronted the street in Broad-street, near Flatten-barrack hill. Here, when old age, which had long 'toiled after him in vain,' at length overtook him, did he intrench himself behind the comfortable customs of his ancestors, in the fond hope of smoking his pipe in peace till he should go out like its parting whiff. Not that the worthy man folded his arms in idleness or remitted his habitual assiduity in gathering together Dutch guilders and English guineas, and even Yankee bank-notes, for which on their first appearance he had expressed the most sovereign contempt. No! he had a bakery at the corner of Flatten-barrack hill, stalls in the 'Swago and Vly markets, and a famous sour-cROUT factory in the Swamp, beside being a sleeping partner in the concerns of half the tradesmen between the Bull's-head and the Battery. But he had earned the right of sitting still when he pleased.

Those who envied him his good luck — for success has its shadow as well as merit — were in the habit of derogating from his dignity by certain nicknames indicative of his real or supposed peculiarities. When his back was turned, he was *Diedrich Donderdonk* or *Donderhead* — slow-witted; *Diedrich Von Slyck* or *Slack*, the opposite of brisk; or *Diedrich Ten Broeck* or *Ten Breeches*, as if he had worn nether garments by the half score, though it is well known that he never went beyond seven, except when the bay was frozen over so that cannon could be trundled across on the ice to Governor's Island. But in his presence the pestilent varlets who thus defamed him knew better than to misname him or even abbreviate his sounding cognomen. Then he was *Mynheer Diedrich Von Duytcher*, and this with abundant marks of respect, especially when the key of his strong box was in requisition. So notwithstanding these little rubs, of which some good-natured friend was sure to inform him, life's wheels rolled on so smoothly that on the first of January, astonished to find himself a year older, he puzzled himself for a reason why the wagon of existence should go so much faster than in times past, until the recollection that it was going down hill solved the difficulty. This discovery did not prevent him from enjoying himself during the descent; and he continued to give away loads of cookies on new year's day; to eat *olikoëks* and mince-pies at Christ-

mas, and pancakes on Shrove-Tuesday, and all the year round beside. He used to have a huge kettle of eggs dyed for the celebration of Paas, and to make the most elaborate preparation for the reception of his favorite saint at Christmas. In short, he adopted for his motto the pithy adage, 'Live while we live,' and he acted up to his principles in this respect as well as others.

But alas! what is happiness? Foam on the billow; bubbles in the sunshine; 'snow-flakes on the river!'

' Like ships that have gone down at sea
When heaven was all tranquillity,'

our worthy burgher was doomed to behold the brilliant colors of his prospect fade even while the sun was shining mildly upon it. Blue mould was creeping over his cherished comforts while yet his power to enjoy them was as fresh as ever.

What could have happened? Were his ships cast away? his houses burned down, a block at a time, ere yet insurance was? Did his daughter run away with some scape-grace, or his son turn prodigal? Listen, oh! compassionate reader! to a story of more hopeless blight than any or than all of these would have occasioned; and be warned, for like fate may be thine own!

One Paas morning the good Diedrich had walked out to the Bowery to gather blumiches and to get an appetite, in both of which designs he succeeded to his heart's content. He returned home at half past eleven, and dinner was placed upon the table at twelve precisely; when our friend sat down to a smoked goose, whose appetizing odor, mingling with that of the savory sour-kROUT in which it lay nestled, made every minute seem ten to the eager carver. At length every plate had its portion, to which the gude-vrouw added a link of high-toned sausage, and Diedrich found himself at leisure to attend to number one. So, glancing complacently at a dish of ham and eggs which graced the centre of the board, he turned up the cuffs of his light-blue Sunday coat, and tucking a silk handkerchief under his chin to protect his scarlet waistcoat, was about to attack the goose with characteristic earnestness, when his eyes fell upon a figure which stood, or seemed to stand, at the opposite side of the room. It was of feminine proportions, yet like nothing earthly; and though it seemed changing every moment, its general air was unaltered, and it fixed its lustreless eyes upon the unhappy burgher with a pertinacity which seemed to petrify him. He sat with open mouth gazing at the apparition, and the goose ceased to smoke before he recollected himself. His family were all too much occupied to notice him just at that juncture, so that he had ample time to study the appearance and to ascertain the character of his unearthly visiter.

The spook, for such it was, appeared in the form of a tall thin female, attired as the damsels of the nineteenth century once were, when 'wet drapery' and statuary style were in the ascendant. The decent burgher felt scandalized by the scantiness of her array, yet this he could have borne, for it was her own affair. But the insult-

ing expression of the face was what no man of wealth and consequence could be expected to bear. It was an expressionless countenance too in most respects; but that nose!

Imagine a thin, gristly-looking, prolonged feature, exhibiting that peculiar contraction or retroaction about its corners which says — but I will not interpret the saying. Diedrich understood it but too well, and he felt instinctively that the reference was to his favorite viands. Unwilling to alarm the vrow and the young people, and seeing plainly that the rosy-cheeked damsel who waited at table passed through the apparition again and again without the slightest regard, he wisely set down the whole as a delusion, a mere megrim; perhaps occasioned by a too empty stomach; and he took up his knife and fork, resolved to apply himself to his dinner. But in vain! His eyes could not resist the fascination, abhorrent as it was. The glance of the intruder was now fixed upon the mountain of sour-kroust which lay untouched upon his plate, and the nasal expression seemed to imply a still increasing disgust.

‘Katrinche!’ said the stricken burgher, in a melancholy and subdued tone; ‘Katrinche! take away the kroust; I feel a sort of sick-lich. I’ll try a leetle spak and eyre.’

At these words the insulting curve of the spook’s nose seemed somewhat to relax, and the worthy man finished his dinner, after a fashion. But never, from that hour of his first submission, did the inexorable phantom permit him the enjoyment of the meats which his soul loved. At home or abroad, eating or drinking, those cold eyes were fixed upon him, and that tyrannical nose was the self-constituted arbiter of his tastes and habits. In vain did he try to regard the intrusion with indifference. The influence was as irresistible as it was inexplicable. In time he became so accustomed to the visitation, that he pursued his usual avocations; but his spirit was cowed and his tone was lowered, and those insolent olfactories were the skeleton at his feasts, not invited but unbanishable. Dainty after dainty did he resign as propitiatory sacrifices to the starved and starving spook; but nothing served to free him from the horrible mockery of her presence. First went the ever-dear and most-to-be-lamented sour-kroust; then the delicious rolliches; smoked goose; spak and onions; spak and eyre; yea, even olikoëks! — all, all his cherished ones! His greater and his lesser deities were all sacrificed to the fastidious spirit, but like other tyrants, the more he conceded the more did she exact, and ere long the cold deriding glance fell upon his superabundant habiliments. With a groan that might have melted an icicle, did he divest himself of one pair, but he might as well have done nothing. Peel after peel exacted by his tormentor left him at last but two poor defences against the weather, and his blue woollen hose, so long the ornament of his comely leg, had to be exchanged for shivering cotton. His cherished queue, his precious silver buckles, his darling pipe — but why prolong the sad particulars? Let me hasten to the catastrophe.

It was on the auspicious morn of the new year that the generous Diedrich had prepared bushels of stamped cookies, redolent of cara-

way seeds, and a massive silver tankard of mulled cider, and a huge china bowl of apple-toddy, for the solace of those who should face the keen wind to pay their respects to him and his fair daughters and their still buxom mother, in the parlor which shone with comfort and cleanliness. He had tasted the generous liquors so often, to ascertain whether the flavor of each was precisely what it should be, that, as he himself said afterward, he did not care for the face of clay or even for der Duyvel himself. Then placing his arms a-kimbo he looked boldly up at his tormentor, as who should say: 'Well! what fault can you find now, Frowche?'

Imagine, sympathetic reader; imagine if it be possible, the sudden revulsion of the generous Duytcher's feelings when he saw the cold glance of scorn fall on the cookie-baskets, the toddy-bowl, yea, even the very tankard, foaming as it was with the spicy beverage which of all others he most delighted to sip! Imagine how *you* would feel, fair lady, to behold the 'cold, unmoving finger' pointed at your latest bonnet, your most extravagant sleeve, your fullest skirt, your most prodigious and irresistible *tourneur*! ay, even at the curled and whiskered darling whose indispensable duty it is to carry your embroidered *mouchoir*, and to throw around you, from his bronzed censer, perfume more exquisite than ever crowned the labors of Farina!

To my over-tasked hero it was the drop too much! Down fell the unhappy Diedrich; the screams of the vrow, who thought of nothing but apoplexy, soon brought in two or three stout apprentices, who bore the Boss to bed, exchanging knowing winks as they passed the tankard and the toddy-bowl. Alas! even the syncope or swoon into which he had been thrown brought no relief to their unhappy master. He dreamed that he was still fussing about his snug parlor when the ceiling rose to so unreasonable height that he could no longer reach it with his finger, even when he stood upon a chair; while the white-washed rafters had disappeared, and a surface white and smooth as marble took their place. Other changes, equally surprising and distressing, met his saddened gaze, and above all there was the indefatigable spook, pointing to a splendid side-board on which were arranged the shadowy representation of such cates as she decreed should hereafter celebrate the return of this genial season. Baskets of chased silver bore a scanty load of cake, some black as night and others of a creamy whiteness; supported on either hand by sparkling decanters of wine and liqueurs. Far in the back-ground and almost hidden by these new dainties, the time-honored doughnut and the dominie-cheering cookie were condemned to a despised obscurity, and neither bowl nor tankard was to be seen.

'No apple-toddy! No mulled cider!' groaned Diedrich, without opening his sad eyes.

'Nay, mein leiber schotz,' quoth his loving spouse; 'I guess you've had enough of both, or you wouldn't be lying here on your back when every body else is out keepin' de new year!'

'Ah! vrouw, vrouw! the newche will be the death of me!' sighed the heart-broken burgher; and so it proved. Poor Duytcher never held up his head again, but pined away and died, as the doctors

said, of an atrophy, while the usurping Newche stepped into his shoes, and was obeyed by his family with a devotion which they had scarcely been willing to exhibit toward his own authority. The worthy burgher slept quietly in the Dutch church-yard in Garden-street, (at least till the great fire,) while his house was transmuted in such sort that if he could have revisited 'the glimpses of the moon,' he would never have known it to be the same. The nearest approach to such a return of our friend has been the appearance of a form like his on the surface of a polished mirror, once owned by a beneficent enchanter, who allowed the public the benefit of its pleasant revelations. Since this hand of power abandoned the magic glass it is occasionally taken up by a passing stranger; but it is only to make us recollect that 'the glory is departed.'

If Diedrich could walk Broadway just now, he would probably imagine that he had taken but a moderate nap; for the whale-boned waists, the pointed bodices, the voluminous skirt and its accompaniments, the close sleeve and the long-eared bonnet, which now adorn his fair descendants, seem almost like a resuscitation of the fashions which capricious Newche then sought to drive out from the land. But he would find the reign of the phantom as despotic as ever; so we recommend to him to lie still. *Requiescat!*

T H E E V E N I N G S T R O L L .

A BOYISH REMEMBRANCE.

I.

A GLORIOUS night! I'll take my cane
And saunter for an hour or so
Down Raynham road, where thy calm stream,
Cohannet! scarcely seems to flow.

II.

Across thy current lies the farm
My father's fathers tilled of yore,
And handed down from sire to son,
Unchanged, a century and more.

III.

But now a stranger holds the fields,
And the old house is torn away;
Even the tall elm-tree cut down,
That marked my father's earliest day.

IV.

In boyhood's bright and hopeful hours,
This was a favorite walk of mine;
I love it — for it calls to mind
The hopes and fears I felt lang syne.

v.

I've wandered with another here,
A gentle girl, a school-day flame,
When love was all a mystery,
Though known in all save but the name.

vi.

With her I've mounted this old hill :
She'd say : ' Indeed, it is *too* late ;
I'll walk no more to-night ;' — but still
She paused not when we reached the gate.

vii.

How clearly Memory recalls
One night ! it was the last we walked :
We knew we were to part next day,
Yet of the future still we talked.

viii.

'T was a calm moon-lit winter's night,
Yet neither of us thought it cold ;
Her gentle eyes beamed trustfully,
As though my love-tale had been told.

ix.

Although we ne'er had said a word,
Save that it pained us thus to part,
We doubted not that each possessed
The other's undivided heart.

x.

And long we paused upon the step,
And said we could no longer stay ;
At length — I know not how — her lips,
At parting, came in *my* lips' way !

xi.

The first, last kiss that we exchanged !
Half frightened at ourselves, we started,
Faltered ' Farewell ! ' then turned away,
And thus for ever more we parted !

xii.

'T was boyhood's love : it passed away
Like the perfume the zephyr brings ;
I wonder if *she* e'er recalls
To mind those moon-lit wanderings !

xiii.

Ten years ago ! She, long ere this,
Has listened to another's vow ;
Perchance is a devoted wife,
With half a dozen children, now !

xiv.

I too have passed through many a scene,
And bowed at many another's shrine ;
But still I love to wander back
To those young loves in days lang syne.

J. G. W.

THOUGHTS ON ANIMAL HEAT.

BY A NEW CONTRIBUTOR.

VARIOUS have been the theories advanced by chemists and physiologists to account for the phenomenon in the animal economy known as animal heat. By some, among whom Dr. Black stands foremost, it is supposed to be due entirely to the chemical action which takes place during respiration, by which oxygen gas is taken from the atmosphere and carbonic acid gas evolved. Were the fact established that the carbonic acid gas exhaled was due to the action of oxygen on the carbon which is supposed to be contained in the blood, the caloric which would necessarily be given out during the chemical action would undoubtedly have some effect in the production of animal heat. But even in that case, the caloric thus produced and transmitted by the veins to every part of the body would hardly account for an amount of heat so great as to keep up in the animal system a uniform temperature many degrees higher than the common temperature of the surrounding atmosphere.

But in addition to this, the whole theory of the action of oxygen gas on carbon in the production of the carbonic acid gas, has been disputed; and it has been shown by Dr. Edwards that the phenomenon can be accounted for by the absorption of oxygen and the throwing off carbonic acid gas directly from the lungs, in consequence of its previous existence in the blood. That the lungs will absorb one gas and give off another which must have existed previously in the blood, was proved by Dr. Edwards in a number of experiments. An animal was placed in an atmosphere composed entirely of oxygen and hydrogen, and at the close of the experiment a quantity of hydrogen had been absorbed and a portion of nitrogen greater than the bulk of the animal was contained in the residual air. This then being the case, we may arrive nearer the true cause of the whole of the large quantity of caloric contained in the animal system, by the supposition that the carbonic acid gas is formed by chemical action in the blood during its passage through the veins. This action would of course produce a large quantity of caloric which would have immediate access to the flesh and the surface of the skin. And does not the supposition deserve notice from physiologists, that the oxygen taken into the lungs during the act of respiration is the principal cause of the color of the blood, a subject which has been so long and unsatisfactorily investigated by chemists? The coloring matter is now generally believed to be owing to the existence of oxide of iron in the globular particles; the difficulty is to account for its existence and action.

Now it is known by experiment that a portion of iron does exist in the venous globules; and may not the absorption of oxygen during respiration, by its action upon this iron, produce the peroxide of

iron, which is necessary to its red color? And this will account for the fact that the blood does not receive its floridity of color until after its passage through the lungs, exhibiting in its previous state a dark purple color, which is perhaps due to the formation of carbonic acid and the presence of iron. However this may be, it does not affect the truth of our hypothesis with respect to its transition from one color to the other. The chemical action which is going on in the production of the carbonic acid gas would give off caloric enough, in connection with the effect produced by the nervous system, to account for the high temperature of animal bodies, known as animal heat.

To this it may be objected that this theory does not account for the fact that an increase in the length and frequency of the respiratory breathings, and consequent increase in the quantity of carbonic acid gas evolved, caused by violent bodily exercise, as running, labor, etc., gives rise to a corresponding increase of temperature; a fact which is easily explained by, and is indeed a natural consequence of, the truth of the opposite theory, that the heat is generated by the formation of carbonic acid gas by means of the action of oxygen on the carbon supposed to exist in the blood. To this I would answer by begging of my antagonist to inform me how it is that by bodily exercise, all the functions of the body are preserved in a state of activity, the free circulation of the blood kept up, and the general tone of the system rendered healthy? It is vain to urge in opposition to a theory, its non-capability to account satisfactorily for phenomena which will require a more thorough knowledge of the nature of chemical action, and indeed of the very elements of the science to investigate and explain. If such objections are to be considered valid there is no hypothesis, however ingenious and applicable it may be, and however generally received by scientific men, but would be overthrown by those who look rather to the arguments which can be urged in opposition to a scheme than to the gradual advancement of science to certainty and perfection.

Without affirming positively then that no explanation can be given in accordance with this theory, of the phenomena alluded to, I will simply say that it by no means is necessary to its reception as true. To the other scheme, bearing as it does such evidences of its falsity on its very face, the mere fact of its accounting for the phenomenon in question is of no avail. The former theory then, supported as it is by such men as Dr. Edwards, La Grange, and others, and backed by their numerous and conclusive experiments, grounded on and chiming in also with the general opinion of the coloring of the blood being due to the presence of peroxide of iron, so ably confirmed by the experiments of that excellent chemist, Dr. Engelhart, we think should be regarded as true. In connection with which, we would recommend to chemists the consideration of the theory advanced by us with respect to the coloring of the blood, which is entirely consistent with, and is indeed confirmed by, the truth of the theory which we have advocated, in regard to the production of animal heat.

G. L. R.

T H E L E S S O N S .

BY WM. WALLACE.

Not in the schools of man shalt thou,
My own, my beautiful, abide ;
No tyranny shall dim thy brow,
And quell the mounting spirit's pride :
Thy lesson shall be pondered o'er
By river's marge and ocean's shore,
Or in the forest's darkling bowers,
Or where the solemn mountain towers,
When midnight on its starry throne,
With trailing robes of blue unfurled,
Seems like a spirit left alone
To sentinel a sleeping world !

Thy book shall be the volume writ
In spheres, and leaves, and azure streams,
Whose pages are forever lit
By Heaven's own everlasting beams :
And there most haply shalt thou read
A bright, a universal creed,
Not framed by man ; by angel-eyes
For aye beheld in paradise ;
A creed of beauty, light, and love
Which, like the sun that lifts on high
The waters parted from above,
Shall draw them to thy native sky.

Thy music shall be caught from lyres
On mount, in vale, and forest hung,
O'er which the wind's selectest choirs
Have all their wizard-voices flung ;
And thou shalt lean thy ear at eve
To hear the Autumn-spirit grieve
Amid his haunts in woodland wild,
Or list, an awe-struck, wondering child,
The great Sea's thunder, and the roar
Of trooping whirlwinds, as they sweep
From shore to wave, from wave to shore,
The march of God upon the deep !

On nature's canvas shalt thou find
Thy paintings rare — the artist He
Who thus reflects his glorious mind
In colors of eternity !
The crimson clouds at evening curled,
Like angel-flags, above the world,
The morning's earliest wreath of gold,
The rainbow beaming manifold,
And choral stars, shall o'er thee shine ;
While in thy gentle soul the Word
Shall brightly dwell — nor less divine
That 't is by seraphs only *heard*.

Such are thy lovely lessons! When
 The task—a task of love—is o'er,
 Thou'lt beam within the homes of men,
 A vision ne'er beheld before:
 Thy voice shall soft and silvery sound
 As voice of brooks in deserts found;
 The light of stars within thine eye
 Shall cheer the wanderer passing by;
 And thy sweet influence must fall
 At morning, noon, and holy eve,
 A heavenly blessing over all
 Who know thee—beauteous GENEVIEVE!

New-York, October, 1842.

CRUISE OF THE WARREN*

FOR THE SUPPRESSION OF PIRACY IN THE GRECIAN ARCHIPELAGO.

ON the morning of the twenty-seventh of September, 1820, we weighed anchor in the harbor of Smyrna, and with our convoy, consisting of five American and three English brigs, dropped down the gulf. The next day we gave chase to an armed brig, which, before we could bring her within gunshot, doubled a headland of the island of Ipsara. As she was not in a position to molest the convoy during the night, we hauled up toward sunset, and resumed our course for the Teno, or southern inlet to the Cyclades. At eleven p. m. we struck and probably sank a strange brig, supposed to be a pirate in chase of some vessel to the leeward. She showed no lights, and the only warning we had of her approach was a shriek from her terror-stricken crew. It was instantly followed by a crash like a thunder-clap. She was for a moment seen drifting down the wind, dark and indefinable, like a spectre, and then suddenly disappeared. We wore ship, burned a blue-light, and continued to hail and search for her, till satisfied that, if above water, she was not to be found, and then hove to to repair damages. At sunrise, off Teno, we fell in with and boarded a Greek armed brig, which, as her commission bore or purported to bear the signature of the Secretary of the Greek Admiralty, was suffered to proceed. We afterward, though unluckily not till the cruise was up, learned that commissions so signed were illegal, and that all cruisers holding them were in fact pirates. It may be well here to remark, that the allegiance of the islanders to the Greek government was at that time merely nominal; that the latter was either unable or unwilling to prevent the constant abuse of its flag, even by its own cruisers, and the former might be truly said to constitute, both by land and sea, what the Turks called them, 'a republic of thieves.'

On the morning of the thirtieth, we left the convoy off the western extremity of Candia, and bore up for the Morea, having in somewhat less than twenty-four hours run the whole length of the Ægean.

* LAWRENCE KEARNY, Esq., commander.

The islands of this sea, some few or rather parts of them excepted, are not the 'Edens'* which figure under their names in the pages of the poets. Clumps of olive and patches of vine are scattered along their less rugged and more accessible declivities, and here and there a small rudely-built town is seen straggling up some dark ravine, or skirting the head of some deep inlet, or a monastery or chapel, perched on some lonely peak or other eminence; but their general, and indeed, till on a quite near approach, only aspect, is that of wildness, sterility and desolation; of dark, mouldering, misshapen mountain-rocks, emerging in bold and impressive contrast from a usually bright and tranquil sea. These are features, however, which peculiarly accord with the memories they awaken, and to the eye of the scholar, and perhaps of the artist, were but ill exchanged for scenes of the gayest verdure and richest luxuriance. It was the opinion of the boatswain that, 'though summut top-heavy and rusty-like, they were on the whole about as comfortable berthls for a poor man as could be found out of the States.'

On the third of October we gave chase to an armed schooner which, before we could bring her within gun-shot, doubled a point of the island of Cerigotto and anchored near shore. As, owing to clusters of half-sunken rocks, the ship could not with safety approach within several miles of where she lay, the boats were manned and about to put off, when a brig was seen standing out from behind a less distant point. We immediately brought her to and boarded her; but for the want of better evidence than her being found in bad company and suspected waters, she was let go. By this time it blew too hard from shore for the boats to pull in, and we fell off and came to anchor under the lee of a rock called 'The Egg.' During the night we stood over to Candia, and at daylight hove to off Garabusa, ran up the Greek flag, and fired a gun. This, at that time strong-hold of the Greek pirates, is a lofty and on all sides precipitous rock, separated by a narrow strait from the northwestern point of that island, and crowned by a castle and other defences, the work of the Venetians. We were told at Smyrna that Byron's Corsair was a real personage, and that this rock was his home. During the morning a long, low, two-masted boat, termed a 'mistico,' while attempting to communicate with it, was cut off by one of the cutters and captured. In her were found fifteen men, armed with muskets, pistols and atagans, and a few goats. Having placed the men in charge of a marine guard, and the goats in that of one Luther Grey, a refugee Massachusetts miller, who did what he called 'the chores' forward, we took her in tow. She was afterward fitted up as a small cruiser, and named the 'Kleftes,' or Thief.

A brig was now discovered to windward. Having beat to quarters and hoisted the Greek ensign, we immediately gave chase to her with a small but high, rocky island off our weather-bow, and a

* 'Those Edens of the Eastern wave.' — BYRON.

passage between it and the main land opening abeam. A gun was fired to bring her to. She continued, however, to stand down for the rock, setting more sail and hugging the shore, and at length slipped behind the inner point of the island, with the intent, apparently, of escaping by the passage. To prevent this, the ship was put about and made to head up its channel. This was but a few feet wide, and wound among sunken rocks; the wind was light and baffling, and the heights on both sides were lined with armed men. A single well-directed fire from their long muskets and the guns of the castle, on which our own could not be so elevated as to bear, must have sunk the ship, and either killed or wounded every man exposed to it. We had slowly and with great difficulty beat up half the length of the channel, when the enemy, apparently unapprised of our intent, passed out from behind the island and was instantly brought to by a shot that flew skipping along the surface of the water, and dashed it in a shower over his stern. We had at length extricated the ship from the channel, when it suddenly became calm, and she was struck by a strong current setting toward a cluster of half-sunken rocks at the foot of a craggy precipice. Luckily, and just in time to rescue us from this new and unexpected danger, a light land-breeze sprung up, and standing out between the Candia shore and the island, we came up with and took possession of our prize. She proved to be a new fourteen-gun brig. Her officers and men, to the number of sixty, were disarmed and transferred to the ship. The next morning a brig and polacre were seen standing to leeward. Having run up the Greek flag and fired a gun, we gave chase to them, but soon lost sight of the brig in a squall. The polacre was brought to and boarded; but as she proved to be a trader, and was not armed, we let her go. At sunset we were standing with the prize-brig for the island of Milo. During the first watch we beat to quarters and remained at them till near day-break, in chase of an armed brig to windward. At three A. M. we lost sight of her in a squall. At sunrise she was again seen standing for the Morea, whereupon the prize-brig was ordered to proceed, in charge of Midshipman Lockwood, to Suda, a port in Candia, and we renewed the chase, and continued to gain on her during the day, but at night again missed her off Spezzia. We stood in for the town of that island, but were struck by a squall, after which the brig was seen standing close in and along the shores of Laconia. Toward morning she hove to near the entrance of the gulf of Napoli di Romania. She was repeatedly hailed in both Greek and English, but returning no answer, the men were told to stand to the guns, when she gave her name just in time to escape a broadside. Her officers and crew were transferred to the ship, put in irons, and placed under a guard of marines. Though satisfied she was a pirate, her papers being correct, as he had then reason to suppose, the captain, after a strict examination of the prisoners, ordered them in the morning to be set free. Having recovered possession of the brig they fired a salute, gave three cheers, and filled away for Spezzia. A Turk and an Arab, whom they had captured

off Alexandria, and most cruelly treated, were detained, and at the expiration of the cruise landed at Smyrna. The men undertook to christianize and civilize them, as they termed it. The result was, that before they left the ship, a couple of more inveterate swearers, tobacco-chewers, whiskey-drinkers and pork-eaters, were not to be found in it.

On the eighth we hove to off the harbor of Milo, and sent a boat in for the news. At night we brought to a caïque, the men in which stated that three piratical misticos were anchored in an inlet near the northern point of the island of Argentiera. Accordingly, at three A. M., a party consisting of Lieutenants Gauntt, Hudson, Gedney and Watkins, a few other officers, and about seventy seamen and marines, was despatched in quest of them. They were not found in the inlet, but a boat filled with armed men was chased for several miles, and fired at till she put into the bay commanded by the town, where, her crew having abandoned her, she was seized and set adrift. The report of our arms had roused the inhabitants from their beds, who, as we swept up the bay, were seen lining the heights; but though for the most part armed, they permitted us to retire unmolested. One of the boat's crew was fired at by a midshipman, and fell headlong into a deep ravine. If not killed by the shot, he probably was by the fall. During the day the boats were despatched in pursuit of several suspected vessels, one of which was brought in by Lieutenant Watkins; but after the usual examination, she was discharged. The next day we boarded an Ionian brig which had been plundered by the pirates, and on the eleventh overhauled a Greek schooner. Toward night we anchored in the port of Suda, in Candia, where we found the prize-brig in charge of Midshipman Lockwood. Here we were visited by the Pacha and his suite. This port, though but little frequented, has scarcely its superior in the Mediterranean. A lofty, insulated rock commands its entrance, and on this is built the city, which, with its defences, is the work of the Venetians. In the morning we made up a small party and crossed over by land to Canea, the ancient Sidonia. Prior to the revolution this city had a population of twenty thousand, and is noted throughout the East for the beauty of its environs. It was styled by the Greeks of old 'the mother of cities,' being the oldest one in the island, and in their time was the largest and most powerful. From it the quince, thence termed *malum Sidonium*, was introduced into Italy. The batteries here were mounted with the enormous brass engines used by the Turks for the discharge of granite balls, the bores of many of which were nearly three feet in diameter, and served at night as dormitories for the dogs and beggars. The only sentry we saw sat cross-legged in the shade of an embrasure, smoking his pipe. A footing on the military peace-establishment of the Turks might content the gods of Epicurus. Without the walls, the Aga and a troop of Egyptian cavalry were exercising at 'the djereed.' It consisted of a series of rapid evolutions, racing, wheeling, charging and flying, and hurling a short, blunted javelin, which the rider aimed at is expected to shun by a

quick, dexterous turn of his horse. The weapon was seen to fly in all directions, amid clouds of dust, but in no instance to take effect.

On the morning of the sixteenth we reappeared off Garabusa. During the day several small boats were chased, but they all managed to escape. The next morning a number of brigs and schooners stood out of the harbor, but being warned by a gun from the castle of our approach, they put back and came to anchor. At night we were driven by a Levanter into the gulf of Coron, and lay to till sunrise under Cape Matapan. Through a cavern in this mountain-headland, Hercules is said to have dragged Cerberus from hell; and truly its wild, blasted rifts and crags seem to designate it as a fit portal to the infernals. We had a distant view of Coron, an inconsiderable place, but memorable as that where 'Seyd the Pacha held his feast.' On the twenty-fourth, we gave chase to an armed schooner which put into an inlet in the island of Cerigotto, an outpost of the Ionian republic, the neutrality of which, being under British protection, we were bound to respect. Having stood over to Milo, we hove to off the mouth of the harbor, and learned from the late pilot of the American brig *Cherub*, that this vessel, an English brig, and the *Rob Roy* of Boston, had all been captured by a piratical brig a few days before, while they were under convoy of the United States' schooner *Porpoise*, and during that vessel's engagement with the pirate's consort. Having disabled her antagonist, the *Porpoise* recaptured the English vessel, killing about fifty of the pirates who had taken possession of her, and a considerable number of the others. On the receipt of this intelligence we immediately squared away for Syra, where the pilot said we should probably find the *Cherub*. Discovering an armed brig to southward, we gave chase to her, and soon brought her within gun-shot, when she anchored near the island of *Argentiera*. The authorities of the town came off and stated that she was a *Garabusa* pirate. She had a rising sun painted on her stern, and in other respects strictly answered the description of the brig which had captured the *Cherub* while on a former voyage, bound for the Levant. Accordingly the boats were despatched in charge of Lieutenant Gedney, to cut her out. Having approached within pistol-shot, they lay to in the dark, during a severe rain-squall, waiting for the signal to board, while a fire of grape was kept up from the ship to disperse the crew, who had landed and made a show of resistance on the heights. The signal being at length given, the boats pulled in, but on coming up found she had sunk. In the morning several detachments of armed men appeared on the heights, but they were dispersed by a few rounds of grape, and Lieutenant Watkins was ordered to land with the marines and fire on them, should they attempt to reassemble. After a fair but ineffectual trial to raise and float her, such portions of her spars as were not submerged were burnt to the water's edge, and she was then abandoned. A small schooner was the same morning brought to and boarded, but her papers proving satisfactory, we let her go. In our way to Syra we fell in with and boarded a number of *caïques*, but finding them neither armed nor laden with other

articles than the produce and manufacture of the islands, we suffered them to proceed.

On the twenty-seventh we anchored in the harbor of Syra, at that time the chief rendezvous of the Greek piratical cruisers, and the principal dépôt of their plunder, where we found the *Cherub*. She had, with the best part of her cargo, been recaptured by a Greek government vessel, and delivered up to the American consul. During the night we boarded about twenty vessels, one of which we detained. Leaving her and the *Cherub* in charge of the United States' ship *Lexington*, which had just arrived from Smyrna, we at sunrise weighed anchor and stood over toward the island of Myconi. Off the harbor we gave chase to a *mistico* steering for a strange brig, which was seen drifting to leeward and apparently abandoned, and of which the crew of the *mistico* soon afterward took possession. We put all found on board in irons, left her in charge of Lieutenant Gedney, with orders to take her to Syra, and gave chase to several small vessels standing to windward. According to the account of one of the prisoners, who called himself the mate of the brig, she was an Austrian trader bound from Tunis to the Black Sea. She had been robbed by the Myconi pirates, and the crew of the *mistico* had been despatched by the authorities of Teno to assist him and his men, who had escaped to that island, to recover and take her thither. Having heard his statement, we bore down for her, and returned with her to Syra, where we left her in charge of the *Lexington*, and the next morning stood over to Delos. Having inspected the inlets of that once celebrated but small and now desolate island, and found but one small boat, which her crew had abandoned, we stood along the shores of Myconi, and at sunset came to anchor in a lonely but beautiful harbor on its northeastern side, called Palermo Bay. The next morning, while the captain was reconnoitering from the top of a hill the inland parts of the island, an armed schooner, with a *mistico* in tow, passed the mouth of the harbor. Signals were immediately made by him for the ship to get under way, and for the launch, which, in charge of Midshipmen Goldsborough and Field, had been stationed under an island a few miles below, not to board. The latter signal was disobeyed; whether intentionally or not, the captain, doubtless in consideration of the result, was not, it seemed, over-anxious to ascertain. We had scarcely passed the island, when the schooner was seen standing in under the American flag. It appeared that, having sprang on board, Mr. Goldsborough knocked down the man at the helm and took his place, while Mr. Field and the crew of the launch charged on the Greeks, and drove them below. The launch mustered but twenty men; the schooner had about sixty, and was well armed, mounting ten guns. Having secured the prisoners, we returned with her to port. Though she had every appearance of being, and no doubt in fact was a pirate, her papers were such as to forbid her detention. Her captain stated that she had been cruising for 'kleftes' off Patmos, and that the *mistico* was a prize. The latter we detained and fitted up as a cruiser, under the name of the 'Forty Thieves.'

The next morning we anchored off the town of Myconi. A party of sailors and marines, under command of Lieutenants Hudson and Watkins, was immediately landed, with orders to make a general and strict search for captured property, while several shots were fired over the town. Boxes of figs and other articles, bearing the marks of the captured vessels, having been discovered, the authorities were seized, sent off to the ship, and detained as hostages. During the day the chief pirate, Marmaleki, and a part of his gang, were pursued by Lieutenant Watkins and his men, and fired on, and the next morning a strong force under command of that officer and of Midshipman Boggs, was despatched in quest of them, into the more inland and less accessible parts of the island. At the same time a written demand was made on the inhabitants for the remainder of the captured property or its equivalent in money, under a threat that, should neither be received by noon of the following day, we should destroy the town. Having made a monastery his head-quarters, and stationed a guard in it, Lieutenant Watkins proceeded with the rest of the men under his command, and a few Greek volunteers, to traverse and explore every part of the island; dividing them into small detachments, with orders to return before night-fall. At mid-day, while separated from them on the side of a mountain, he heard the report of musketry; and while hastening to the point whence it appeared to proceed, several armed Greeks rushed past him, at the foremost one of whom he fired and put a pistol-ball through his cap. He proved to be the captain of the volunteers. Luckily he was not injured, and excused the very pardonable mistake of confounding him with the outlaws, who at the time were in full pursuit of him and his Greek confederates. After a slight skirmish, the enemy were dislodged and driven to the water's edge, where two of them were captured. The rest escaped in a boat round a head-land.

The next morning the lieutenant and a party of marines proceeded to examine the southeastern part of the island, where three misticos, which they found drawn up on the beach, were scuttled and sunk. A Greek was seen skulking among the rocks above, but when pursued he fled to a cavern. He drew a pistol and threatened to shoot the first man who should approach; but at the sight of a musket levelled at his head, he advanced and surrendered himself to the lieutenant. At this instant a young woman rushed from a small cabin planted among the rocks, threw her arms about the neck of the prisoner, and without speaking, fainted and fell. She was with difficulty brought to; without, however, the least effort or expression of concern on his part; and at her request, permitted to accompany him to the monastery.

A favorite object with the Captain was to secure the person of Marmaleki, the owner of several piratical cruisers, and the most active, daring, and influential of the Greek outlaws. Accordingly, information having been received that he had withdrawn with a part of his gang to a mountain a few miles inland, on the night of the third an expedition was fitted out with a view to their capture.

At eight p. m. the launch was manned by seventy of the crew, and, under command of the captain, accompanied by Lieutenants Gedney and Hudson and several inferior officers, rowed to the head of an inlet about four miles distant, where a boat in charge of Midshipman Field had during the day been stationed as a look-out. Having effected a landing, formed the men into something like a solid column, and at length put them fairly in motion, the first obstacle which we encountered was a field-fence of loose, flat stones, which they were told to handle as noiselessly as they would so many feather-bags. The result was, that in their endeavors to surmount, or in their phrase 'board' it, it was well nigh levelled to the earth, with a crash like a thunder-clap. They were with difficulty once more formed, though somewhat less compactly than before; but in crossing a stubble-field they were again thrown into a state of disorder, which no farther efforts were made either to prevent or to remedy; particularly as the officers were as little versed in, and quite as restive under these 'militia drills,' as they termed them, as their subordinates. We had entered the adjoining field, when a Greek, armed with a long musket, was discovered. He fled to a small chapel, a sanctuary from which he was speedily dislodged by one of the men who had followed him, while the rest seized and secured him as he attempted to escape by the door. Convinced that he was a look-out of the enemy, the captain, holding him tightly by the throat, and pressing the point of his sword against his breast, threatened him with instant death if he refused to make known Marmaleki's place of retreat; but to no purpose. He was left in charge of four seamen, who had orders to deposite him in the chapel, mount guard at the door, and should any one approach, not to fire till after the third hail. The remainder of the party pushed on toward the mountain, the foot of which, a pile of bare, misshapen rocks, abruptly springing like a tower in ruins from the plain, we at length reached. Here, separating into small detachments, we prepared to ascend the hill from different points. Having gained the summit, we found a cluster of small huts perched like so many hawks' nests among the rocks, the inmates of which, when questioned respecting Marmaleki, shook their heads, and said they were a poor, harmless, christian people, who had nothing to do with pirates or other heretics. Observing that one of the huts, the occupants of which were an old man, his help-mate and a boy, covered the entrance to a kind of cavern, used as a store-room, the contents of which, consisting of empty casks, jars and boxes, satisfied the captain that it must have been a *dépôt* of piratical goods, he ordered the youngster, as probably the more tractable of the three, to be seized and flogged till he should promise to tell where Marmaleki was secreted. Failing, after receiving a severe castigation, to communicate what he doubtless well knew, he was handed over to a couple of the men, and reserved for a course of farther probation on ship-board.

Having spent two or three hours to no purpose in search of a cavern, said to be the occasional rendezvous of Marmaleki and his

crew, toward day-break we descended the mountain, and retraced our steps to the chapel. When about a mile distant from it we heard the reports in quick succession of four muskets, and having run up, found three of the men who had been left in charge of the Greek stretched out near the door, and the fourth mounting guard in front of it over what he termed 'a gang of bloody land-rats.' They proved to be ten Greeks, whom they had first fired at, to stop their 'head-way,' as he termed it, and having 'brought them to,' had disarmed and driven them into the chapel. Like their confederates of the mountain, they disclaimed all knowledge of and connection with Marmaleki, stating that they were proceeding to their homes in a distant part of the island, and went armed and imbodied through fear of that outlaw and his gang. Having been deprived of their arms, they were liberated, but cautioned if they valued their necks to keep better hours.

Day broke as we drew up in front of a nunnery on an eminence near the town, on our way to which we met the whole female portion of the inhabitants, who were quitting it in anticipation of the expected attack. They were for the most part gaily apparelled and not a few of them surpassingly well-favored. The consequence was, an irredeemable disorder in our ranks and the absconding of a couple of seamen. As the demand of the day before had not been complied with at two p. m., the ship stood in, and soon afterward opened a fire on the buildings near the water, in which a portion of the captured property had been found. The result was, that most of the figs were brought off, a few boxes at a time, though in no instance till the cannonading, after a brief interval, had been renewed. Toward night the authorities were released and set on shore, with the understanding that they were to make diligent search for the remainder of the captured property, and if recovered, to see it put on board the first United States vessel which should visit the island.

On the morning of the fifth of November we stood over to Teno. During the day the 'Kleftes' and the 'Forty Thieves' were despatched under command of Lieutenant Gedney to inspect the inlets along the southern and eastern shores of that island. At night they encountered a succession of severe rain-squalls, and but for the proximity of the ship had probably never reached her. In the 'Kleftes,' we had lost our rudder, carried away our mainmast, sprung our foremast, and were in a sinking and quite helpless state, when, as day broke, she bore down and took us aboard. At noon we hove to off Saint Nicholas, the principal town of Teno, and having communicated with the governor in relation to the pirates, stood over to Syra. Toward night Lieutenant Hudson took command of the prize-boats, with orders to inspect the passage between Teno and Andro. At sunset a brig was seen standing in close under the former, for which he immediately bore down. When withing hailing distance the brig opened a fire of grape and round-shot, her convoy, consisting of some twenty or thirty *misticos*, at the same time rounding a point and pouring in a fire of small arms. The flag was

run up, and the pilot gave them to understand in Greek and Italian, that we were Americans and not pirates, but to no purpose. Two of the men having been badly wounded, the rest begged the lieutenant to let them return the fire and board the brig. He had the prudence, however, to effect a timely retreat. The brig had doubtless, and with good reason, mistaken us for pirates, and our chance of carrying her was at best but a desperate one.

During the night Lieutenant Hudson put into a small harbor on the eastern side of the island of Andro, in which lay several merchant vessels, the officers of which informed him that a pirate-boat was anchored near its head, the crew of which were asleep in a house near shore. Accordingly, about an hour before day-break he landed at the head of his men, and surprised and captured five, the rest having escaped by a window. The boat was seized and sunk. The next day the ship beat up to the harbor, and the captain, having heard the lieutenant's report, caused the house to be blown up, as a *dépôt* of piratical property. At night Lieutenant Watkins was despatched inland, with a party of seamen and marines, to a small village, with orders, should he find any houses in it either belonging to pirates or harboring their plunder, to destroy them and carry off their occupants. None however, which he had reason to deem such, were found. Two other houses situated near the beach were the next day blown up, and a *mistico* which had been sunk by the pirates was raised and fitted up as a cruiser, under the name of the 'Water Witch.'

Toward night an Albanian soldier came off and informed the captain that his chief, who held the town and castle of Andro, proposed, should a small force be sent from the ship, to join it with twenty of his men, and assist in capturing a couple of piratical schooners which were reported to be lying at anchor in an inlet on the other side of the island. Accordingly, at eight p. m. the boats were hoisted out, one with orders to land Lieutenant Watkins and the officers and men under his command at the town whence, if joined by the Albanians, they were to cross the island; the others, in charge of Lieutenant Gedney, were to double its southern point and enter the inlet. The ship lay about ten miles below the town, at the head of a deep bay, which we reached after a two-hours' pull. It consisted of a single street of low stone cottages, at the extremity of which stood a huge square tower, the door of which opened on a terrace. We found the chief and a few of his retainers squatted, cross-legged, on the floor of the upper chamber of the tower, and in the shade of its only article of furniture, an enormous iron lamp depending from the roof. In form, feature, and even complexion, the Albanian much resembles our Indian. Up to his fifteenth or sixteenth summer he leads a kind of half hunting, half pastoral life, and then abandons it for the service of some military chief. He is found in the armies and body-guards of every potentate, great and small, throughout the East, and is at once recognized by his tall, spare, but wiry, athletic figure, erect bearing, grave deportment, and

picturesque costume. He is much prized for his military qualities, being brave, hardy and active, extremely patient of privation and fatigue, and so long as in the regular receipt of his scanty stipend, proverbial for obedience and fidelity.

About midnight we took up our line of march along the summit of a high rocky ridge, extending nearly to the middle of the island. The valleys on each side were thickly covered with fruit-trees and studded with small white cottages, and continued, as we advanced, to widen and deepen, and the rocks beyond them to ascend more wildly broken and abruptly precipitous, with at times a tower or chapel planted, like a watchman, in the still, bright moonlight on some bold projection or spire-like eminence: a scene of picturesque beauty and repose, the more impressive, as but little according with the thoughts and feelings incident to a hostile and perhaps hazardous expedition.

At two A. M. we halted for a few moments in front of the castle of the 'Primato,' as he was called, a cluster of small square towers springing from the centre of a walled court. While the lieutenant and the chief sought an interview with that dignitary, the other officers proceeded to muster and inspect the men. Two of the seamen were missing, and with them the liquor and provisions. Having resumed our march, at the distance of two or three miles from the castle we plunged into a thickly wooded valley, at the bottom of which was a small monastery. A couple of the brotherhood came out and greeted us in the name of 'God and his Mother,' (these were their words,) but had nothing better to offer us for love (money we had not) than a draught of water from a goat-skin bucket and a few mouldy figs. Emerging from the valley we struck the foot of a mountain consisting of a series of rocky, slaty heights, the last of which overlooked the inlet in which the schooners were supposed to lay. While crossing the last but one, a fellow passed us, as if by accident, with a lantern. Soon afterward a rocket was seen to shoot up from an eminence behind, and was instantly followed by a second from another in front of us. We had suspected the fellow of having some better use for his lantern than helping him to pick his way by moonlight.

Having gained the summit of the last and loftiest ridge, the chief made a sign for us to halt; and then falling on his hands and knees, he crept to the brink of a precipice, the base of which was washed by the sea, for the purpose of reconnoitering. Soon, however, slowly straightening his long, lank figure, he gave a low chuckle, and bade us approach. Looking down from where he stood, we discovered a dense cloud whitened by the moon's rays, and so far projecting from the face of the precipice as totally to conceal the inlet. The mountain, the height of which must have been a thousand feet, was nearly perpendicular toward the sea, and its sides were encumbered by fragments of detached rock and thinly sprinkled with a stunted growth of trees and brush-wood. Having dropped below the summit, we had no longer the light of the moon. Nevertheless, by

leaping from rock to rock, plunging into pools of water, and scrambling through bushes, dislodging lots of kites, rooks, and screech-owls, we toward morning reached and took possession of a hut, situated near the foot of the mountain, the occupants of which were an old goatherd and his wife. During the descent we were for some time immersed in the cloud, amid flashes of lightning and peals of thunder; and but for the shouts of the Albanians, which served to guide us aright, our toils might have ended where they began. They, however, had kept a watchful eye on the stragglers, and we drew up in front of the hut with our full complement of men, though soaked to the skin, covered with mud, and in a humor to brain the first Greek, pirate or no pirate, we should happen to encounter.

Day at length broke. Above us frowned enormous masses of black, misshapen mountain-rock, piled to the height of a thousand feet, like the walls of some stupendous ruin; while below lay a sea so bright and tranquil that the dim, distant capes and islands appeared to float like clouds in the abyss of an inverted hemisphere. The silence and solitude accorded with the wildness of the scene: the only living objects to be seen were a goat, perched like a fly on a projection of one of the loftiest crags, and a kite slowly wheeling above it. The schooners were not discovered, having no doubt set sail in consequence of the warning communicated by the rockets. A couple of speck-like objects were seen creeping round a distant point. They proved to be the boats in charge of Lieutenant Gedney; and Lieutenant Watkins and the chief, accompanied by a marine, descended to the beach to communicate with him. The Albanians had kindled a fire of brush-wood in front of the hut, and to our great comfort killed a kid, and were preparing to roast it, when the marine returned with orders for us to repair forthwith to the boats. The inlet was separated by a long mountain-like headland from a bay in which the chief supposed the schooners might possibly be found, but to reach which, exhausted as we were for the want of food and rest, seemed a task quite beyond our powers. It was promptly undertaken, however, and the length and roughness of the way considered, speedily accomplished.

After a six hours' march under a burning sun, we had crossed the headland, and were slowly winding through a narrow defile, when just as the marine sergeant and our two Albanian guides, who were in advance of the rest of the line, had turned the angle of a rock and disappeared, we were startled by the report of a musket, and a wild, piercing shriek, as from one who had received his death-wound. We rushed to the spot whence it had proceeded, under the impression that the guides had led us into an ambush. They stood pale and speechless, pointing to something at the foot of the rock on which we were collected. It proved to be the musket of the sergeant, which he had cast from him as he fell. It had gone off, probably at half-cock, and put a brace of balls through

his heart, as he applied the butt of it to a projection of the rock whence he was about to spring. Owing to the lateness of the hour and the roughness of the way, we despaired of being able to convey the body to the boats before night-fall, and accordingly a marine was despatched to them for the implements required for its interment. He soon returned, accompanied by a couple of seamen. The latter were immediately set to work, sulking and grumbling at being compelled to discharge the 'disgraceful duty of airthin' a so'ger.' Their task being completed, the marines were drawn up, and three volleys were fired over the grave. The seamen were careful to guard it by the customary charm, a row of pebbles interspersed with green twigs. 'So'ger as he is,' said they, 'he desarves better than to be overhauled by ghosts, witches, and them like heathenish varmint.'

As the schooners we were in quest of were not in sight, and the chief deemed all farther search for them useless, we embarked at sunset and pulled for the ship. Thus terminated an adventure which, in the opinion of the corporal of marines, was, 'seeing his time had come, expressively got up for the extarmination of the sergeant by his own musket.'

The next morning the prize-boats in charge of Lieutenant Gedney made the circuit, and inspected the inlets of the island of Jura. On the thirteenth we hove to off the town of Andro, and were visited by the Austrian consul. He produced a boat which had been abandoned by the pirates, in which was found a carpenter's tool with the word 'Cherub' cut in the handle. He also stated that he was in possession of many other articles which had been unearthed near the spot where that vessel was picked up. Among them were two letters, one of which was superscribed, 'Baltimore.' The other contained an account of the capture of the Cherub off Garabusa. The names of the writers and of the persons addressed were missing.

On the seventeenth, we arrived at Melo. We found it in the possession of a party of Candiotes, who having been invited over by the inhabitants of the island to protect them and their property from the pirates, had done little but insult the women, beat the men, and levy contributions of provisions and money. They announced their intention to board the ship; but the captain having in return threatened to expel them from the island, they for the most part thought proper to quit it.

On the first of December we encountered a *Levanter*, and put into port Olivier in the island of Metelin, whence we sailed on the sixth, and on the morning of the seventh we dropped anchor in the harbor of Smyrna.

Thus terminated an expedition by which, owing to the skill, courage and unwearied activity of the distinguished officer to whom the command of it was so judiciously confided, the piracies in the Grecian Archipelago were, probably for the first time since the days of Themistocles, effectually suppressed.

T O A P A I R O F O L D E A R - R I N G S .

BY MARY E. HEWITT.

YE antique forms of rare device !
Ye pendent, jewelled gauds of price,
And fashioned, to what end abstruse ?
Remnant of old barbaric sway,
Continued to our later day,
And with us passing out of use.

I marvel, now ye are displaced,
That aught so heathenish e'er graced
The fair round ears of Christendom !
Such wealth of gems and filagree
Were more befitting bravery
For mummy of the catacomb !

Yet as upon your forms I gaze,
The storied scenes of elder days
Arise with force that reason mocks :
Outspread beneath Arabia's skies,
A pastoral land before me lies,
Well filled with scattering herds and flocks.

At Nahor's well a stranger waits ;
A maiden train comes forth the gates,
And fair REBECCA leads the band ;
And now she stands the fount beside,
Her beauteous cheek with blushes dyed,
The jewelled offerings in her hand.

The vision fades ; and lo ! again
On Sinai's parched and desert plain,
Seditious Israel murmuring stands,
And priestly Aaron's mandate hears :
' Break off your ear-rings from your ears,
And bring them hither in your hands ! '

To form he moulds the molten ore,
Like that Egyptian Apis wore ;
With cunning hand he shapes it well ;
' Then lifts the golden image high,
And swells the host the exultant cry :
' These are thy gods, O Israel ! '

From gorgeous ceiling overhead,
Light on a banquet board is shed ;
And moves the feast to flute-notes low ;
Blushing within its crownéd cup,
The ruby-red wine sparkles up,
And soft to joy the moments flow.

Holds Cleopatra feast to-night,
And beauty's eyes flash mirth and light,
As she who wears the diadem
With dimpled hand puts by the curl,
And from her ear unclasps the pearl,
And in her goblet casts the gem.

Ye pendent shapes of precious ore!
What though ye deck mine ears no more,
Yet, relics of antiquity!
From Vandal hands I'll guard ye well,
For ye are potent as a spell
To conjure up the past to me.

S K E T C H E S O F S O U T H - C A R O L I N A .

NUMBER ONE.

SUNDAY ON THE PLANTATION.

It was late in the afternoon of one of those pleasant spring days which only a South-Carolina April produces, that I turned my horse from the main road into one of those by-paths which every traveller at the South recognizes as leading to some plantation behind the woods. It was Saturday, near the close of a toilsome day and week to my horse and his rider, and I felt disposed to make an early halt, the better to be refreshed from my journey and prepared for the duties of the approaching Sabbath. I was a stranger, with no more claim upon the kindness of the house I was approaching than any other traveller might have presented; but I knew too well the hospitality of the planters, which more than makes good the want of public inns to the wayfarer, to doubt a welcome and hearty reception.

Emerging from the pine forests, over whose barrens I had ridden all the day, I was delighted with the beauty of the broad plantation which spread out before me. On one side there swept down to the river's bank an enclosure of more than a hundred acres, covered with the green corn which had just begun to extend its broad leaves; and on the other lay, almost as far as the eye could reach, the well-fenced cotton-fields, in which numerous gangs of hands were engaged in putting the seed into the ground. Before me, the path changed to a smooth gravelled causeway, and extending on for nearly a quarter of a mile, shaded by the huge live oaks, whose moss fell in graceful drapery from the gnarled branches, and hedged in by the fragrant wild orange trees, the luxuriance of whose foliage renders them nearly as impervious and far more beautiful than the hawthorn, led to the mansion of the proprietor. The house was a large, antique structure, exhibiting the dingy appearance which

all the tenements near the lowlands of the South derive from the climate, but with a generous, patronizing air about its huge doors and bulky windows, that seemed to invite the traveller to a comfortable shelter under its roof. I had thrown the reins of my horse carelessly upon his neck, and was absorbed in the contemplation of a scene as beautiful as it was new to my eye, when an old negro met me, and touching his hat, pleasantly said: 'Massa send compliments to gemman, and happy to hab him spen' Sunday at Merrivale.'

'Ah, Merrivale, is it? And what is your master's name, uncle?'

'Allston, Sir! Him name John Allston, dat is old massa. Young massa name Samwell, but he gone to Europ for he health. Will gemman please ride up to piazza?'

'Yes, uncle!' I replied, and putting spurs to my horse I met in a moment the cordial greeting of my host at his opened gate. 'Alight, Sir,' was the ready welcome of the old gentleman, whose manners were after the good John Hancock school, now so rapidly decaying from our country: 'Alight, Sir, and Cesar will take your horse. It's not often we meet a traveller at this season of the year at Merrivale, and I assure you your welcome is most sincere.'

I replied in meet terms to an invitation so cordially given, and entered the house. A few minutes sufficed to put me on a footing of friendly familiarity with my host and his family; and before evening I found myself in a circle of daughters and grandchildren, as much at home as though I had been a long-expected guest.

I have said it was the last day of the week, and, by the preparations of the evening, I was pleased to find, what I had so often found in my travels in South-Carolina, that Sunday was regarded as a day of sacred rest. Long before sun-setting, the field-hands had completed their tasks, and were gathering in groups around their white-washed cottages; the horses were unharnessed from the ploughs and turned into the paddocks for their fodder; the long wagons, emptied of their white cotton-seeds, were wheeled into the deep enclosures beneath the gin-house; and every thing seemed finished and made tidy in appearance for the coming of that

'Day of all the week the best;
Emblem of eternal rest.'

Even the children of the plantation, the colored boys and girls, whose sports at even-tide make merriment for the laborers, and in whose buoyant mirth the old folks find a solace for their weariness, were hushed into unaccustomed stillness, or were led down to the river to undergo the weekly ablution preparatory to the clean garments of Sunday. Within doors also the same indications of the coming day were manifest. The domestic servants were earlier released from their duties than usual; the stores for the Sabbath were sent from the larder to the kitchen, and were all prepared for distribution to the various families before the evening should close; the quiet conversation of the group seated on the piazza, or the

plaintive notes of some camp-meeting hymn accompanying the guitar in the parlor, or the early gathering of the inmates of the household around the family altar; each and all were indications of the near approach of holy time. It was to me a beautiful scene, that whole view of master, and family, and servants, evincing, in the delicate shadings of the picture, that the Sabbath influence had touched each heart—beautiful, beyond the power of language to describe; and never, even amid the secluded glens of New-England, where the customs of the good old Puritans have been unaltered by the innovations of the age, have I felt holier emotions stealing over my spirit on a Saturday evening than I experienced in the house of a planter on the banks of the South Santee.

The calm, basking sunlight of the afternoon, and the clear, soft moonbeams of the evening, as they stole in long lines through the magnolia that sheltered my window, had been pledges of a fine day for the Sabbath; and I had arisen early to enjoy the landscape of an April morning. From my chamber window the view was extensive, over the whole plantation and the circumjacent forest, and I remember seldom to have enjoyed a scene of more exquisite loveliness. The long, oak-shaded avenue; the gray moss waving in the breeze; the garden, rich in dahlias and peonies and roses; the blooming shrubbery of ligustrinas; the long rows of white-washed cottages; the green rice-fields on the banks of the river, and the gentle gliding of the broad stream toward the ocean; the deep pine forest, whose low, still murmurings seemed like the distant ocean-roar, and the breezes from whose foliage were fragrant as the spice-airs of the tropics; all made up a landscape most refreshing and beautiful. I had scarcely finished my toilet, when the old servant, who had welcomed me on my arrival, and who I afterward found to be a sort of major-domo on the plantation, blew his horn from the stile, and presently from every corner and building there issued the neat and cleanly negroes, hastening to the morning prayers at the mansion.

On going below, I found a group of every age and color, some seated upon the long benches of the piazza, and others crowding the halls and parlor, all devout and serious in appearance, and without a single exception as well clothed as I ever saw a class of operatives at the North or in England, waiting the coming of my host, who was to them indeed both priest and father, to lead in the devotions. As he entered the room, the ready salutation of 'Good morning, Massa,' from young and old, seemed to me more like the spontaneous good wishes of a family of children than the forced civility of servants, and the kindly response from the old man, told more than volumes of his fraternal feelings toward them all. The chapter read from the old 'Ha' Bible, once his father's pride; the hymn, sung in the sweet voices for which the Southern negroes are remarkable, and the prayer ended, all silently returned to their cottages to meet again at church. Then came the breakfast with its never-failing hommony and waffles; then the preparation for attending the divine service of the pastor; then the ride on horseback or

in carriages to the distant place of worship. Every thing was in the order and harmony of an establishment regulated upon the principles of Christian love; and to those who doubt that true Piety in her most graceful garb can be found where slavery exists, let me recommend a tour of a single month along the rich river banks of South-Carolina. I am no advocate for slavery; but dearly as I prize freedom, and heartily as I wish that every bondman in our land was emancipated from his thralldom, I dare not disguise the truth in these simple sketches.

The church was nearly four miles from Merrivale, and our ride thither was through an unbroken forest. The path, just wide enough to admit the passing of our carriage, was overshadowed by those fine tall trees which form a chief element in Southern scenery, and the long drooping foliage around the huge cones, the dense everglades, and the never-ceasing carollings of the mocking birds upon the branches, gave it a luxuriance and charm never found in the woods of New-England, or amid the solitudes of the Western wilds. Numerous footpaths from the neighboring plantations crossed the road, along which thronged the negroes; while every now and then a solitary horseman, or a gay party of buxom girls mounted on ponies, striking out upon our course and anon disappearing among the thick trees, added a liveliness to the picture.

The church was situated just out of the forest, without enclosure of any kind around it, or any other building within sight. It was a rude, time-worn structure, like most houses of worship in the country of the South, without belfry or steeple, or any of those accompaniments which render the meeting-houses of New-England the most remarkable feature in her landscapes. It had no nave, no organ; its seats were uncushioned, its pulpit unadorned;

‘ Neither through long-drawn aisle, nor fretted vault,
Did pealing anthem swell the notes of praise.’

Nothing was there but the bare walls, the rough benches, and the unshapely desk; but still in the worshippers assembled one found a seriousness not always observed in more splendid sanctuaries.

The pastor was an old man, whose ministry of fifty years had not been unattended by spiritual blessings to the people of his charge. To my eye, he was the personification of the patriarch among his family; and as he advanced up the aisle with a step still firm, his long thin locks vieing in whiteness with the robe over which they fell, and his face seamed with the wrinkles of fourscore years; as he knelt reverently before the altar, and then rising, pronounced in a tremulous voice the introduction to the service: ‘ The Lord is in his holy temple, let all the earth keep silence before him;’ I never remember being more strongly reminded of Cowper’s beautiful description of his preacher:

— ‘ Simple, grave, sincere;
In doctrine uncorrupt; in language plain,
And plain in manner.’

Indeed the whole service was invested with a seriousness which the slow and grave utterance, the dignified bearing, and the reverend appearance of the old man, threw around it, that never before had it been to my mind so pregnant with sententious beauty.

But it was with his sermon that I was most deeply impressed, and of which I fear I shall attempt in vain to give a just idea. It was the day for the observance of the sacrament of the last supper, and many of his flock were to partake for the first time of the memorials of a Saviour's love. It was also the last day of his own ministry, when, after half a century of labor among the people of his charge, he was to resign his office into other hands. With a peculiar appropriateness, he had selected that clause from Saint Luke's gospel, 'And being in agony,' as the theme of his remarks, and without notes, or brief even, he went on to explain in what consisted the sufferings of Jesus Christ. At the outset his voice was broken, and many of his sentences were uttered in so low a tone that they could not have been heard over the whole house, and I began to fear that the old man's strength had been exhausted by the reading of the morning service. But as he went on and his heart became warmed in the subject, his voice grew animated and strong, and his treatment of the subject of uncommon power. In assigning the causes of the Saviour's suffering, there were powers of analysis in the argument which evinced acute and logical thought.

But it was in setting an account of those sufferings before his hearers, that he exhibited an eloquence I never heard surpassed. With thoughts that came burning from his soul, he described the passover that the Saviour had partaken with his disciples; the choice he had made of three of his best beloved to attend him in his sorrows; the warnings he had given them against deserting him in the hour of temptation; and their cruel forgetfulness, leaving him alone to endure the bitterness of that hour of darkness. He followed the Saviour through all the terrors of that night; the crown of thorns, the buffeting, the derisions, the scourge, the heavy burden of the cross, and the agony of the crucifixion. He spoke of the relief to the unhappy sufferer to have the passions of the spectators on his side; how from their sympathy he derived courage, and the pain felt by many was alleviated to the one who suffered. 'But,' said the old man, bending over the pulpit and extending his hands in earnest gesticulation, 'but the high and the low, the Jew and the heathen, entered into a conspiracy against Christ. The priests and the elders accused him. The high priest cried out: 'He is guilty of death!' Pilate, his judge, though conscious of his innocence, ordered him to be scourged, and allowed him to be crucified. The people, with a frantic ardor, sought his death. That very people, who, a few days before, upon his triumphal entry into Jerusalem, had strewed the way with palm branches, and cried out: 'Hosanna to the son of David,' — that very people, such is the giddiness of the multitude, now cried out: 'Crucify him! crucify him!' He had chosen twelve friends to be the partners of his life and the companions of his

death. One of these denied him, another betrayed him, all forsook him and fled. The spectators of the last scene of suffering rendered him no consolation of sympathy, but, uniting with the mad vehemence of priests and pharisees, shouted their blasphemous curses, and applauded the taunts and mockeries of the high dignitaries of the synagogue; and all this fell upon his ear while writhing under the keenest agonies which human malice could inflict or human nature endure.

‘And what,’ cried the eloquent old man, while the fire of indignation flashed from his eye, ‘what did the Saviour do?’ He paused for a moment, and the suppressed breathings of the audience showed the intensity to which their feelings had been wrought by the powerful description of the sufferings of Jesus Christ. ‘Did he call upon the ministers of wrath, that waited but his bidding, to avenge the cruelty of those for whom he died? Did he summon the vengeance of Heaven to blast his murderers to eternal perdition?’ He paused again, and I confess I knew not how he was to subdue the emotions he had excited in the hearers, when, changing his voice to a tone of inexpressible sweetness, and folding his withered hands upon his breast, while his eyes filled with tears, he added: ‘No! he prayed for his murderers! Father, forgive them! they know not what they do!’

Not a dry eye was to be seen. Deep sighs were heard from every part of the house. It had been the eloquence of strong and earnest feeling. And none who were then present can, I am sure, ever forget the last sermon of the old pastor of the parish of Saint Andrew.

It was past noon when we drove back from the church to Merri-vale. The remainder of the Sabbath passed away in its wonted quietude, and the next morning I bade farewell to those I had so soon learned to love, whom, if I meet no more on earth, I hope to greet in a better world.

T W I L I G H T.

I LOVE gray twilight! in the balmy spring,
When new-born flowers send up a fragrance sweet,
For their Creator evening-incense meet!
When the mild blue-bird rests her azure wing
And gathers strength at dawn again to sing.
The summer-twilight too, I love to greet,
When nightingales their pensive lays repeat,
While holy calmness broods o’er every thing:
And when the autumn leaves begin to fall,
When purple clouds enrich the golden west,
Twilight to prayer this roving heart doth call,
And pure communion *then* with Heaven, how blest!
But at my quiet fire-side, more than all,
A WINTER-TWILIGHT do I love the best.

F. C. K.

T H E P O E T .

WHAT magic is there in the Poet's name,
Breathed in the clarion tones of flying fame!
How the eye kindles at the welcome sound,
And the heart's pulses beat with quicker bound!
What is the Poet? Why does he inspire
The kindling spirit with his words of fire?
Has Nature like a sleeping beauty been,
For him the spell to break, the prize to win?
Cannot we *all* her loveliness discern,
Where'er our eager eyes delighted turn?
In every heart some spark of fire is found;
Round every heart 'th' electric chain' is bound:
With master hand the Poet lights the flame,
Or with divinest art he thrills the frame:
His the high soul all mean control that spurns,
And with new-kindling ardor ever burns:
His the keen eye that roves o'er nature's form,
Joys in the calm and kindles in the storm;
To him there's language in the torrent's dash,
The deep-toned thunder and the lightning's flash.
The fierce wild hurricane, the whirlwind's ire,
Arouse his lofty thoughts, his soul inspire.
He loves to sit upon the craggy steep
And view the wonders of the glorious deep.
The calm sublime of ocean's broad expanse,
Whose glittering waters in the sunbeams dance,
Its waves to madness urged, to fury lashed,
On the stern rocky shore impetuous dashed;
In both the great o'erruling Power he sees
That guides the storm and wanders in the breeze;
Who poured the seas from out his hollow hand,
And in his balance weighed the solid land.

The thousand varied forms that Nature bears,
The veil of loveliness she always wears,
The gems of earth, the brilliants of the sky,
Are never wearying to the Poet's eye.
He finds a fresh delight in every flower,
Those gentle messengers of holy power;
The passing breeze oft whispers in his ear
Language the busy crowd pause not to hear;
Each rustling leaf that flutters in the wind
Sings its own music to the Poet's mind.
He loves beneath the forest trees to lie
When the bright summer sun is riding high,
And the still air is broken by no sound
But the low humming of the insects round;
When even the bee with his sweet pilferings,
Lags on his way with overlaid wings,
And the pine odors wafted through the trees,
Fill with rich fragrance every wandering breeze;
The little brooklet murmuring faint and low,
Seems to be stiller in its gentle flow;
And the small birds have ceased to pour the lay,
And hide with drooping wing on every shaded spray.

Nor yet alone does summer bring delight;
Spring, autumn, winter, change of day and night,

The glorious tints that paint the early morn,
The brilliant Sun in his majestic dawn,
The quiet beauty of the dewy even,
And the calm splendors of the midnight heaven ;
All, all the charms before his gaze arrayed,
Aught of sublime or beautiful Earth e'er displayed,
Are but her million tongues that ever raise
The song of homage and the note of praise.
His ear attends them all ; he swells the tone,
Anthem-like rising to the ETERNAL's throne !

Here ends not his delight in nature's plan,
But his great study, greater joy, is Man.
He loves the music-tone of childhood's voice,
The merry laugh that bids the heart rejoice,
The frolic-dancing feet, the fairy shout
In all its unchecked gladness ringing out ;
The perfect confidence, the fearless love
That links it to the spirit-world above ;
The April beauty of sweet childhood's years,
With more of sunshine and with less of tears.
He loves the eager boldness too, of youth
Free bounding onward to the goal of truth ;
Its high resolves, its true and trustful heart,
The joy Hope's glowing images impart,
Its wealth of pure affections, and the light
They shed around in Sorrow's deepest night.
Fair woman's graceful beauty ; her true soul
Spurning all sordid passion's base control ;
Her love that fades not with life's fleeting breath,
But soars triumphant o'er the pains of death ;
Her meekness, gentleness, and kindly heart,
That draws from Sorrow's wound the piercing dart,
That soothes the suffering soul about to die,
And points him to a happier home on high ;
And manhood's daring deed and high emprise
All generous impulses that nobly rise :
His ardent courage and his lofty mind,
That leaves all thought of self far, far behind ;
Whose generous heart is ready to bestow
Its deeds of kindness even on his foe ;
Whose ear is open to the sufferer's cry,
Nor passes weeping Want unheeded by :
These well the Poet loves ; and gray-haired Eld
By him in highest reverence is held.

While other men are busy with the moil
Of gaining wealth, its labor, and its toil,
He is not idle ; 't is his task to be
Ever observant ; with keen eye to see
Each spring of action in the human breast,
Each hidden motive, strong though unconfessed ;
'T is his the varying countenance to heed,
The unspoken language of a smile to read ;
'T is his to watch the flashing eye grow bright
With the full radiance of soul-kindled light ;
'T is his each high and lofty thought to scan,
Each nobler impulse of a noble man ;
All deep affections, holy thoughts and pure,
Triumphant faith, and firmness to endure,
Unshrinking courage in the trial hour,
All strong resistance to temptation's power —
These are his studies deep, these are his themes,
By day his thoughts, and mingling in his dreams.

Earth's darker story, all her deeds of crime,
 Alas ! too frequent in each age and clime ;
 Sin, with its giant power, o'er every land,
 And evil passions' strong and iron band,
 The silken fetters flattering Pleasure weaves,
 The deep remorse, the sting Guilt ever leaves,
 All crimes, all evils, like a dark deep blot
 The Poet sees them — but he loves them not.
 He studies all these forms of wo and grief
 That he with skilful hand may bring relief.
 His is a power the suffering heart that cheers,
 That gives to Sorrow comfort mid her tears.
 His is a power to lift the soul on high,
 On eagle-wings bid it exulting fly,
 To visit unknown worlds, to fill the air
 With myriad spirits, making man their care ;
 Through Fancy's realms on soaring pinions sweep,
 And visit Ocean's caves beneath the unfathomed deep.
 In Fiction's garb the hallowed truth to dress,
 Not to conceal but veil her loveliness.
 He reads the past with retrospective eye,
 And gathers treasures from the days gone by.
 The cloud of mist before the future years,
 Pierced by his sun-like eye, fades, disappears.
 His hallowed verse is breathed in prophet tone,
 Oft understood — oft felt by him alone.
 By time the glorious truths shall be revealed,
 That in the Poet's strains now lie concealed.

Cambridgeport, (Mass.,) 1842.

CAROLINE F. CRYE.

THE WOMEN OF ANCIENT GERMANY.

AN HISTORICAL ESSAY.

THE ancient Germans were a barbarous and savage people, ignorant of many useful arts, and of the refinements of civilized society. They led a wild and roving life, placing their habitations here or there, wherever necessity might call, or caprice direct. The mass of the people was entirely illiterate: learning was confined to the nobles and princes, and indeed it appears to have been very inconsiderable and very unusual, even among them. Their knowledge of the past was limited to tradition; and beyond the scenes in which they were actually engaged, they knew little of what was passing in the world around. The camp was their home, the field of battle their place of meeting. From earliest youth they were trained to arms, and the vigor of their manhood was established by the grateful labors of the chase: hence they were universally athletic, and though they fought without art, the energy of their assault and the irresistible impulse of their charge, a rushing torrent as it were, struck even Roman troops with dismay. To them we may look for the prototype of the manners and customs, the government and laws which obtained favor in the feudal ages.

Such were the men; but this essay will be more particularly devoted to the consideration of the women of Germany.

We can find but little in the treatment of the German females in the years of their infancy worthy of notice. Like the males, they were nourished solely by their mothers, and never intrusted to the care of nurses or slaves. Notwithstanding the severity of the climate, they were accustomed to remain for several years of their lives almost if not entirely in a state of nudity. They were not confined to the house, but on the contrary were to be seen, almost as soon as they were able to walk, strolling promiscuously, whether they were the children of princes or of slaves, about the villages and among the cattle. To these causes we may attribute the masculine vigor of their bodies, and that strength of the nervous system which enabled them to undergo the toilsome labors to which their lives were devoted. The education of a people must always be adapted to their prospects and probable condition in life, to their national custom and intended occupation. In accordance with this principle, an obvious course was pursued in the education of the German women: as the duties of life were simple and evidently demanding more physical than mental exertion, so the lessons required to inculcate them were few and insignificant. Too feeble to labor, and having but little knowledge to acquire, the first years of their childhood were passed in slothful indolence and passive obedience to the will of their parents. But at a comparatively early age, as soon as they were capable of even moderate endurance, they assisted their mothers in the prosecution of their domestic duties. By degrees they learned all the arts of housewifery; by degrees they fitted themselves to superintend and direct. They gradually acquired all the knowledge of agriculture which their rude people possessed, and prepared themselves for the labors of husbandry.

The treatment of the female race has differed much among different nations, but almost all seem to have accorded them a very considerable degree of regard and respect. In many, and indeed most countries, this tribute has been yielded from a sense of their physical weakness, from a proper regard to their natural taste for the elegances of life, and from a rational conviction that they ought of natural right to be the equal companions and not the slaves of mankind. It is impossible however that all or any of these motives could have influenced the inhabitants of Germany. The women were as daring by education, as hardy by practice, and almost as robust by nature as the men of that nation; and there was nothing among them that wore even the appearance of luxury or elegance. While the spirit of chivalry is often attributed to the feelings of love and devotion to the soft and fascinating graces of female character, it in fact had its origin among a barbarous and unenlightened people, comparatively unsusceptible of the one, and careless and ignorant of the other. What could have induced the Germans to pay that devotion to the female sex, which gave rise to the

enthusiasm of the middle ages, would form an interesting subject of inquiry; but the limits of this essay will permit nothing more than a brief exposition of the most obvious causes. They considered females the interpreters of divine will, and therefore treated them with all the scrupulous attention and deference which the supreme gods seemed to demand for their deputies. At home and abroad, in peace and in war, their opinion was ever consulted and ever respected. If they directed the time and the order of battle, if they foretold the issue of the combat and the fate of the combatants, they held a station no less important, and commanded obedience no less implicit in their domestic concerns. The husband spending his hours of peace in sloth and drunkenness, yielded the whole management of his affairs to his wife: her will was supreme. It was natural that a people having a vague and false conception of the real, should look with veneration upon the apparent authors of their existence; that they should esteem in manhood those who had inculcated the lessons of their youth, who had carefully supplied their wants, who had watched their welfare with anxious solicitude. We may therefore attribute the reverence shown the women of Germany to their influence as the prophets of the gods, to the important part they bore in all the private and public affairs of their nation, and to their unlimited control over the other sex in the years of their infancy.

Than the thought of a woman led into slavery, none could be more horrid and revolting to the Germans. This idea was impressed upon them in their infancy, and it grew with their growth. It inspired them with veneration for the sex, and formed the strongest incentive to exertion in battle. Hence, when the Romans demanded and received from them the wives and female relations of their princes as hostages, they secured the surest pledges of obedience, the strongest bonds of alliance.

Marriage was considered incumbent as a duty, and celibacy was repudiated by either sex. The mode of courtship was simple, and its course never protracted. 'The bride brings no portion; she receives a dowry from her husband. In the presence of her parents and relations he makes a tender of part of his wealth; if accepted, the match is approved.'* He presented her with no useless trinkets, no gaudy toys; his gifts were such as it became a warrior to make and a warrior's wife to receive. The marriage ceremony consisted only in an exchange of property, and it was therefore easily consummated. Polygamy obtained no favor among them, and second marriage was seldom or never known. Hence the wife, secure in the affections of her husband, and confident that they would never be enjoyed by another even after she herself had ceased to exist, had abundant reason for constancy and devotion. Upon entering the matrimonial state she was informed of the responsibilities she incurred, and impressed with the duties of her

* Tacit. Germania, § xviii.

situation. Her domestic cares were her greatest source of enjoyment, and she sought little pleasure beyond that which a conscious performance of duty imparted. Among some of the tribes, the women were inconsolable at the death of their husbands; they threw themselves upon their funeral piles; the same fire consumed the living and the dead, and the same urn received their mingled ashes.

However variously females may have been esteemed by modern nations, they seem always to have been considered the weaker sex. Hence, although they may have been doomed to lead a life of toil, the labor allotted them has seldom been of a very severe kind. If among many nations they are often found engaged in the tillage of the earth, and in the execution of those tasks which are generally deemed arduous with us, their condition is yet incomparably easier than that of the males. The Germans, however, do not appear to have looked upon woman as less capable of labor than man; and they apportioned her a part equally difficult, surely more comprehensive and more tedious. The wife often accompanied her husband in war; and she did not confine herself to the camp, nor did she remain inactive. In the heat of battle, when the darts of the enemy were flying in every direction, and the groans of the wounded and the dying were rising continually upon the ear, she was to be found even in the thickest of the fight administering refreshment and relief, and stimulating her friends and relations to deeds of glory. She staunched and bound up their wounds, supplied their wants while sick, and anxiously awaited their recovery. When a son or a brother fell upon the field of battle, or died from injuries received in war, his death, if it was attended with circumstances of even ordinary bravery, was a matter rather of joy than grief. His female relatives pointed with delight to his scars, and awarded him an honorable place in the world of spirits. But if he evinced any fear of danger in the course of the action, if his death was accompanied with any evidence of a dastard spirit, the ties of consanguinity were forgotten or laid aside, the memory of the ignoble victim of timidity was repudiated, and he sunk to the grave unhonored and unpitied. Nor did the treatment of those who survived the battle materially differ from this; the brave received due honor for their exploits, while contempt, and often bodily punishment, awaited the pusillanimous. As the females conferred rewards upon the brave, it was proper they should inflict punishment, upon the ignominious: they were the warrior's judges, and to their decisions he bowed submissive.

History presents many instances in which they have decided the fate of battle: their friends being put to flight, they have rushed among them, and by shrieks and lamentations, by bewailing the cruel lot that must follow defeat, and portraying the horrors of slavery, have inflamed their minds with desperate courage, and urged them on to contest and to victory. The Cimbri, when Caius Marius went in arms against them, resolved to conquer or die.

With heroic determination, they bound themselves together as they stood in their ranks with cords, and used every other precaution to prevent defeat, or at least an ignominious flight. Despite every exertion, they were overthrown, and pursued in confusion to their camp. Wives, sisters, and even mothers, who had in the meantime taken their station upon the wagons, armed with such weapons as the occasion afforded, endeavored by every means to rally them to the conflict. The common feelings of humanity plead in vain to palliate the offence of their kindred, and with their own hands they inflicted upon them that death which they had sought to evade. They maintained too the struggle against the enemy with desperate valor, and rendered the victory of Marius little better than defeat. When at last they were obliged to yield to the superior discipline of Roman arms, they preferred self-destruction to miserable vassalage, and suspending themselves and their children from the boughs of trees and the tops of wagons, ended a life which had lost every charm and every attraction.

Such were the German women in war: if the part they bore in peace was less bold and heroic, it was because such a period did not call for the display of those traits. They discharged at all times the duties of the household, and those other labors, to the performance of which the life of the female sex is at this day particularly devoted. Destitute however of the luxuries and elegances of life, and ignorant of the arts of tinsel decoration and splendid pomp, these employments, had their attention been confined to them, could have afforded but little occupation, and they would have led a life of comparative inertness. But agriculture offered another field, ample for their greatest exertions: it was for them to till the soil, to sow the seed, and to reap and husband the harvest; or at least, in these several labors to direct the industry and watch the every movement of slaves, a race little inclined to fidelity. The care and education of their children likewise demanded their attention. But as if even all this were unequal to their ability, they often engaged in the chase of wild beasts; nor would it seem that in this last pursuit they were much less active or successful than the other sex; indeed, they often excelled, and merited and demanded their share of the prey.

They acted too in another capacity, most important and most honorable in the esteem of their nation. The agents of the gods, they announced their mandate and signified their will. Implicit confidence was placed in their prophecies, and the result was awaited with all the assurance and conviction of actual knowledge. Among a credulous and highly superstitious people, unwilling to enter upon the performance of the most insignificant national or even individual undertaking, without having first secured divine favor, the duties of this office were onerous in the extreme. Man could explain the attributes of the deities and the forms of the hierarchical government; he could even venture to solicit the favor and propitiate the will of the gods; but woman was often believed to partake of divinity

itself. Historians have sought the origin of their predominant power in matters of religion, but with apparently little success; for after all, though it may have been more decided and obvious at one time than another, we are only certain that it existed. The observation of a curious people has, however, acquainted us with many particulars, interesting if not important.

It would seem that their opinion was ever venerated in war and ever respected in peace. A single word from them could stay the ardor of a ferocious people on the eve of battle, or create war in the midst of tranquillity; could crush every feeling of humanity, or awaken the kindest emotions. In the camp they decided by lot the moment of onset, and stimulated their friends by the hope of success, or dissuaded them by the fear of defeat. In battle they advanced unawed to the midst of the contending forces, and clothed in garments indicative of religious purity, they announced the decree of Heaven. By their mad cries, which arose above the clash of arms, and by their strange antics, which nothing but fanatic frenzy could have suggested, they wrought the minds of their people to the highest pitch of desperate fury. The past, the future, life itself were swallowed up in the excitement of the present moment; and it was almost impossible that men who had forgotten every minor consideration, and even every motive for existence, should be otherwise than invincible. It does not appear that the prophetess had recourse to any intermediate agents: the altars of Mercury and of Mars smoked at stated intervals with the blood of human beings, but she did not immolate the victim; the sacred chariot was driven upon emergency through the consecrated groves, but she did not guide its course. Such aid was unworthy of one inspired with divine truth, and oracular in herself.

Although the German women were all esteemed of this sacred character, some were considered more gifted and godlike than others. The fame of VELEDA has descended to us after the lapse of almost eighteen hundred years, and recorded by the pen of TACITUS it may exist to the most distant futurity. The influence of such was almost unlimited; and their sway was more universal than that of the military chieftains, or even the king himself.

History, which describes the operations of governments in the direction of which women seldom participate; which records the origin, progress, and result of wars, in which they seldom engage; and which treats of the whole human family, without the distinction of sex, casts but little light upon a subject like this. Yet few and imperfect as are the facts we are able to collect, they present much that is worthy of emulation; and while the enlightened understanding of an accomplished sex will reject those customs which are inconsistent with our ideas of feminine propriety, they may still learn many useful and timely lessons from the females of a barbarous nation.

TO THE BELL IN OUR STEEPLE.

BY H. W. ROCKWELL.

BELL! that upon thy massy yoke hast swung
These many years, through heat and wintry cold,
Beating thy dark sides with thy polished tongue :
Full many a changeful story hast thou told
To me, since thou by sturdy men wast hung
Upon thy strong cross-beams in days of old,
Ere youth's sweet blossoms in my heart grew pale,
Or I had learned that life was but an empty tale.

Mine eyes have since been wet with many tears,
And many that I loved have passed away ;
And many whom I knew in life's young years,
In the world's servitude have since grown gray ;
Yet still the bent old man thy music hears,
And still in thy old belfry, day by day,
Thou mindest me of years whose light is o'er,
Sweet, sunny years they were, and shall return no more !

The strong, stout-handed man who wrought thee out
Of the rude metals, hath long since been laid
Where thou wilt never wake him ! Childhood's shout,
And beauty, fleeting as a summer-shade,
And gray-haired men, the honored, and devout,
The memory of whose goodness shall not fade —
Thou hast outlived them all ; youth, hope, and faith,
And love which stronger grew amid the dews of death !

Oft hath the sick man heard with feeble moan
Thine evening peal, and oft the cold damp earth
Upon the new-made coffin hath been thrown :
Yet Death, who spares nor loveliness nor worth,
Nor waits for Beauty's flower to be full blown,
Knocks not at thy old belfry. Wo and Mirth
Make thee their minion, yet 't is naught to thee
Whether thou toll'st for death, or ring'st for jubilee !

Alike for carnival or sacred rite
Thou hast done service since the times of yore,
Wakening the mart in the deep winter-night,
When the far fire-light bathed thy steeple-floor ;
Yet he who knew thee then is now grown white,
And many that thou wok'st thou 'lt wake no more,
So cold and solemn is their dreamless rest,
Each with his thin hands clasped upon his shrouded breast.

They from the world went like a swift bright dream,
Yet still thou dozeest on from day to day,
Silently hanging from thy strong cross-beam
In the sweet summer-light, and sunshine gay ;
Nor idly, old ascetic, do I deem,
For thou say'st sad things in a sober way,
Heedless alike of the swift flight of years,
And time, and death which fills Youth's sunny eyes with tears.

FRAGMENTS FROM MY PORT-FOLIO.

BY A MAN OF FEELING.

FOUNTAINS.

A FOUNTAIN always inspires me with fresh and beautiful ideas. The water gushing up into the light from its dark home in the earth, and bathing its white wings for an instant in the rainbow, seems to bedew my heart with grateful fragrance, and makes its trampled flowers spring up afresh. I never gaze upon a gushing fountain without feeling that my heart-strings keep time to its graceful undulations. It is a spirit-bath, whence jaded Fancy arises, with all her vigor and elasticity restored. Did I believe in transmigration, I should wish to become the presiding genius of some sweet fountain, hid in a far and green retreat, where nought but the winds and the flowers and the joyful birds were ever heard or seen to break the holy solitude.

How delightful would it be thus to refine the soul with incessant intercourse with the pure and beautiful in nature, and gradually shake off those dull and grovelling cares and passions which chain the immortal spirit to the earth! Man, with his feverish and impure excitements; woman with her dangerous and seductive lures; the struggle for brief power over creatures as frail as the falling leaf, and to be scattered as soon by the whirling breath of Time; the pining for wealth and fame; the peasant's thankless toil for bread; how sweet to forget them all, and assimilate the whole being to the mysterious beauty of Nature, when, far from prying eyes, she unveils her bosom to the amorous winds and skies!

THE FINE ARTS IN AMERICA.

THERE is as much genius in this country as in any nation on the face of the globe. All we want is public taste, to appreciate its value and reward its possessor. In the old nations of Europe genius depends upon the patronage of a titled aristocracy for its support; and the history of literature and the arts, and the lives of their men of genius, are a sufficient commentary upon aristocratic liberality. In our country it is different. Genius asks no patronage from any quarter. Depending upon the enlightened taste of the common people for an appreciation of its efforts, it rises to the standard of independence, and only asks a fair remuneration for the services it performs. How much more gratifying to the sensitive soul of the artist—the poet, the painter, the sculptor, the architect or the musician—is this noble sense of inde-

pendence, than the sickly air of courts and palaces, breathed by permission of some great lord, or king, or perchance pope! Patronage! I hate the word! How revolting to that ideal worship which the free soul delights to render to divine genius, the thought that Michael Angelo was patronized by the pope, and Shakspeare by a queen! Pah! Let us have no patronage of the fine arts in America. Educate the people, and they will have (and pay for, too,) the works of genius about them. They will have paintings and statues to adorn their neatly-constructed cottages, so that when their frames are exhausted with healthful toil, they may repose under their own vines and fig-trees, and, with their wives and children smiling around them, feed their elegant and refined tastes by contemplating the works of superior intellect. They will have books, not merely to be looked at but to be read; so that their children may not only preserve the knowledge of their parents, but add to it, from generation to generation. Having become possessed of new desires, which nothing but *mind* can gratify, they will cherish from pure love—not pride or emulation to outshine their neighbors—the child of genius, wherever he may be found. The student will no longer waste the midnight oil in vain, searching out the deep and hidden truths of nature with unrewarded toil, and leaving his labors for posterity to appreciate. The painter will no more pine in starving wretchedness within his dimly-lighted garret, working out in blood and tears the bright conceptions of immortal beauty which haunt his soul. Their labors will be appreciated and rewarded, because the mind of man will have reached that stage of refinement where they become necessary to his happiness.

MADAME MALIBRAN.

Nothing can more forcibly impress one with the utter hollowness of theatrical fame, than the life of this extraordinary woman. Idolized, worshipped, for the few brief moments that her miraculous voice lingered in the memory of her auditors, still how few and cold the regards which posterity will pay! With almost superhuman physical energy, and mental gifts of the highest order, she became enamored of excitement, and could only support existence at the expense of that calmness and dignity so necessary to the preservation of intellectual power. She lived in an artificial atmosphere, hot and suffocating, which so diseased her lungs, that when she passed into the healthy air of common life her heart refused to beat, and broke at last from the intensity of its own sensations.

It is said that Malibran was of Moorish descent. I do not doubt it. Her manners and habits of thought proclaim her no European. Like the Moor, she was proud, stubborn and fickle; like him she entertained a low standard of virtue and morality, and depended alone upon her vanity to preserve her from the worst species of dissipation. Like the Moresco, also, she had great enthusiasm in

all her tastes; a quick perception of the beautiful; a certain species of absolute genius; with but little intellect and judgment to control her wild and ungovernable impulses; for, although the Moor has, in past times, reached the highest point of taste, and a certain degree of gorgeous refinement, still the nobility of mind, and the controlling influence of an all-commanding soul, have been ever wanting. The life of Madame Malibran presents nothing but a continual series of caprices, triumphs, sufferings and imprudences. To gratify the whim of the moment, she would violate the most imperative laws of decorum and delicacy; in her waywardness she would expose herself to the most imminent perils without the slightest necessity; and to feed her passion for ostentatious benevolence, she would accomplish almost superhuman labor. As to real benevolence or devotion, she knew nothing of them; or she would not, could not, have deserted her husband in the moment of his adversity.

The great want of Madame Malibran was the sustaining aid and repose of a judicious friend. With this, she might have been reclaimed from her impure tendencies, and restored to society as amiable and attractive in her private life as she was magnificent and glorious in her public career. There never was human brain which throbbed with true genius, inaccessible to truth, temperance and virtue; although many have gone astray because the path has not been pointed out to them; and upon the heads of injudicious flatterers rest more than half the errors of Heaven-born but erratic genius.

The brilliant career of such a character as Malibran is dangerous in its contemplation; for it invests the loathsome skeleton of female impurity with all the seductive coloring of triumph and public applause, for which too many women have jeopardized not only their earthly reputation, but their immortal souls.

MIDNIGHT THOUGHTS.

IN the calm solitude of night, when all except yourself, that think and act, are still; when you can hear the breaths of all you truly love on earth rising and falling musically upon your ear, and the faint star-light steals in at the window and mingles with the sickly rays of the old lamp; and the mighty earth and sky, in the silence of their beautiful harmony, impart a portion of their sublime repose to the o'erwrought brain; how sweet is thought, calm thought! Clad in her rain-colored robes, Hope flashes by, illumining the soul's horizon with her joyous presence; and Memory, faithful to faithless man, gathers again the flowers which we have rudely trampled in our mad career, and strews them once more before us. But heedless ever of the present good, the dream soon passes, and we again rush onward to reach another point which 'distance makes enchanting;' until at last, arrived at the temple which seemed so bright and fair, we find it but a tomb, ready to receive our weary limbs.

C O N F I D E N C E : A L Y R I C .

BY FLACCUS.

'My wisdom is consumed in confidence.'

SHAKESPEARE

I.

I CANNOT look on loving eyes
 And turn my heart aside :
 Despite the warnings of the wise
 That wave me from the cheating prize,
 I follow, and confide.
 The casual prey of craft to prove
 Would less than doubt annoy :
 To cling is impulse from above ;
 The office of the heart is love,
 And trust, the dearest joy.

II.

I cannot feel, and not repay
 The grasp by friendship prest ;
 And if the heart be led astray,
 It culls some blossoms by the way
 In hoping for the best.
 And when its easy faith it rues,
 (And mine has felt the pain,)
 Dear, cunning Nature still subdues,
 And Confidence so sweetly sues,
 It yearns to trust again.

III.

Nor can I, listless, mark revealed
 The gay parade of Spring :
 Aware her gaudy ranks will yield,
 At Winter's trumpet-blast, the field,
 As boding minstrels sing.
 My heart leaps up to greet the flowers,
 To share with bees the prey ;
 As sportive birds among the bowers,
 Or lambs that frisk the summer hours,
 Do I devour the day.

IV.

Nor can I the sure knowledge heed
 That Death will rend our ties :
 Still trusting *yet* he'll stay his steed,
 I feed — the hungry heart *must* feed,
 Or famish where it lies.
 Cling! darlings, cling! with tasks of love
 The precious now employ!
 To cling is impulse from above ;
 The office of the heart is love,
 And trust, the dearest joy.

PASSAGES FROM JEAN PAUL.

I.

A good physician, if he does not always save from disease, at least saves from a quack.

II

PRESENT authors shrug their shoulders most over those on whose shoulders they stand, and extol those most who most servilely cringe to them.

III

AFFORDS the life of our ideal hopes and purposes any thing else than a prosaic translation, without rhyme or metre?

IV

It is with state regulations as with highways; upon one that is new and untravelled, where every wagon, with much labor and jolting, helps to make the road, a man is as badly tossed about and bruised as upon one that is old and worn full of holes. What is to be done? One must continue travelling.

V.

THE youth is designedly odd, and prides himself upon it: the man is unintentionally so, and it mortifies him.

VI.

If among other great things you look at the starry heaven through the strongest telescopes, though you apprehend the immensity of its duration behind you as little as that before you, regarding it as the polar day of Eternity, where the sun ever rises and sets at the same point, and not the measureless abyss of life that at the same time embodies spirits and inspirits bodies; yet will you from your pulpits and professors' chairs seek to comprehend the all-pervading Spirit, in whom these immensities dwell and vanish? Take first the measure of the universe, before you attempt to fathom the DEITY!

VII.

In man there is a great desire which can never be satisfied. It has no name; it seeks no object. It is not any *thing*, that you can name it, nor any joy. It comes back alone when on a summer night thou lookest toward the north or toward far-off mountains, or when moonlight robes the earth, or the heaven is studded with stars, or when thou art very happy. This great insatiable desire raises our spirits upward, but with pain; when transported above, we are cast down like epileptics. But this longing, to which nothing can give a name, the chords and tones of the human spirit reveal to us. The longing soul weeps louder then, and can no more contain itself; and calls out in sorrowing ecstasy between the sounds. 'Yes, every thing you name it, falls short of it!'

VIII.

THE passion in the more ardent love is only grief at opposition.

IX.

THE unbeliever in our immortality, when a noble spirit breaks away from him to the eternal world, throws away the anticipation of seeing the perfection of the departed, of continuing to love him in the imperishableness of a higher state of existence, and of again finding the loved one, whom he laid in the dark earth, amid the constellations of heaven.

X.

BE not eloquent in telling any one of his faults ; for while thou persuadest him of his failings thou wilt also persuade thyself thereof, and wilt become angry.

XI.

PAINT before thyself every morning the temptations and passions into which thou mayest fall during the day. Thou wilt then bear thyself better, for one does not readily fall into a bad situation the second time.

XII.

SHOULD thy friend be angry with thee, give him an opportunity to show thee a great kindness : thereby will his heart be melted, and he will again love thee.

XIII.

ONLY despair not when thou failest, and thy whole repentance shall be a fairer act.

XIV.

MAKE thyself (by stoicism, or by what means thou wilt,) only *quiet*, and thou hast little trouble to make thyself *virtuous*.

XV.

THE ENEMIES OF FREEDOM.

LET them break every alliance of her friends, and tear in pieces every book in which they have sought to show the spirit-suns of Freedom as she rose. Now the sun no more shines from one mirror, but anew out of every fragment. The quiet level of the sea, with one still sun upon its bosom, if ruffled with the wind, flames with a thousand confused suns upon its countless billows.

XVI.

THE LAST WORD TO PAULINE.

As I concluded, Pauline dried her soft blue eyes, which had raised themselves involuntarily to the moon and its white spots. I left her ; and the wish which I here make to all sisters of the good Genius, was my last word to her : ‘ May it ever be well with thee, and the spring-night of thy life pass away serene and clear, and the

azure deep above thee ever present thee on its fair bosom some emblem-star; the night-violets bloom under thee, night-musings spring within thee, and there be no more of cloud in thy horizon than shall best reflect the glories of twilight, and no more of rain than shall suffice for a rainbow in the moonshine.'

XVII.

WOMAN'S AFFLICTIONS.

WOMEN can endure longer and severer mental pangs without sinking than men, whom oftentimes a single storm of the soul breaks down. Thus they are like the soft rubies which stand the fire uninjured, while the harder diamonds are consumed. If they lose the most affectionate of children, of husbands or parents, and the brightest hopes and joys of life perish, they are only burned by these fiery afflictions, but not consumed to ashes. A young soul often sinks under the loss of a lover, but it is only on account of a young body. The hyacinth hangs only over water and blooms on without nutriment. Know you not of souls that bloom only over tears?

XVIII.

WOMAN'S FIRMNESS OF OPINION.

A WIFE, let her assert against her husband what she will, and argue as she will, the husband is not at all in the condition to refute or conquer her. For when he thinks to hold her fast by a chain of reasoning, it is very much as when he attempts to draw up to himself a ball of yarn by one of its threads. He will get more and more thread in his hands, but the ball will roll about and still remain upon the earth.

XIX.

MELANCHOLY OF YOUTH.

A CERTAIN poetical seriousness, a philosophical melancholy, in respect to the dazzling and blinding influence which the splendors of the world and city life first exert upon youth, performs the same office for them as the black crape for the Swiss traveller, which veils the eyes from the lightning-flashes of the glittering snow and glaciers. But man in later years removes this veil. Life then dazzles no more, and appears cloudless only to unveiled eyes.

XX.

LOVE.

As in the sea, when it is all calm and transparent, the mirrored heaven arches itself beneath so completely to the blue concave above, that those sailing upon it seem hovering in the light ether of the world, so Love knows how to represent the actual and the ideal, earth and heaven, so completely, that all become a fancy-heaven without a solid earth, and all the past and future is concentrated in the present; for Love desires nothing so much as the present that

will continue itself onward unchanged; and therefore is she so inexhaustibly rich because all the gifts of the future are given to her by fancied nearness and union. Love ever keeps the holy star-images of her heavens upon our revolving earth above herself; for whatever images the globe conceals in the West it must bring them again in the East.

XXI.

ABIDING SORROWS.

THERE are none, for they are clouds. The quicker they ascend the heavens, the quicker they pass away. And those which stand still the ether drinks in, and they grow smaller and smaller until they disappear.

XXII.

THE FORTUNE OF THE UNFORTUNATE.

WE meet with the greatest sufferings of body and mind in the higher walks of life, just as executions happen only upon high places, or as men upon the Alps or in balloons bleed involuntarily. At least the popular deep for their short torture-ladder of the body (the spirit rarely suffers there) have a long heavenly ladder of sensual and spiritual pleasures beside; upon which in the lowest situations they have ever more steps above than beneath them, as every lowly creature grows like grass in the hoof-print over which the sythe passes without injury.

XXIII.

TREES.

GREAT cities, those moral diseases of human society, might be remedied perhaps as we remedy a noxious atmosphere, by means of trees. The Greeks planted trees in all their cities, and so numerous were they, (e. g. in Chalchis, in Chubda,) that one for the trees could scarcely see the streets. Plant a hamlet, a garden, a grove, in your prison-city, and you have accomplished something.

XXIV.

ROYAL WIVES.

I CAN recall more than one princess who was an angel, whose wings were suddenly cut in order that *he* might sit upon that proud eminence which they call the throne of her bridegroom. Slaves search for diamonds, and not unfrequently slaves wear them.

XXV.

G O D .

God is that light which has never seen itself, makes every thing visible and yet clothes itself in colors. Thine eye perceives not the beam, but thy heart feels its warmth.

JOYS AND SORROWS.

I.

As we have a fainter recollection of the greatness and number of our sorrows than of our joys, so with them we also forget the fruits their stormy palms bore us.

II.

THE sorrows of a sensitive soul are May frosts which precede the warmer season of the year. But the afflictions of a hardened, withered heart, are autumn frosts which announce nothing but the dreary winter.

III.

EVERY heavy load of sorrow seems like a perpetual submersion, an impending grave-stone, to press the doomed one down into the grave. But we forget that these burdens are oftentimes only the stones attached to the diver, that he may sink down to fish up pearls, and when he is enriched he will be drawn up again.

IV.

Joy flutters around us like a gaudy, faultless butterfly. But when she lays, she leaves behind eggs for gnawing caterpillars.

V.

GREAT souls attract adversity, as mountains thunder-storms; but the storm breaks on them, and they let in the glorious sun-light upon the plains below.

S O N N E T .

BY 'HANS VON SPIEGEL.'

For many a watchful, many a weary day,
 Restless and careful will I guard my heart,
 So that it love not. I will sternly sway
 My soul, though tortured nature keenly smart
 With untold anguish; and will only smile
 When, from the secret chambers of my breast,
 Like Hindoo bride to seek the funeral pile,
 Affection issues forth with sable vest
 And pall and cypress wreath, and bids farewell,
 For ever, to her home. Then will I greet
 Ambition proud, and bid him ever dwell
 Where once affection held her empire sweet,
 Ere that I knew how Beauty's lip and eye,
 And trembling voice and heaving breast may lie!

Rome, Oct. 1842.

EXETER.

BY THE AUTHOR OF 'NOTES OF LIFE IN HAYTI.'

ONE day last winter I was called into the state of Maine. On my return, in order to vary the route, I took the 'Boston and Maine Rail-road' train at Dover, (N. H.,) and in a very short time our iron horse, by a shrill whistle, gave notice to wayfarers that he was about crossing a thoroughfare. Raising my eyes from the book over which I was worrying them, I found we were passing certain suburbs of which I had a dreamy recollection. Reader, did a thought ever flash through your mind that you had been placed at some remote period of time precisely in the situation which you occupy at the moment of that thought?—a sort of *duplicate* moment of your existence, so evanescent as hardly to be arrested by thought itself, but still the conviction remained that this identical scene you had once before figured in? I have experienced this sensation more than once, and I have heard others confess that they too had seen this phantom of the past.

As I gazed from the windows of the car upon the fleeting landscape, I thought the Spirit was before me again, but it did not vanish as usual; methought there was something familiar in the tall trees, and the fields and houses looked like old acquaintances. I was getting fairly puzzled, when the conductor opened the door of our car and called out: 'Passengers for Exeter!' 'Oho!' said, or rather thought I, as my scattered wits collected, and the truth lay exposed to my wondering eyes. There was Judge S.'s immense house, embowered in firs, sure enough; and these were 'the Plains,' and here was I, within ten minutes' walk of the spot which was vivid in memory with Greek and Latin, and frolic, and boyhood's merry days. I had barely time to request a friend to land my baggage with his own at the Tremont, when the whistle sounded and away bounded our Bucephalus at the rate of twenty miles an hour, leaving me standing in the midst of a broad snow level, with no companion save my walking-stick and the aforesaid book.

'Have a coach, Sir?'—and though it was a mile to the hotel, I declined the gentle suasion, preferring to see all I could of my old and cherished home as I walked on alone.

I soon arrived at the house where our English instructor, Mr. H., had lived. He had been gone to the 'far-off bourne' for many years. Peace be with thee! kind-hearted old man! Thou wert one of the old school of Domini's, and thy P-r-o-d-i-g-i-o-u-s! was not unlike that of the master of Bertram. Though thou wert no tyrant, yet thy tall, spare form and severe frown struck terror to the hearts of all juvenile delinquents.

Up yonder green lane I descry the humble cottage of old

M——, where we were wont to resort o' nights to drink beer flavored from the roots of the neighboring forest, and feast upon the cakes and candy of the old lady. 'CAKES AND BEER SOLD HERE,' ran the poetical invitation outside the door.

Madame M. was as tidy as a bird, and always had a good-natured smile for her young customers, though they *would* bring the mud in upon her nicely-sanded floor. Doubtless many a young city lad crossed here for the first time the threshold of humble poverty. Some fancy of their own had prompted old M. and his help-meet to send their two sons to the academy; and whenever we went to the house we were sure to find the youngest hard at work upon his Latin grammar. And doubtless, as the fond mother looked upon her gentle boy, visions of a decent suit of black and of a village spire flitted through her mind. Where art thou now, simple-hearted boy? Has hard poverty ground thee down, spite of all thy efforts, or hast thou haply achieved thy mother's hopes? I fear me that thou too hast gone, for thy form was not rugged enough to withstand the wear and tear of life.

With these thoughts, I walked on until the dwellings began to thicken, and I passed several of the boarding-houses where we used to eat our quotidian portion of apple-pie openly, tap the cider-barrel nightly, vex our landladies, and concoct all kinds of mischief. I stopped to lean over the garden-fence where we built the snow-fort one winter, and, having prepared our hot-shot in the shape of cold snow-balls duly dipped in water and frozen, awaited the onset of the 'town boys,' to whom a snow fortress was a sort of 'come and take me.' On they came, one moon-light night, and a stout battle we had of it. Truth obliges me to confess, however, that the big lubbers conquered and demolished the walls; but we peppered them so skilfully with our cold hot-shot from an outpost, that they were glad to leave their work half done, and retreat, bearing off several wounded.

This, boys, was not *the* snow fort, the fort par excellence; the like of which was probably never seen on American soil. **THAT** was built some ten years before, soon after the war, when the martial current ran hotter through the veins of men and boys. It was in the middle of the academy-yard, and had its battlements and bastions, and was entered only by a scaling-ladder. It had its commanding officer, and a regular sentry posted every night, and an alarm-bell on the top of its walls. The grass never had grown upon its site afterward; and no wonder, for it faded not away until it had seen the rays of a July sun! So ran the story, and I never heard it contradicted. The unfruitful spot was a constant memento of our valiant predecessors.

How many boyish acts came up at the familiar scenes around me! There was another big vane on Mr. ——'s barn in the place of the one which B. demolished with a pebble-stone. How B. scampered that day! But we were true as steel, and he never was betrayed. And there was a new barn opposite, in the place of the one which was burnt one mid-day; and I recollected how we espied the fire

from the academy windows, and forgetting all authority, jumped out pell-mell, our instructor, Mr. S., among the rest; and how the populace saved the looking-glasses by throwing them out of the windows, and how the women worked, and how they made coffee for the engine-men. How kind people are to each other in small towns in such calamities!

And now I came in sight of the time-honored seminary itself. How conflicting were the emotions of joy and sadness which struggled in my breast for the mastery! The long care-worn period that had intervened since I last stood there was annihilated, and I was a happy boy again. Every thing wore a familiar face, save that the row of tall poplars which had lined the main avenue had given place to elms. There seems to exist now, in New-England, as great a distaste for the Lombardy poplars as there was once a mania for them: under the new feeling they are fast disappearing. Over these ample grounds we drove the light foot-ball with hearts as light as feathers and spirits as buoyant as air. And now there flitted before my mind's eye scores of my old school-fellows who had passed year after year with me amid these scenes.

Here we were assembled together from distant sections of the country, and, separated from our families and friends, a common sympathy united us like a band of brothers, in the most susceptible years of life; and here we parted, never, never more to meet this side the grave! Yes! so open is the innocent heart of boyhood to the kindlier feelings of our nature, that the short-lived friendships contracted then stand out in bold relief upon our hearts, amid all the interested and artificial intercourse of later years.

At this moment the school was dismissed, and the grounds were instantly full of boys and young men. I could scarcely realize that they were all strangers to me. I am a husband and a father; but in that moment I was a boy, and these were my play-fellows and intimates. That 'leaping varmint' who came springing over all the steps at once, tumbling over one and pushing down another, was certainly —, whose limbs were as indefatigable as if they had been made of India-rubber, or were parts of a steam-engine. Those two, straying away into a quiet walk, each with a hand placed lovingly upon the other's shoulder, were — and —, the Damon and Pythias of the school. Every large seminary has one or more such couples. And is not that awkward youth my friend —? — he who did not know how to frolic, but knew well how to study; then a green country boy, now a scholar of renown? Is not this youth, with a city air and an off-hand carriage, having the manners of a man and the face of a boy — is it not, I say, KENNER, of New-Orleans, of sporting celebrity? And that silent, sedate personage, walking along amid the uproar with as much dignity as if he were measuring the ground with mathematical precision, and counting the footsteps — is it not McCaleb — JUDGE McCaleb, also of the far South-west, whom some ambitious aspirant for office tried to succeed last year, by representing to the President that Mac was dead, and when he went on to take the

judge's chair, found not his ghost but Mac himself alive and well? I say, is not this my identical old school-fellow, hailing then, I believe, from Port Gibson, Miss.? May his shadow never be less! But as the joyous throng draws near, the pleasing fancy vanishes. They are all, all strangers! They dream not of the feelings with which I am contemplating them, and I turn away with the sickening thought that the places which knew us shall know us no more for ever!

With a suspicious sort of application of the knuckle of my finger to the fringe of my eye, I called to a curly-pated little fellow: 'Who is your Principal now, my lad?' 'Mr. S.,' he replied. I remember him well: he was assistant, in my day, and his name has been synonymous with Herodotus and Terence ever since. I looked upon the smiling, saucy air of the little fellow, and said inwardly, 'How happy is your lot in this land, even in childhood! In England the younger boys are *fags*, and the elder are tyrants. Not so here, where all share alike the spirit which belongs to 'the lord of the lion heart and eagle eye.'

'And the good old Doctor?' quoth I. 'Is *he* still living?' 'Oh yes, Sir; there he is now, just coming out of his house.' With long strides I overtook him, and as his black eye glanced upon me, I again felt myself a boy; that black eye, from which the boldest and most turbulent shrunk in fear, if turned upon him in anger! What was the secret which gave him such a power over us? He was never harsh, never violent, scarcely ever spoke to us, yet we always feared him. It was the perfect blending of dignity and kindness which subdued with equal ease the hot temper of the Southerner, or the cooler obstinacy of the New-Englander.

He did not recognize me; but on giving my name, I found myself still freshly remembered, notwithstanding the hundreds who had passed through his hands since my day. After some inquiries respecting the country where I had been living, and questions from myself about his health, etc., I shook hands with my old preceptor, and proceeded to the tavern-stand of Col. B. I found that he was no longer a Boniface, and moreover that a fine large hotel was erected by the side of the more unpretending inn (thereby hangs a tale!) and post-office where we used to go religiously every night, rain or shine, to see if there was a letter from home, though our filial and fraternal anxiety about the welfare of our friends (coupled with a sort of sneaking hope that the said epistle might contain a remittance) was not rewarded more than once a month.

Proceeding to the 'Swamscot House,' I was received by a comely landlord, whose round person gave token of good cheer. He ushered me into the bar-room — I beg pardon, into the office — where, seated before a good fire, amid the fumes of a genuine Havanna, I entered into a cheerful conversation with mine host and a friend of the house.

'And so, Sir,' said the latter, 'you have heard no account of the ABBOTT festival, given on occasion of the good old Doctor's resigning his charge, after fifty odd years of service? It was a grand day for the old man, with DANIEL WEBSTER and EDWARD EVERETT (both

of whose sconces had probably been in pretty close contact with his fingers more than once) making speeches and paying him compliments, notwithstanding his modesty. Only think, Sir, of one man having had the authority to apply the birch to such men as these, and JARED SPARKS, and LEWIS CASS, and WILLIAM LADD, and a thousand other ornaments of the land. I dare say, Sir, they are all the brighter for his rubbing; and he was a younger man then, and had n't that black eye for nothing.'

'I have been far away, Sir,' I replied; 'and should be glad to hear about it now.'

ST. CROIX.

T H E W A T C H - F I R E .

FROM THE GERMAN.

I.

WIFE and child sleep safe at home;
While ye sleep, I've hither come;
Watch for thee, through cold and night,
Think of thee—and call with might,
'Death, or Liberty!'

II.

Now from far I hear the sound,
In my heart the echoes bound;
Brother greeting in the night,
Watch to watchman calls with might,
'Death, or Liberty!'

III.

Where the watch-fire brightly glows,
Stands a friend to mark thy foes;
And the murmur through the night,
Watch to watchman calls with might,
'Death, or Liberty!'

IV.

If protection he should will,
Coward fears his bosom fill,
Bid him shelter in the night,
Trembling 'neath that call of might,
'Death, or Liberty!'

V.

When the battle-tumult's quiet,
Whispering bullets cease their riot,
Then, amid the darksome night,
Blast him with our call of might,
'Death, or Liberty!'

LEWIS VON YERL.

L I T E R A R Y N O T I C E S .

SPORTING SCENES AND SUNDRY SKETCHES. Being the Miscellaneous Writings of J. CYPRESS, Jr. Edited by FRANK FORRESTER. In two volumes. pp. 462. New-York: GOULD, BANKS AND COMPANY.

UNTIL the appearance of these volumes, we were not aware how much our humorous and sporting literature was indebted to their lamented author, WILLIAM P. HAWES, Esq. We had read, it is true, in those capital sporting journals, the New-York '*Spirit of the Times*' and the '*Turf Register*,' several papers from the pen of 'CYPRESS, Jr.,' which had struck us as evincing a deep love and close observation of nature, and as possessing a vein of quiet humor that was irresistible; and we remember to have quoted on one occasion the admirable story of a man and a bear putting to sea on a cake of ice to which they were frozen, and the amusing scenes and colloquy which ensued between them. In addition to papers of this stamp, there are contained in these volumes a few articles in prose and verse, touching in a playful and satirical spirit upon the political men and themes of the day. Our space allows us only to quote from a very small portion of the work; but the extracts which we present will stimulate the reader to the possession of the entire volumes. There is something in the following sketch of our author's sporting friend, NED LOCUS, and himself, that reminds us forcibly of the quiet but effective humor of SANDS:

'NED is a young gentleman, who spends his money, and shoots, and fishes, and tells tough yarns for a living. His uncle manages his estate; for although Ned is now of age, yet he don't want to deprive the old man of the commissions; and beside, ever since Ned got his bachelor's diploma, he has forgotten his Greek and Trigonometry, without which no man can be an executor. Ned, although not strictly pious, delights not in things of this world. Mere terrestrial axioms know no lodgment in his confidence. His meditations and labors are in another sphere, a universe of his own creation. And yet he believes himself to be a plain, practical, matter-of-fact man; one who has no fancy, who never tells his dreams for truths, nor adds a single bird or fish in the story of the sum total of his successes. There is no design upon his part in the choice of his place of existence, or the description of his sensations and actions. The fault, if any, lies in his original composition; his father and mother are to be blamed for it, not he. His eyes and ears are not as the eyes and ears of other men, and, truly, so is not his tongue. There is an investiture of unearthliness about every thing he sees and hears. By day and by night he is contemplating a constant mirage. He never admired a woman on account of her having flesh, blood, bosom, lips, and such things; but while he gazed, he worshipped some fairy incarnation, that enveloped and adorned her with unearthly grace and hypercelestial sweetnesses. Even in his reading he is an original. He never gives to a fine passage in Shakspeare its ordinary interpretation; but the brilliant light of the poet's thought is crooked, and thrown off, and sometimes made a caricature rainbow of, by the refraction of his cloudy imagination. His aunt sent him one new-year's day, when he was at college, an old copy of the Septuagint, which she had picked up at the auction sale of the effects of a demised ecclesiastic. On receiving the present, he wrote upon the fly-leaf what he considered to be the apposite sentiments of Mark Antony:

'Let but the commons hear this testament,
Which, pardon me, I do not mean to read.'

That was Ned, all over. With such a constitution it is quite possible that he may seem, to those men who always want the actual proof of a thing, chapter and verse, to be rather given to romance. Ned hates such people. So do I. They are without faith, earth-bound, and live by sense alone; grossly.

'I am — I don't know what I am, exactly. I'm a distant relative of Ned — a blossom off one of the poor branches of the family. I 'expect' I'm a kind of a loafer. I'm Ned's friend, and he's mine. I'm his moralist, and minister, and tiger, and kind of tutor, and he lends me money. I certainly intend to repay him; though I don't owe him much now, by the by, for I have won all the bets we have made lately, as might naturally be presumed; Ned always bets so wildly. We keep along pretty square. Ned's a good fellow. If I only say: 'Ned, I'm rather short to-day, how are you?' he'll give me a draft on his uncle for a cool hundred. We play picquet too, now and then, and casino, and all-fours, a little. I can beat him at those games. I keep my account at the Tea-water Pump. I have thought of getting into some kind of business; I think I am calculated for it; but my affection for Ned will not permit me to leave him. We were both 'licked' by Joe Nelson, the blind school-master, and hector'd by his twin-headed understrapper; and we were class-mates in old Columbia, and put into practice the doctrines of forces, and action and reaction at Robinson's, during intermission hours, and were always together. So we ride about and take our comfort.'

How *very* beautiful, nay how exquisitely touching in parts, is the following passage from an article entitled 'Some Observations concerning Quail!' It is written in the true spirit of a kind-hearted gentleman and 'tender sportsman:'

'The quail is the bird for me. He is no rover, no emigrant. He stays at home, and is identified with the soil. Where the farmer works, he lives and loves and whistles. In budding spring-time, and in scorching summer; in bounteous autumn, and in barren winter; his voice is heard from the same bushy hedge-fence, and from his customary cedars. Cupidity and cruelty may drive him to the woods, and to seek more quiet seats; but be merciful and kind to him, and he will visit your barn-yard, and sing for you upon the boughs of the apple-tree by your gate-way. But when warm May first woos the young flowers to open and receive her breath, then begin the loves and jealousies and duels of the heroes of the bevy. Duels, too often, alas! bloody and fatal; for there liveth not an individual of the gallinaceous order, braver, bolder, more enduring, than a cock-quail fighting for his lady-love. Arms too he wieldeth, such as give no vain blows, rightly used. His mandible serves for other purposes than mere biting of grasshoppers and picking up Indian corn. While the dire affray rages, Miss Quailina looketh on from her safe perch on a limb above the combatants, impartial spectatress, holding her love under her left wing, patiently; and when the vanquished craven finally bites the dust, descends and rewards the conquering hero with her heart and hand.

'Now begin the cares and responsibilities of wedded life. Away fly the happy pair to seek some grassy tussock, where, safe from the eye of the hawk and the nose of the fox, they may rear their expected brood in peace, provident, and not doubting that their *espousals* will be blessed with a numerous offspring. Oats harvest arrives, and the fields are waving with yellow grain. Now be wary, oh kind-hearted cradler! and tread not into those pure white eggs ready to burst with life! Soon there is a peeping sound heard, and lo! a proud mother walketh magnificently in the midst of her children, scratching and picking, and teaching them how to swallow. Happy she if she may be permitted to bring them up to maturity, and uncompelled to renew her joys in another nest.

'The assiduities of a mother have a beauty and a sacredness about them that command respect and reverence in all animal nature, human or inhuman — what a lie does that word carry — except perhaps in monsters, insects and fish. I never yet heard of the parental tenderness of a trout, eating up his little baby, nor of the filial gratitude of a spider, nipping the life out of his gray-headed father, and usurping his web. But if you would see the purest, the sincerest, the most affecting piety of a parent's love, startle a young family of quails, and watch the conduct of the mother. She will not leave you. No, not she. But she will fall at your feet, uttering a noise which none but a distressed mother can make, and she will run, and flutter, and seem to try to be caught, and cheat your outstretched hand, and affect to be wing-broken, and wounded, and yet have just strength enough to tumble along, until she has drawn you, fatigued, a safe distance from her threatened children, and the young hopes of her heart; and then will she mount, whirring with glad strength, and away through the maze of trees you have not seen before, like a close-shot bullet, fly to her skulking infants. Listen now! Do you hear those three half plaintive notes, quickly and clearly poured out? She is calling the boys and girls together. She sings not now 'Bob White!' nor 'ah! Bob White!' That is her husband's love-call, or his trumpet-blast of defiance. But she calls sweetly and softly for her lost children. Hear them 'peep! peep! peep!' at the welcome voice of their mother's love! They are coming together. Soon the whole family will meet again. It is a foul sin to disturb them; but retread your devious way, and let her hear your coming footsteps, breaking down the briars, as you renew the danger. She is quiet. Not a word is passed between the fearful fugitives. Now, if you have the heart to do it, lie low, keep still, and imitate the call of the hen-quail. O, mother! mother! how your heart would die if you could witness the deception! The little ones raise up their trembling heads, and catch comfort and imagined safety from the sound. 'Peep! peep!' they come to you, straining their little eyes, and clustering together, and answering, seem to say: 'Where is she! Mother! mother! we are here!'

'I knew an Ethiopian once — he lives yet in a hovel, on the brush plains of Matowacs — who called a whole bevy together in that way. He first shot the parent bird; and when the murderous villain had ranged them in close company, while they were looking over each other's necks, and mingling their doubts and hopes and distresses, in a little circle, he levelled his cursed musket at their unhappy breasts, and butchered — 'What! all my pretty ones? Did you say all?' He did; and he lives yet! O! let me not meet that nigger six miles north of Patchogue, in a place where the scrub oaks cover with cavernous gloom a sudden precipice, at whose bottom lies a deep lake,

unknown but to the Kwaak and the lost deer-hunter! For my soul's sake let me not encounter him in the grim ravines of the Callicoon, in Sullivan, where the everlasting darkness of the hemlock forests would sanctify virtuous murder!

We had marked for insertion other and not less felicitous passages, classical, sporting, humorous, and satirical; but we would rather that our readers should seek them out for themselves, and thus compass their own enjoyment, while they do justice to the widow and children of the accomplished author, on whose behalf the volumes are published. We should not omit to add that they are handsomely executed, and illustrated by several fine steel engravings, representing 'Trout-fishing on Long-Island,' 'Wild-duck shooting,' 'Woodcock shooting,' 'Snipe shooting,' etc. We commend the volumes confidently and cordially to public acceptance.

A DISCOURSE OCCASIONED BY THE DEATH OF WILLIAM ELLERY CHANNING, D. D. Pronounced before the Unitarian Societies of New-York and Brooklyn, in the Church of the Messiah. By HENRY W. BELLOWES. New York: CHARLES S. FRANCIS AND COMPANY.

THIS very able Discourse now appears for the first time in a printed form from the writer's manuscript; although imperfect and unrevised reports of it were presented, soon after its delivery, in several of the daily journals. It is a feeling and faithful tribute to the memory of a great and good man, whose death is widely and universally deplored. We select two or three brief extracts, for which only we have space. The justice of the following observations will be admitted by all who have faith in man, and who hold with Dr. CHANNING that the most humble and even depraved being is not without *some* portion of that divine 'light which lighteth every man that cometh into the world:'

'Few know how much this man has done to raise into self-respect and happiness the mechanics and laborers of our country, who felt themselves ground down in spirit under the assumptions and pride ascribed to the more privileged classes. I have seen the influence of that single tract of Dr. CHANNING's, styled 'Self Culture.' It has reconciled thousands to manual labor, satisfied them with their condition, by substituting their own respect and the respect of God for the condescension of riches and fashion, and taught them to look down upon ignorance and folly, even clothed in purple and fine linen and faring sumptuously every day. And what is more, he taught social equality without Jacobinism and Agrarianism. The poor and humble were no *better*, but only as good as the rich and the proud. A man was a man in rags, but also a man in purple; the soiled hand of labor was still human, and so was the gloved hand of luxury. Toil needed to be taught what was respectable in affluence, as well as affluence what was venerable in toil. If there was pride, reserve, and contempt in the high, there was envy, jealousy, and hatred in the low. Therefore, if the rich respect the poor, the poor shall respect the rich.'

It is a bright feature in the bright character of CHANNING, that his sectarian views were never accompanied by sectarian intolerance. In this regard, it is well observed by his friend and pupil, that

'He rose above the barriers of sect, and merged the partisan in the Christian, and the theologian in the man. Philanthropy belongs to no sect; goodness is of no party. The depth and purity of this man's heart, the breadth and comprehensiveness of his intelligence, precluded aversion or rejection on the part of others. He could not be shut out from the sympathy and reverence of other religious minds without excluding more of Christianity and humanity than could be spared. None can doubt the safety, the sincerity, or the essential truth of a mode of faith which produces the holiest life, the calmest but most active benevolence, the serenest and most reverend beauty of character and conduct. Fenelon and Channing are brothers in Christ, saints in the universal church, and angels of God. In these latter days, thank God, theology every where gives way to religion. Peculiarities and differences of religious opinion have met and kissed each other over the altar of philanthropy. 'By their fruits ye shall know them,' is a test that gains credit in our day. Channing's loss is specially to be mourned as a mediator in the Christian church. We need men in whom all denominations feel confidence. They do more to remedy the littleness and narrowness of sectarianism than every thing beside; and sectarianism is the curse of the Christian church; a family quarrel, an intestine war, which weakens our force more than all the principalities and powers of the world, if, alas! all these are not within the pale of the church itself.'

A glance at the personal appearance of Dr. CHANNING must close our extracts from the Discourse before us :

‘ His stature was small and his frame slight. There seemed only enough body to anchor his soul among us. His health was extremely feeble, and he had led the life of an invalid for thirty years. This doubtless made him more contemplative than he might otherwise have been. It narrowed his activity in one kind only to widen it in another. Had he been better able to labor as a parochial minister, he might have been less a philanthropist and philosopher, and the world have lost what his people gained. The slenderness and debility of his frame gave increased expressiveness to his character and discourse. His head was so full and finely turned, that no sense of diminutiveness disturbed you, and least of all in the pulpit. His countenance was surpassingly beautiful. Heavenly-mindedness, truth, compassion, love, and peace, reposed in his features. His voice, tremulous always, was melodious and melting beyond any parallel ; and his articulation distinct and elegant, but simple, slow, and slightly delayed, had the effect of those notes in music which reluctantly give way to each other. His eloquence was persuasive, but not *he*, but truth and love took you captive. He had no peculiarities of manner. There was nothing oratorical in his discourses ; for they read as well as they sounded, which can never be true of artificial eloquence. His gesture you neither minded nor missed. He left you full of the subject and not of himself. And if an occasional hearer only, you went from his discourse with a feeling that it was an era in your moral life.’

‘ As we looked,’ says an eloquent writer, in an article upon the death of Dr. CHANNING, in the last number of the *Christian Examiner*, ‘ as we looked upon the narrow coffin which contained the slender, fragile form, and scanty ashes, lately animate with so lofty a spirit, and a power that outswayed the rule of kings, we could not but reflect that no great man could less need to live longer than he. His was an agency and a power that would not die with him. Though he lay silent and cold beneath the pulpit that had been his very throne, and under the arched roof that had echoed to his eloquence, we felt that, though dead, his mind was speaking, and would speak on when that roof should have fallen in decay to the ground, and when our children’s children should be laid with him in the dust ; speak on, and be echoed from unnumbered souls, repeated from unnumbered tongues, and transfused through invisible channels into the thoroughfares and by-ways of human thought and feeling.’

BRAITHWAITE’S RETROSPECT OF MEDICINE AND SURGERY. Part V. January and July. New-York : ADELL AND EASTABROOK.

In this age of universal book-making, he who can concentrate the substance of many volumes into one, does the reading community a real service. To do this skilfully, requires not only great industry but talent of no mean order ; to which, however, we think the compiler of the above volume may fairly lay claim. The work of which the present is a reprint was commenced in London in eighteen hundred and forty, and has just reached its fifth part. It is to be continued in the same form by the American publishers, as fast as received ; the back volumes to be brought out semi-monthly. It is designed to comprise the spirit of the various medical journals, which have become so numerous that few physicians can think of purchasing, much less of reading, one half of them. Yet it must be presumed that each one of them contains *something* that is truly valuable to the profession, which but for a work like the present would be lost to the great body of practitioners. As a specimen of the condensing powers of the compiler we may state, that the present number contains the substance of one hundred and nineteen articles, by ninety different writers, and condensed from all the principal medical journals. To country physicians, whose leisure is limited, this work must be invaluable ; and as it comes at the low price of one dollar per annum, we hope to see it extensively circulated.

PLEASANT MEMORIES OF PLEASANT LANDS. By Mrs. L. H. SIGOURNEY. In one volume. Boston: JAMES MUNROE AND COMPANY.

WE have had great pleasure in looking over the sheets of a forthcoming volume, entitled as above, which will be published early in the present month. Its typographical execution is beautiful. The frontispiece is an engraving by ANDREWS, in his best style, of 'Abbotsford.' There is a vignette title-page, by the same artist, representing the 'Obelisk of Luxor' at Paris. Poetry and prose interspersed, and both in Mrs. SIGOURNEY'S most felicitous manner, make the book doubly attractive. In the preface, she remarks: 'These pages have been drawn forth and modified from the notes of a journal regularly kept during a tour which occupied the greater part of a year. Their writer has not sought to dwell upon the dark shades of the countries that it was her privilege to visit. It might have been easy to fix the eye upon the blemishes that appertain to each, as it is to discern foibles in the most exalted character. Yet it is but a losing office to quit our own fireside and throw ourselves upon the stormy billows, for the sake of finding fault: this we might do with less fatigue and peril at home. She might indeed have picked up a nettle here and there, but the flowers were sweeter. She might have gathered thorns and brambles to sting others or herself with; but what she has missed, multitudes who go the same road can find and cull if they choose. . . . Methinks, he who leaves his native land to take note of foreign realms, and is brought again in safety to his own home and people, owes not only a great debt of gratitude to his Preserver, but a new service of charity to those whom He has made. It would seem that obligation was laid on him, not to use the knowledge thus acquired to embarrass and embroil God's creatures, but to brighten the bands of the nations with a wreath of love.'

From many graceful pieces of descriptive poetry, in which the author's impressions on visiting remarkable places are recorded with ease and vividness, we copy the following lines:

L A K E W I N A N D E R M E R E .

Oh, sweet Winandermere! how blest
Is he who on thy marge may rest,
Rear his light bower, 'neath summer's ray,
And from the loud world steal away;
And here, when twilight calm and pale
Spreads o'er thy mist a deeper veil,
List to the ripple on thy shore,
Or mark the lightly dripping oar,
Or sink to sleep, when eve shall cease,
Like thee, with all mankind at peace.

The angler here, with trolling line,
Doth muse from morn till day's decline,
And when brown autumn sets its seal,
How sharply rings the hunter's steel:
But I, with these no concert keep,
Nor aim to vex thy tranquil deep;
No barbed hook with pang and start
Would bury in the simple heart,
Nor work their wo, that wandering free
Would dip the oary foot in thee.

Fair lakes my own dear land can boast,
From inland glades to ocean coast:
Through woven copse or thicket green,
Their blue eyes deeply fringed are seen;
On hillock's side they scoop a nest,
Like dew-drop nursed in lily's breast:

By Seneca and lone St. Clair,
The mirrored maiden braids her hair,
And guileless to the searching sun
Turns crystal-breasted Horricon.

Yet could'st thou see our mighty chain
From red Algonquin to the main;
'Those seas on seas, which thundering leap
O'er strong Niagara's mountain steep,
And bid St. Lawrence hoarsely pour
Round Anticosti's trembling shore,
Thou, at their side, bright gem, would'st be
Like timid brooklet to the sea,
And highest swoln and tempest-tost,
Still, as a noteless speck, be lost.

But o'er thy brow deep memories glide,
And spirit-voices stir thy tide,
For thou of her art pleased to tell,
Queen of the lyre, who loved thee well,
And in the 'Dove's nest' by thy side,
Sought from the gazing throng to hide,
The laurel o'er her casement darkening,
The rose-tree for her footsteps hearkening.
I see her! though in dust she sleeps;
I hear her! though no lyre she sweeps;
And for her sake so fondly dear,
I love thee, sweet Winandermere!

EDITOR'S TABLE.

A VOICE FROM THE PUBLISHERS' COUNTING-ROOM.—**JEREMY BENTHAM** once wrote a treatise on 'Popular Fallacies,' and **SIR THOMAS BROWNE**, in a former age, lavished the treasures of his quaint and rich genius upon an inquiry into 'Common and Vulgar Errors.' Both these works are so far incomplete, that they make no mention of a fallacy of recent growth, which is enjoying a very extensive popularity, and of an error which has become alarmingly common; and that is, the notion that a publisher of a periodical is an animal who actually lives upon air. He is supposed to be a sort of brother to the chameleon, and of kindred with the lilies of the field; breakfasting upon the morning breeze and weaving his clothing from threads of light and filaments of dew. Other men are allowed to stand in need of beef, bread and broad-cloth; printers, paper-makers, type-founders, book-binders and even authors (though this last fact is rather reluctantly admitted) are acknowledged to be consumers of food, raiment, and fuel, and to require certain periodical supplies of money to maintain unimpaired the mysterious connection of soul and body; but a publisher is assumed to be a jolly, good-natured person, so overflowing with zeal, humanity, benevolence and disinterestedness, that he delights to spend his property, his time and his wits, in furnishing periodically a stated amount of pleasant reading gratis, for his fellow-citizens, and that to offer to pay for it would be taken as a kind of insult; like going by invitation to an agreeable dinner, and at the end of it, ringing the bell and asking the servant to bring in the bill.

The publishers of the **KNICKERBOCKER** have been forced into these conclusions in consequence of a recent examination of their books, and the result of certain measures adopted in consequence of this examination. They gathered from it the astounding and almost incredible fact, that the amount due from delinquent subscribers, during the last two years only, exceeds **FIVE THOUSAND DOLLARS**. And this sum, be it remembered, has its representative or equivalent in some substantial value, some article of exchangeable worth, made up of paper, printing, binding, intellectual and manual toil, and stands for no airy bubble or unsubstantial moonshine. They accordingly addressed a printed circular to their delinquent subscribers, reminding them of their obligations, and civilly requesting payment. To this, various answers were received, and many of them conceived and expressed in a spirit which would make one sad or mirthful, according to the mood of mind in which he happened to take them up; very few however containing that which, in such a case, is the cream of the correspondence, *a remittance*: some were coarsely

indignant, and some were tart with suppressed irritation, some were nonchalant and some were apologetic; some were in a tone of defiance, and some of deprecation, but very few were satisfactory.

Now we respectfully beg leave to assure our subscribers that if they suppose that we are an exception to the general laws which regulate the production, distribution, and consumption of exchangeable values, or if they imagine that we are *millionaires*, who publish the *KNICKERBOCKER* merely for pastime and entertainment, they are altogether mistaken. On the contrary, we assure them that we and those in our employment, and those dependant upon us, are in want of a great many things which can neither be begged nor borrowed; we feel hungry two or three times a day, and know of no remedy for that disease but eating; we are sensitive to winter's cold and summer's heat, and must have shelter, raiment and fuel, to say nothing of various artificial wants which civilization engenders and converts into necessities. Nor shall we feel the least 'hurt,' or suffer any uneasiness from wounded feeling, if our friends insist upon *paying* us for the monthly entertainment which we supply to them. Indeed, we shall receive such tributes with great thankfulness of spirit, and be much comforted and refreshed thereby. If they have any dainty scruples on this point, we beg them to dismiss them: there need be no ceremony among friends. Plainness of speech and directness of conduct are especially commendable in such relations. They need not have recourse to any of those delicate artifices or ingenious manœuvres by which to sensitive natures the weight of obligation is lessened. We care not how many people are present when we receive our honorarium: we do not insist on having it stealthily conveyed to us under the table, or smuggled between the leaves of a book. We could bear even to see a bank-note (supposing the bank to be solvent) a little fluttered in the air, or to hear a gold-piece ring loudly upon the counter. Our nerves would be proof against even these shocks.

The singular apathy which pervades the public mind upon the subject of the claims of publishers would not press so heavily upon us, in its consequences, if it were extended to other departments of productive industry. But the moment we appear in the relation of consumers, we find ourselves to be the solitary exception to a stern general rule. Should we, on some bright morning, go to our tailor and invite him to make us a coat for the honor and glory of the thing, he would very good-naturedly, but very decidedly, shake his head at our proposal. If we should say to the baker: 'You will supply us with bread for the next quarter on principles of general benevolence and universal philanthropy,' we should gain nothing but experience by our motion. Should we propose to the butcher to furnish us with juicy joints for a season upon no other ground than that he had them and we wanted them, we should certainly escape all the penalties, moral and physical, denounced upon flesh-eaters. Or to bring the matter more directly home, should we go to our paper-maker and say to him: 'We want so many reams of paper for the next *KNICKERBOCKER* you will not be paid, but then it has a great many subscribers, and you will have the satisfaction of contributing to the entertainment and instruction of a large multitude;' or should we say to the printer: 'You will print so many copies, and receive your compensation in the consciousness of the good you are doing by the diffusion of knowledge,' or should we go to a clever contributor, and tell him that we were in need of some ten pages of very choice matter, which shall be at once witty, sound, learned, and graceful, and for this wear and tear of his brains he should have no other *quid pro quo* than the proud

thought of the many wise and good men and lovely women that would hang with delight over his periods; should this be our language, directly or indirectly, what would be the result? Certainly not the getting out of our next number.

We are well aware that to pay a publisher is regarded as a sort of wild conscientiousness—something like returning a borrowed umbrella; and that a man who does either, would hardly be considered, in legal phrase, ‘of sound and disposing mind and memory.’ But there is no form of eccentricity more pardonable than the eccentricity of virtue. It may well be inquired, whether the joke of not paying for periodicals has not been carried too far?—whether it has not become somewhat stale, flat and prosaic? Would it not be well to reverse the spell, and try the other path? This is the age of changes and reforms. Men are tired of the old and are clamoring for the new. In medicine, in politics, in social habits, the whirl of revolution is going on. Let us introduce the spirit of reform into the relations of publishers and subscribers generally, and let it begin with the **KNICKERBOCKER MAGAZINE**. We invite our delinquent subscribers to form themselves into an association, the first principle of which shall be to pay up all their arrears, and the second, never to allow any delinquencies hereafter to gather against their names. Let them try this new sensation, of feeling that they owe their publisher nothing. Who knows but that they may find it a very agreeable one?—very salutary to the digestion, clarifying to the brain, and enlivening to the spirits? At any rate, it is worth trying; and we hereby respectfully give notice to all our subscribers that books are now opened at our counting-room for the formation of such a society, and that it will be duly organized so soon as a sufficient number of names are subscribed.

DICKENS'S ‘AMERICAN NOTES.’—We are not quite so fatuous as to attempt a review of a work which in four distinct and marvellously cheap editions is doubtless at this moment familiar to three or four hundred thousand readers in this country. We cannot resist the inclination, however, to say a few words concerning a production, of which, as we learn from the best authority, eight thousand copies were sold in London at a guinea a copy, on the first day of its publication, and which therefore must be as extensively perused by the British public as by our own. These ‘Notes’ bear evident marks of having been very hastily elaborated from memoranda hurriedly jotted down in the writer’s rapid progress through the country. Mr. **DICKENS** has abstained, and we think very properly, from a description of the festivals and entertainments, public and private, which were got up to do honor to that talent which had delighted so many readers in this western hemisphere; yet he has awarded a cheerful tribute of praise to the society in our Atlantic cities, which alone he had an adequate opportunity of observing. The educated classes in Boston and New-York, he tells us, are in no wise dissimilar to kindred classes in England. ‘The American people,’ says Mr. **DICKENS**, ‘are by nature frank, brave, cordial, hospitable and affectionate. Cultivation and refinement seem but to enhance their warmth of heart and ardent enthusiasm; and it is the possession of these latter qualities, in a most remarkable degree, which renders an educated American one of the most endearing and most generous of friends.’ These tributes, however, are somewhat lessened when contrasted with elaborate descriptions of the *désagremens* of travel in the western and south-western portions of the Union. In this regard, we are compelled to admit,

with a contemporary, that, while the work is amusing and interesting, and written in a good-humored tone, and kind though rather patronizing spirit, a stranger would receive from it a very untrue impression of the country. 'Reconstructing the western world from these 'Notes,' he would produce a population entirely such as met Boz in stages, and steamboats, and taverns. This injustice was perhaps unavoidable, but is none the less real. In all his pictures he does not go below the surface. He paints the foliage and branches of the tree, but does not stop to analyze the soil in which it grows, and to discriminate between the original tendency of the germ and the effect of surrounding influences. But amid his bitter denunciations of the newspaper press and of slavery, and his tasteless obtrusion of the necessity of spittoons, are found a hearty sympathy with the masses, a frank admission of the moral superiority of the American manufacturing system, and a deep interest in the institutions for the relief of the unfortunate and the criminal. Indeed, his sketches of the 'Egyptian Tombs,' and of the Pennsylvania 'Eastern Penitentiary' at Philadelphia, are among the most stirring and graphic pictures of the volume. That in portions of this republic our good people *do* expectorate incessantly, almost; that in steam-boats, meals are devoured in a silence almost as solemn and unbroken as a states'-prison repast, is, we have been told by our own writers, 'quite the fact,' but that one of these '*vérités-variables*' should have made so much matériel for the volume before us, would seem to indicate a paucity of subject, or lack of observation of what was note-worthy, which one would have thought quite foreign to such a writer as Mr. DICKENS.' But enough. Our readers have formed their own judgment, as we have ours, of these 'Notes;' and we can well believe that our own estimate differs very little from the general impressions of Mr. DICKENS's friends and admirers in this country, or from those of the American public at large.

THE 'CHRISTIAN EXAMINER' for November contains several very able and interesting papers. The number opens with a new translation of the first of the Tusculan Questions, '*De contemnenda morte*,' of CICERO, which proceeds, as we think, from the pen of a popular correspondent of this Magazine. The translation is offered as an argument for revelation; as a cry to heaven for light and guidance; as a confession of human weakness and want; and as a proof of the *necessity* of a more complete argument for the immortality of the soul. One striking passage we segregate from a context scarcely less impressive:

'These things we do see we perceive not by the eyes, for there is no sense in the body, but (as not only natural philosophers but also physicians teach us, who have seen them open and exposed) there are certain paths perforated from the seat of the soul to the eyes, the ears, and the nostrils. Often, when fast in thought or affected by disease, the eyes and ears being open and sound, we perceive see not, and hear not; that it can easily be understood that it is the soul that sees and hears, and not the organs which are, as it were, the windows of the soul; for the senses can perceive nothing unless the soul be present and act. Why do we comprehend the most dissimilar things by one mind? Is it heat, color, sound, which the soul would never know by the five senses unless they referred things to it, and made it the sole judge of everything? And indeed all things will be seen more clearly and truly, when the free soul shall have arrived at that place to which it tends by nature. Now indeed although nature has by the most cunning workmanship formed these avenues, which conduct to the soul from the body, nevertheless they are often clogged up by earthly and sensual attachments. But when there shall be nothing but pure mind, no object will intervene to obstruct seeing how and what every thing is. How many, how various, how splendid are the sights which shall open upon the soul in the celestial regions!'

From an article which discusses the influence of the Bible upon science, art and poetry, we take the subjoined forcible and just comments upon the compara-

tive effects of the Grecian and Gothic styles of architecture. Our readers will perceive that the writer's views are identical with those which we have frequently put forth in these pages :

'THE Grecian architecture is strictly terrestrial in its style. The log cabin, man's first dwelling, was its element; and in all its modifications and refinements it retains the proportions of this element. This style is beautiful, chaste, elegant. By its faultlessness of symmetry it defies criticism. It is admirably adapted to human mansions and palaces; and diffuses over the dwellings or secular haunts of men an air of good taste and refinement. But it is unspiritual. Its columns and façades have nothing in their contour or arrangement which can awaken any moral association, any heavenward aspiration, any thought of infinity, immensity, or eternity. It could have connected itself with no other religion than that with which it was allied, the votaries of which worshipped gods who were altogether such as themselves.

'Far otherwise the Gothic order. Its element is nature's noblest temple, the grove; its pointed vaults and arches are derived from the lofty embraces of giant oaks; and its whole character bears the same marks of grandeur with the primeval forests, among which it had its birth. Its essential feature is that in which lies the very essence of the sublime, namely, that its proportions are too vast to be measured by the observer's eye, and therefore are virtually infinite. In this order, the spires and turrets losing themselves in the clouds, the deep recesses, the dizzy height of the ceilings, the shadowy rows of clustered columns, the mellow light making the whole perspective dim and phantom-like in the distance, all help to constitute a shrine meet for the lowly, awe-stricken worship of Him, who is in part unseen, in part but dimly seen; all awaken the sense of an infinite presence, of power immense, of greatness unutterable. Such a pile, in its solemn grandeur, makes man feel his nothingness before Him to whom the temple is reared. The Gothic order is thus in its very idea, aspiring, spiritual, Godward tending. It is the offspring no less than the perennial fountain of devotion; and its gorgeous cathedrals and abbeys, the wonder of all lands and climes, are so many gifts of the genius of Christianity to the world, which it is regenerating.'

Perhaps the reader will be glad to be reminded in this connection of the admirable cognate lines of BRYANT :

'THE groves were God's first temples. Ere man learned
To hew the shaft, and lay the architrave,
And spread the roof above them; ere he framed
The lofty vault, to gather and roll back
The sound of anthems; in the darkling wood,
Amidst the coal and silence, he knelt down
And offered to the Mightiest solemn thanks
And supplication.'

Among the critical notices of the 'Examiner,' we remark one upon the poems of TENNYSON, which expresses our own opinion of that gentleman's genius and productions. The following is an extract :

'It does not require much depth to fathom Mr. TENNYSON's genius. He certainly has genius. He looks on things with a poetical eye; but they are small things, and his eye is none of the largest. There is nothing wide and comprehensive in his intellectual range; nothing of

'the ample pinion
That the Thetan eagle bore,
Sailing with supreme dominion
Through the azure deep of air,'

in his poetical flights. He has a remarkable alacrity at sinking. Quiet scenes and soft characters he delights to portray; and he portrays them with what the painters call a very soft touch. There is a very peculiar music in the flow of his lines and stanzas. It is generally pleasing, sometimes captivates the ear, but often overpowers us by its melting effeminacy. He is a dainty poet. We cannot help fancying him to be altogether finical in his personal habits. He is a sweet gentleman, and delights to gaze upon his image in a glass; his hair is probably long and carefully curled: he writes in white kid gloves, on scented paper; perhaps he sleeps in yellow curl-papers. We are certain he lisps :

—ὡς ἡλίσσιον ἐφθίγγατο
καὶ τῶισι χεῖλεσιν διεῖρηκεσθαι.

'He is deficient in manly thought and strong expression; but he has fancy and feeling. Instead of uttering what he has to say in a direct, unambiguous, and plain fashion, as the older and better poets did, he surrounds it with a haze of pretty words, bedecks it with sparkling conceits, and sweetens it with sugary sentimentalities. He is fond of 'airy, fairy women,' and has drawn a series of sketches, about as distinct and substantial as the forms on dying embers. He is a curious compound of the poet, the dandy, and the Della Cruscan. Affectation is his prevailing intellectual vice; and it is the badge of a numerous tribe. Sometimes he puts on the simple; and then he outruns the simplicity of Mother Goose.'

A friend and correspondent in Louisiana, who desired to know our estimate of 'Orianna' and its author, will find in the above an answer to his query.

THE DRAMA.

PARK THEATRE: 'THE ISRAELITES IN EGYPT.'—The exhibition of a sacred drama before an American audience is a subject so novel in its character that a serious review of its peculiar merits and defects was naturally expected from those conservators of public taste, the critics attached to the daily press; but save and except those terse and unique puffs, which seem written with the advertisements at the box-office, and are as regular in their appearance as the bills of the play, we have hardly seen an allusion made to this first attempt to present sacred music in the form and interest of a drama to the American public. The principal music of this piece was first heard in an opera by ROSSINI, called 'Peter the Hermit.' It was afterward adapted to the subject of 'Moses in Egypt;' and under that title has become familiar to many of our musical people; and finally it was altered and readapted by ROPHINO LACEY (the clever adapter of 'Cinderella' and the 'Maid of Judah') to its present form. As a drama upon a sacred subject, this piece is well arranged. Very delicately avoiding such parts of the scripture text as might be considered by the fastidious misplaced upon the stage, it becomes most interesting to the religious part of the community, and must have a beneficial effect upon many, whose attention might not otherwise be attracted to such subjects. An orchestra composed of *thirty-four* instrumental performers, and a chorus made up of *fifty voices*, are two items which speak *loudly*, in more ways than one, for the liberality of the manager of our Drury; and all the harm we wish him is full remuneration therefor. There is an awful grandeur in the music of this piece; and the recitative has a peculiarly charming effect in all such passages as have for their subjects appeals to Heaven and the Deity. The orchestral effects are beautiful, particularly in the scene of 'Darkness,' while PHARAOH is imploring MOSES to dispel the awful obscurity which pervades the land. These effects however, we are sorry to say, are often marred by the ambitious tones of the wind instruments, which, if they are not out of tune altogether, are entirely too loud. The brass instruments come particularly under this censure; especially in that part of the scene where MOSES is preparing his hearers for the coming light. The burst of joy which is to take place then is entirely destroyed by the overwhelming noise of the wind-instruments in their efforts to distinguish *themselves*, totally unmindful of the fate of either singer or composer. The gentlemen who blow these instruments, and Mr. CHUBB who directs them, should remember that the *forte* is never so loud in vocal music as in instrumental; and beside that, it is intended by the composer that the singer and the words should be heard; while the trombones, horns, and trumpets are expected to produce a cathedral and holy-like effect, and not a combination of harsh, ear-splitting sounds, as if they were amusing a *Park* audience outside the windows of a museum on a cold night. Mr. SEGUIN's 'Moses' would be a master-piece, so far as the singing is concerned, if he could manage to be a little more mild, and the acting is all that can be desired. A little different arrangement of the hair and beard, by the omission of curls, would we think be an improvement in the costume. Mrs. SEGUIN is always mistress of her subject, and sings delightfully. Her voice has certainly much improved since her arrival in this country. Her address to 'Amenophis' is a splendid performance, and would be every thing that could be desired, were it not for that *arpeggio cadenza*, which GRISI brought into fashion and which Mrs. SEGUIN is quite too fond of using. We need not tell the public that Mrs. SEGUIN is an excellent musician and an artiste of great taste; and it is therefore the more to be regretted that she does not allow these great merits to guide her alone, without copying the faults, even of a GRISI. In Mr. SHRIVAL we were in a measure disappointed. The part of 'Amenophis' requires a first tenore of a certain *power* or quality of voice that Mr. SHRIVAL cannot command. He has a good style, and is decidedly an artist; but shows a want of judgment in not avoiding this part, which is weak, and not at all calculated for his *natural* voice, which is good and full of energy. Mrs. BAILEY performs the little set down for her with perfection; and we only lament that she has not more to sing. Her sweet voice would make a much longer part agreeable. Of Mr. ARCHER and Mrs. KNIGHT we can say but little in commendation. Mr. ARCHER is not quite majestic enough for a king. His manner is neither hypocritical nor spirited enough for the character of Pharaoh; and his style of giving the music borders upon something like vulgarity. Mrs. KNIGHT's bursts of passion, or appeals, or whatever they may be named, are marred by her violence. She sings in *lumps*. Her powers are yet good; and the effects which she produces would be much more agreeable if she would restrain in some measure the rather violent ebullitions of her voice. She is always perfect; and it is a pity to find mingled with her many good qualities one harsh and conspicuous fault, so easily corrected. The choruses are spirited and correct, and the concerted music on the whole is performed mag-

nificantly, and does credit to all. The recitative, with the exception of that between Pharaoh and his wife, are distinctly and feelingly given. The scenery is for the most part characteristic and natural, some of it quite beautiful; but against the two last scenes we must enter our decided protest. The first of these two, the passage of the Israelites *into* the Red Sea, and the host of Pharaoh following them, is very well, and quite ingeniously arranged, when taken 'per se,' and not in connection with the scene that follows. In this scene, the king of Egypt and his hosts follow the Israelites *on foot*. In the last scene we are presented with a view of the sea strewn with the *disjecta membra* of the Egyptian army; soldiers, horses, chariot-wheels, and all; a 'state of matters and things' not by any means to be anticipated from the simple unencumbered pedestrian performance of the previous scene.

Notwithstanding these slight drawbacks, we congratulate the public in general, and the musical part thereof in particular, on the production of this drama; and we can only say, that if they do not patronize such music, and such efforts to gratify them, that music and all connected with it must fall to the lowest ebb, and we shall have concerts given by one singer, with marches, gallopades, and waltzes played by trombones and big fiddles. In conclusion, we have only to say, that it is too much the fashion here to attend places of musical entertainment to *see* and not to *hear* a prima donna or tenore; to learn the new manner or to hear a new song. What would become of our new operas if in Europe the public only went to *see* the singer? But no; a new singer there must make an effort in an *old* opera, to be compared with those who have gone before; and if after the performance of a season he succeeds, *then* and not till then a new opera, or part, is intrusted to him. The fashion to which we have alluded speaks but indifferently for our musical taste. Let us reform it altogether; and as a first movement, let us patronize such efforts as these. C.

THE OLYMPIC.—We have but a word for this home of lively enjoyment, and even *that* it does n't need in any way, for it is crowded with audiences 'in a high state of excitement' every night in the week. '*Amilie*' seems an untiring attraction. Mr. RAYMOND, who sustains the part which used to be SEGUIN's in the same piece, has won all suffrages. Possessed of a very pleasing and handsome person, and admirably managing a deep, mellow, and flexible voice, it would perhaps be strange were it otherwise. He divides the deserved applause of the house with that very pretty and *exceedingly* clever young lady, Miss TAYLOR, who bears WILSON's old part most creditably throughout. We shall have 'an eye special' upon the career of these gifted members of the Olympic corps-dramatique. '*Gioranni in New-York*,' a very amusing affair, brings out the comic strength of the company; but the '*Boots at the Swan*' is the 'gem' in this kind. MITCHELL's deaf servant is really worth a journey of ten miles to see. Such ineffable stolidity!—such rigidity of muscle!—such incomparable *Mitchellism*, in short, have not been seen since the popular reign of CRUMPLES. Four words must express our admiration of the piece. *Go and see it*. And in coming away, remember our recommendation, and that we spoke in terms of cordial favor of the capital acting of Mr. WALCOTT, a great acquisition to the establishment.

'NATURAL HISTORY OF NEW-YORK.'—We announced in our last issue the publication of the first volume of the series of this noble 'State Work;' of which we purpose now to take a brief notice. The engraved title-page of this superb quarto first arrests the reader's attention. On the right side of our beautiful State escutcheon, in the vignette, is a view of Niagara Falls in the distance, with a wild silvan scene in the foreground. The backward distance of the left is occupied with a view of the terrace-locks of Lockport, while in the fore-ground are seen Albany, with its rail-road terminus, and the noble Hudson, with steam-boats and sail-craft floating proudly upon its bosom. The 'Introduction' from the pen of Gov. SEWARD is truly a *multum in parvo*. It is a rapid but succinct and comprehensive sketch of our newspaper history, past and present; our medical, scientific, and legal condition and history; our manufactures, currency, agriculture, and internal improvements—as canals, rail-roads, the Croton Water-works, and the like; our penitentiaries, and their system of discipline, etc., etc. Beside the extended 'Introduction,' the volume contains, Part I. of the 'Zoology of New-York, or the New-York Fauna; comprising detailed descriptions of all the animals hitherto observed within the State, with brief notices of those occasionally found near its borders.' We have of the 'Mammalia,' between fifty and sixty plates, remarkable alike for the faithfulness with which the 'critters' have been transferred to paper, and for the excellence of the engravings. And when we add, that the printing and binding of the volume are in the best styles, we say all that is necessary to convey a just impression of the character of the work. Messrs. APPLETON AND COMPANY and WILEY AND PUTNAM are the New-York publishers.

■ :

THE NORMAN'S 'RAMBLES IN YUCATAN.'—We receive from the Messrs. LANGLEY, while the sheets of this department of our Magazine are passing through the press, a large and beautiful volume, elaborately illustrated, entitled, 'Rambles in Yucatan, including a Visit to the Remarkable Ruins of Chi-chen, Kabah, Zayi, Sisal, Uxmal, etc.: by B. M. NORMAN.' Our readers were made aware of the existence of the researches and drawings contained in this volume, in a notice with which we accompanied a description of the 'Ruins of Chi-chen,' with which its author favored us in our August issue. We regret that we are unable, at the late hour at which we receive the work, to render it that justice which its merits demand at our hands. Mr. NORMAN has explored a portion of our continent which was strown with gigantic ruins of ancient cities, and has contributed facts of great importance to the several departments of cosmogony, archæology, and ethnography. It is to these facts, he tells us, which he witnessed and has revealed, and not to the garniture of those truths, that he depends for the interest which he desires to awaken in the minds of his readers. It was his purpose in some sort to satisfy the almost universal curiosity which has manifested itself concerning the vast and unexplained ruins of Central America and Yucatan, portions of which had never been visited by any modern traveller previous to his arrival, but which he has minutely described. Numerous facts connected with the political history of the country, and philological remarks, from authentic sources, will give additional interest to the work, in the eyes of the historian, the scholar, and the antiquary. Exclusive of vignettes, there are thirty-three large and well-executed engravings, from drawings by Mr. NORMAN, illustrating the various ruins, structures, etc., which he visited, accompanied by maps intended to show the geographical position of the ruins, and of the towns passed through before arriving at them, with plans to define the relative location of the structures. We have run hastily over the work with pleasure and satisfaction. The style is simple and unpretending; and the evident conscientiousness of the writer forbids us to think that the facts are 'otherwise than there set down.' The volume, both internally and externally, commends itself to general acceptance.

GOSSIP WITH READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS.—Mr. GEORGE HARVEY, artist, is certainly a very fortunate gentleman. Some months since, we noticed a project of his for publishing a connected series of 'Forty Views of American Scenery,' representing different atmospheric or historic effects, at progressive periods of the day and year. We spoke, we remember, of the tasteful letter-press of the descriptive portions of the work, and quoted the warm encomiums of WASHINGTON ALLSTON, SULLY, and MORSE, upon the admirable drawing and coloring of the different scenes depicted. Soon after our notice, Mr. HARVEY sailed for England; and save an interesting communication from him for the KNICKERBOCKER, which we accompanied with an engraving from a sketch by the writer, upon the phosphorescent animalculæ of the ocean, we heard nothing from him, until we lately had the pleasure to grasp his hand in Broadway, and to learn that he had just returned from London, having secured (a rare instance, in the case of any thing American,) the patronage of Royalty itself for his beautiful enterprise. A day or two elapsed, when we found on our table a volume containing the first four engravings of the series, being the admirable and most faithful illustrations of Spring, Summer, Autumn, and Winter, colored by the artist himself, to which we have heretofore adverted. This same copy, by the way, was retained by Her Majesty VICTORIA for two weeks; and those who have seen it in our sanctum have arrived at the conclusion that the Royal taste in matters of art must be quite unexceptionable. The QUEEN having stamped the character of the work, its reputation in Great-Britain may be counted upon with something like certainty; and we must indulge the hope that in this country a work so creditable to the republic and so admirable in itself will find no lack of 'patrons.' Specimens may be examined and subscriptions registered at Messrs. WILEY AND PUTNAM'S. . . . Our dramatic correspondent's initials should have been appended to his last review of the performances at the Park Theatre. He came very near committing us with the public as a bachelor. Unhappy man!—but 'Misery loves company.' Apropos of the present report: our friend does not mention the fire at the Park one evening during the performance of '*The Israelites*,' just as the clouds were coming down 'over all the land of Egypt.' They caught fire as they were lowered, and sublimely lighted up the 'mantle of the dark.' The Israelites, male and female, fled ingloriously; and had it not been for MOSES, who behaved with great coolness, the whole theatre would have been in flames. He subdued the fire, but 'sing'd his white head,' so that it was a sight to see. Tyrants are always cowards; hence we were not surprised to see PHARAOH 'streak it like mad.' . . . Whoever may chance to enter the Mercantile Library, will perceive upon the wall a fine marble medallion-head,

of classic outline of features, over which reigns a thoughtful repose. It is the counterfeit presentment of JOHN W. STEBBINS, many years departed from this vain life. We knew and esteemed him; but he was of a modest, retiring nature; and it was not until very recently that we learned from a near and dear friend of his, that he often gave to his pensive musings the form of verse. The following lines, embodying the aspirations of the Psalmist to 'flee away and be at rest,' strike our fancy and heart as beautiful exceedingly:

LINES ADDRESSED TO A NIGHT-HAWK.

BY JOHN W. STEBBINS.

BIRD of the noiseless night!
While life is folded to a silent sleep,
I sit beneath thy solitary flight,
In reverie deep.

I hail thee, fiend of air!
As through the shadow of the mystic hour
Thy form appears in upward freedom there,
From Ruin's tower:

Or from some mountain cave,
Forgotten by the day, as thou dost rise
Like solemn visions from the secret grave,
To range the skies.

And while in circling motion,
Upwheeling calmly on thy phantom wings,
With thee in deep dispassionate devotion
My spirit springs.

It mounts with thee, fleet minion
Of evening dread, as thy nocturnal form
Is wafted on the north-wind's cloudy pinion,
Like threatening storm.

Poised high and higher now,
In thy ethereal way so thin and far,
Thou seem'st to me on Night's impending brow
Some dawning star.

And now sublimely wading
Amid the cold light that the moon doth shed,
I catch the last gleam of thy gilt wing fading—
But thou art fled!

And hark! the vault of heaven
Is dismal with that piercing cry thou hast,
That comes like old impressive warning given
By prophets past.

Soar on! with yon high cloud
Flaunt up the starry halls together,
And from Mortality's dim vision shroud
Thyself in ether.

Oh! in thy strange career,
Diving through distant solitudes alone,
Thou art an emblem of my spirit here,
Thou cheerless one!

For from the revel-hall,
When pleasure shines in banquet pomp, I fly
And seek the joy that wealth, power, honor—all
My soul deny.

Like thee I darkly close
My spirit from the light and voice of Day,
And in the breathless hour of night's repose,
Brood time away.

But thy sadder path
Through silence dead and ether's quiet blue
To me a holier retirement hath
Than man e'er knew.

And could I wing thy height,
All ties which bind me to the earth I'd sever,
And floating in illimitable flight,
Ascend for ever!

It will not be forgotten that we had occasion in the August issue of this Magazine to expose the true character of certain gross charges put forth by an anonymous writer in the '*Southern Literary Messenger*,' which were calculated to sully the integrity, both as a man and a writer, of Mr. WASHINGTON IRVING; which, in short, accused that eminent writer and honorable gentleman of having, in his '*Life of COLUMBUS*,' '*taken another man's commodities and sold them for his own.*' We counselled our readers to examine for themselves these wholesale charges in the '*Messenger*,' and by comparing them with Mr. IRVING's preface to his History, to test the justice of the strictures with which we were compelled to accompany them; and as a triumphant answer to the self-elected champion who had interposed his paste-board shield to defend Señor NAVARRETE, we quoted the tribute paid by the distinguished *Spanish historian himself* to the extensive researches in 'printed books and precious manuscripts' made by Mr. IRVING for his work, together with the high encomiums which he passed upon that History; and we showed, moreover, as the result of a careful examination, that all the facts which Mr. IRVING derived from the 'Collections' of Señor NAVARRETE, not accessible elsewhere, would not collectively fill six of the twelve hundred pages contained in his *Life of COLUMBUS*. This defence of a distinguished correspondent and friend met a response so hearty and cordial, from Maine to Louisiana, and we may add, from the other side of the Atlantic, that while we could well have wished it might have been confided to an abler hand, we were yet warmly assured that we spoke but the truth when we assumed, in conclusion of our remarks, that 'our readers would not be less ashamed of Mr. IRVING's anonymous adversary than we were ourselves.' This feeling, we may believe, will not be lessened by the perusal of an article occupying twenty columns of the November number of the '*Messenger*,' purporting to be a 'reply' to our strictures. That it should be stiltish and verbose to a degree, will be a matter of no surprise to those of our readers who may have thought it worth their while to take our advice, and read the previous papers from the same pen. That it should be intemperate in language and coarse

in manner, was perhaps also to have been expected. The exposé to which it is a rejoinder, and its reception by the public, were certainly not calculated to flatter our critic's vanity or elevate his literary reputation. Such terms as the following, therefore, which we take at random from the article in question, (which by the way must have been some three months in preparation,) will sufficiently indicate the unhappy mood of mind in which the writer elaborated his response: 'M'Grawler's Asinæum;' 'fish-market;' 'bad manners;' 'rude attack;' 'a hanger-on;' 'such folks;' 'venal tongue and pen;' 'unscrupulous facility;' 'insult;' 'coarse insinuation;' 'blank cartridge;' 'smoke and thunder;' 'draft upon Billingsgate;' 'feeling of disgust;' 'angry bile;' 'rustic breeding;' 'disordered wits;' 'violation of common decency;' 'empty assumption of superiority;' with other the like dainty terms and gentlemanlike expressions. All this, it will be admitted, is exceedingly dignified and courteous; and we must beg such of our readers as may chance to take any interest in the matter, to oblige us by examining the entire paper from which these 'orient pearls at random strung' have been selected. The whole 'piece' forms the most striking exemplification of the term *floundering* that we have ever encountered. Flattery of Mr. IRVING; an evident inkling of its natural reception from such a source; a return to insinuation; and a reëccupancy of querulous and untenable grounds, are its prominent characteristics. The article is, in brief, a mere *rifaccimento* of the critic's previous assumptions, which, if we may credit the verdict of the public, we demolished in our August number, interspersed with labored invective, and an occasional fragment of 'proof,' of a sort quite in vogue with writers of this stamp. For example: in relation to the warm tribute of praise which the 'plundered' Spanish historian pays to IRVING's 'History of the Life and Voyages of COLUMBUS,' our critic affirms that he is very far from conceding that NAVARRETE's expression of satisfaction with Mr. IRVING's work was conclusive. The worthy Señor did n't know what he meant to say! No one in America can know, our censor tells us, 'how far that gentleman's knowledge of our language would enable him to understand the amiable compliments of Mr. IRVING's 'Introduction;' and he proceeds to insinuate that '*private* tributes' may have explained the expressions of the preface; and, moreover, hints '*information* of a letter,' which, '*if* his informant were not *in error*, was less diplomatic,' etc. All this is sufficiently pitiful, and quite in keeping with the rest of the article. We will not however so far slander the intelligence of our readers, nor so underrate their opinion of WASHINGTON IRVING, as for one moment to believe that, after perusing this and kindred 'proofs' in the paper to which we allude, and to which we have directed their attention, they will not applaud our resolution to permit no further reference to this self-discomfited hypercritic in the pages of this Magazine. Let it be remembered only that

'An eagle, towering in his pride of place,
Was by a mousing owl hawked at,'

but not 'killed.' The 'owl' it was that died! . . . We have laughed, many is the time, at the adroit way in which OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES, one of our cleverest poets, occasionally introduces the most familiar terms in his mellifluous verse. HOOD excels preëminently in this kind. He has given us a capital instance in '*Singing for the Million*,' a poetical story of a street-minstrel, who 'never went away from no man's door short of a shilling:'

'The nuisance bellowed, till all patience lost,
Down came Miss Frost,
Expostulating at her open door:
'Peace, monster, peace!
Where is the New Police!
I vow I cannot work, or read, or pray.
Don't stand there bawling, fellow, don't!
You really send my serious thoughts astray;
Do — there's a dear good man — do go away.'
Says he, 'I wo'n't!'

'The spinster pulled her door to with a slam
That sounded like a wooden d — n:
For so some moral people, strictly loth
To swear in words, however up,
Will crash a curse in setting down a cup,
Or through a door-post vent a banging oath;
In fact, this sort of physical transgression
Is really no more difficult to trace
Than in a given face
A very bad expression.'

Miss Frost gives it up; but 'Mr. Jones, clerk at Number Ten,' throws up *his* sash, and vociferates:

'Come, come, I say old fellow, stop your chant!
I cannot write a sentence — no one can't!
So just pack up your trumps,
And stir your stumps:
Says he, 'I shan't!'

A French dancing-master next rushes forth, fiddle-stick in hand, and gesticulating violently:

'Com — com — I say!
You go away!
Into two parts my head you split;
My fiddle cannot bear himself a bit,
When I do play:
You have no bis'ness in a place so still!
Can you not come another day?'
Says he, 'I will.'

'No — no! — you scream and bawl!
You must not come at all!
You have no rights, by rights, to beg —
You have not off one leg:
You ought to work. You have not some complaint;
You are not cripple in your back or bones —
Your voice is strong enough to break some stones!
Says he, 'It aint!'

No, no; he was 'singing for the million,' and would n't budge a foot! . . . We have laid aside the '*Theory of Dreams*' for a second examination, and probably for subsequent insertion. The subject, visionary as it may seem, has its real and deep interests. 'I thank God,' says the good Sir THOMAS BROWNE, 'for my happy dreams, as I do for my good rest; for there is a satisfaction in them unto reasonable desires, and such as can be content with a fit of happiness; and surely it is not a melancholy conceit to think we are all asleep in this world, and that the conceits of this life are as mere dreams to those of the next, as the phantasms of the night to the conceit of the day. There is an equal delusion in both, and the one doth but seem to be the emblem or picture of the other: we are somewhat more than emblems in our sleep, and the slumber of the body seems to be but the waking of the soul' . . . Col. WILLIAM L. STONE's Discourse upon UNCAS and MIANTONOMON, having again fallen into our hands, we have finished its perusal with increased satisfaction. Verily, the whole book is right interesting and pleasant to read; although it recordeth many things which make one's blood tingle with shame at the cruelty of the *civilized* white man. Let the metropolitan reader, as he walks down or up Broadway, of a morning or evening, drop in at Messrs. DAYTON AND NEWMAN's, near Fulton-street, and possess himself of a copy of this handsome little tome. . . . The great Dr WITT CLINTON said of the '*House of Refuge for Juvenile Delinquents*' that it was the 'best penitentiary ever devised by the wit and established by the benevolence of man;' and a recent visit to the one near this city, in company with an old friend 'whose heart is in the right place,' has quite made us a convert to this opinion. It was a mild and cloudless Sunday morning, in the 'sweet Sabbath of the year,' that we entered the chapel, which was crowded with the inmates of the institution — boys and girls in their clean, neat, and uniform habiliments — who were lifting up their united voices in a hymn of praise, which had been pronounced to them by the Principal. This done, with every eye turned in fixed attention upon the Superintendent, they were examined from their Scripture Questions, and listened to the expositions of their instructor. Other hymns were sung, and prayers offered, when they all rose noiselessly, at a motion of the Principal's hand, and in perfect order vacated one sent at a time, retiring to their exercise-ground, previously to proceeding to dinner, which was smoking in a long hall adjoining. The dormitories are models of cleanliness and neatness; while all the internal regulations are such as to combine security with comfort, reform with retribution. As we came out, the Superintendent placed in our hands the 'Seventeenth Annual Report' of the institution, not one of the favorable records of which at all surprised us; for the young heart must 'leap kindly back to kindness,' and the law of kindness is the rule of the Managers and Principal. Honor to the benevolent heart who first founded a 'House of Refuge!' . . . Who is that naughty man in the Southern '*Magnolia*' Magazine, who two or three months ago reviewed one of our old back numbers so flatteringly, and who has lately taken up the '*Tecumseh*' of Mr. GEORGE H. COLTON in a kindred spirit? Such a cruel person! — to 'tent to the quick' the young author of a poem, every copy of which, in an edition of twelve hundred, was sold, as we are informed by the publishers, in less than ten weeks! Surely, the Public must be a very great ass! How *could* our anonymous ARISTARCHUS have the heart to 'crucify' a performance so generally commended by the higher literary authorities, including the '*Biblical Repository*,' the '*Eclectic*,' the '*New-York Review*,' etc.? '*Tecumseh*,' said the latter Quarterly, 'must be regarded as a poem of uncommon excellence and great promise. It abounds in unequivocal marks of high poetical power, while its defects are such as greater maturity of years and more practice will be sure to remedy.' Such is the general spirit of all the reviews of '*Tecumseh*' that we have seen, save the one in the '*Magnolia*.' Hence we view that the 'tenting' in this case must be considered as a very innocent and harmless operation to the young patient. *Apropos*: we must endeavor to 'awaken him to a sense of his situation,' and try to incite him, in a spirit of reciprocity, to render a critique upon '*The Traveller's Rest*,' some very blank verse, in the same number of '*The Magnolia*;' the writer of which transfers our friend STREET's 'mosaic turf' from his 'Forest Walk,' as if it were with himself an original thought; talks of the 'purring prattle! of brooks;' (Cats! what a conjunctive-simile!) of the maple's bough that '*unchidden* shines' notwithstanding its 'summer hurts:' of 'an evening bird' that plies a '*whizzing* wing,' and so forth. Let us have the responsive and kindred critique; and it shall, in the language of the 'poem' in question, be made to reach

'The Appalachian ridge; extended west,
 By Talladega's valleys; by the streams
 Of Tallushatchie; through the silent groves
 Of gray Emuckfau; and where, deep in shades,
 Rise the clear brooks of Autauga, that flow
 To Tuscaloosa — names of infancy!'

and so onward to the 'last waves of Choctaw-hatchie!' But we trifle, and upon a trifling matter. . . . Those of our readers who have never heard the following lines sung by Mr. DEMPSTER, will miss only the touching melody of the music. The irresistible pathos and winning simplicity of the poetry will touch every susceptible heart. 'I can never read them or hear them sung,' writes the

correspondent at whose request we publish them, 'without feeling the tears swell to my eyes, before I am aware. They enable me to feel the full force of an Irish writer's characteristic praise of them, for they indeed seem 'the very breath of the heart itself:'

THE LAMENT OF THE IRISH EMIGRANT.

BY THE HON. MRS PRICE BLACKWOOD.

'I'm sitting on the stile, MARY,
Where we sat side by side,
On a bright May morning, long ago,
When first you were my bride.
The corn was springing fresh and green,
And the lark sang loud and high,
And the red was on your lip, Mary,
And the love-light in your eye.

'The place is little changed, MARY,
The day as bright as then;
The lark's loud song is in my ear,
And the corn is green again!
But I miss the soft clasp of your hand,
And your breath warm on my cheek,
And I still keep list'ning for the words
You never more may speak.

'T is but a step down yonder lane,
And the little church stands near,
The church where we were wed, MARY,
I see the spire from here;
But the grave-yard lies between, MARY,
And my step might break your rest,
For I've laid you, darling, down to sleep,
With your baby on your breast.

'I'm very lonely now, MARY,
For the poor make no new friends,
But oh! they love the better far
The few our Father sends!
And you were all I had, MARY,
My blessing and my pride;
There's nothing left to care for now,
Since my poor MARY died!

'Your's was the brave good heart, MARY,
That still kept hoping on,
When the trust in God had left my soul,
And my arm's young strength had gone:
There was comfort ever on your lip,
And the kind look on your brow;
I bless you for that same, MARY,
Though you can't hear me now.

'I thank you for that patient smile,
When your heart was like to break,
When the hunger-pain was gnawing there,
And you hid it, for my sake!
I bless you for the pleasant word,
When your heart was sad and sore;
Oh! I'm thankful you are gone, MARY,
Where grief can sting no more.

'I'm bidding you a long farewell,
My MARY, kind and true,
But I'll not forget you, darling,
In the land I'm going to:
They say there's bread and work for all,
And the sun shines always there;
But I'll not forget old Ireland,
Were it fifty times as fair!

'And often in those grand old woods
I'll sit and shut my eyes,
And my heart will travel back again
To the place where MARY lies;
And I'll think I see the little stile,
Where we sat side by side,
And the springing corn, and the bright May-morn,
When first you were my bride!

THERE is a forcible lesson given by an 'accomplished' school-mistress, crossing the English channel with a sea-sick father. Her domestic acquirements were very limited, which in her trouble she grievously lamented. 'Dearly as she rated her professional accomplishments and acquirements, at that cruel moment she would have given up all her consummate skill in fancy-work to have known how to make a basin of gruel! Proud as she was of her embroidery, she would have exchanged her cunning in it for that of the plainest cook; for oh! of what avail her tent-stitch, chain-stitch, German-stitch, or satin-stitch, to relieve or soothe a suffering father, afflicted with back-stitch, front-stitch, side-stitch, and cross-stitch into the bargain!' Our friend 'G.' of Massachusetts, who sends us '*The True Sphere of Woman*,' will recognize the force of this ludicrous picture of Hood's. . . . '*Leaves from the Note-Book of a Retired Clergyman*' possess excellent scenes which we shall be glad to publish, if the writer will permit us to segregate them from the incidental polemic discussions, which would occupy too large a space, we fear, to suit the taste of the merely general reader. 'My Farewell to B — Congregation' reminds us of the kind old minister taking leave of his people in the 'Annals of the Parish.' Perhaps some of our readers may never have seen, and others may possibly have forgotten, the affecting scene which ensued when that 'good and faithful servant' of the Lord bade his aged parishioners farewell:

'As for you, my old companions, many changes have we seen in our day; but the change that we ourselves are soon to undergo will be the greatest of all. We have seen our bairns grow to manhood; we have seen the beauty of youth pass away; we have felt our backs become unable for the burden, and our right hand forget its cunning. Our eyes have become dim, and our heads gray; we are now tottering with short and feckless steps toward the grave; and some that should have been here this day are be-lrid, lying as it were at the gates of death, like Lazarus at the threshold of the rich man's door, full of ails and sores, and having no enjoyment but in the hope that is in hereafter. What can I say to you but farewell! Our work is done; we are weary and worn out, and in need of rest; may the rest of the blessed be our portion! and in the sleep that all must sleep, beneath the cold blanket of the kirk-yard grass, and on that clay pillow where we must shortly lay our heads, may we have pleasant dreams till we are awakened to partake of the everlasting banquet of the saints in glory!' When I had finished, there was for some time a great solemnity throughout the kirk; and before giving the blessing I sat down to compose myself, for my heart was big, and my spirit oppressed with sadness. As I left the pulpit all the elders stood on the steps to hand me down, and the tear was in every eye, as they helped me into the session-house; but I could not speak to them nor they to me. Then Mr. Dalziel, who was always a composed and sedate man, said a few words of prayer, and I was comforted therewith, and rose to go home to the manse; but in the church-yard all the congregation was assembled, young and old, and they made a lane for me to the back-gate that opened into the manse-garden; some of them put out their hands and touched me as I passed, followed by the elders, and some of them wept. It was as if I was passing away, and to be no more: verily, it was the reward of my ministry.'

This is scarcely less eloquent than SAINT PAUL's farewell to his brethren, when about to 'depart to go into Macedonia.' . . . We have been very much amused with a Frenchman's Impressions of London and the English, in a late 'Monthly Magazine.' He does n't disguise his contempt of many things which arrest his attention. Sunday in London he especially abhors, 'it is so unlike Paris !' It is passed, he tells us, 'in a manner inconceivably stupid. Life itself seems suspended. For fear of profaning the solemnity of the Sabbath, London dares not make a single movement : it is an indulgence that it allows itself to breathe. On that day, after having heard a sermon from the minister of the sect to which they belong, all good English people imprison themselves in their own houses, to meditate on the Bible, and offer up their ennui to God.' Mr. DICKENS seems to think American ladies deficient in good taste in dress. Hear an acknowledged *arbitrator elegantiarum* describe the taste of his own fair country-women : 'As to the toilettes of the ladies, they have a striking air of eccentricity. The most showy colors are preferred. In the same opera-box glittered, like the colors reflected by a prism, three ladies, equipped, one in bright yellow, one in scarlet, and one in celestial blue. The English, it is universally known, put all sorts of things on their heads ; gold fringe, branches of coral, boughs of trees, shells, oysters ; their fancy sticks at nothing, especially when they have attained that age which is called *l'âge de retour* ; at which, however, no one wishes to arrive, much less to return to.' Here ensues a picture not very flattering, certainly, but very characteristic, and we rather suspect, 'quite correct :'

'THE English are rich, active and industrious. They can cast iron, manage steam, invent machines of fearful power ; they may even be great poets ; but the arts, properly so called, are unattainable by them. They perceive this ; it irritates them, and hurts their national pride. They feel in their hearts that notwithstanding their prodigious material civilization, they are only varnished barbarians. LORD FITZGERALD, so violently anathematized by LORD BYRON, committed a useless sacrilege. The relics of the Parthenon, which were brought to London, have inspired no one. Protestantism is as fatal to the arts as Islamism — perhaps more so. Artists must be either Pagans or Catholics. In countries where the churches are only large square chambers, without pictures or statues, without ornaments of any kind, art never can attain eminence. PHIDIAS sculptured Venus, RAPHAEL painted Madonna — but neither the one nor the other was an Englishman. The English can achieve all that is useful and comfortable, but they fail in the agreeable and the beautiful. They excel in all that it is possible to do with difficulty, and above all, they excel in the impossible. They may establish a Bible-Society at Peking, they may reach Timbuctoo in white gloves and polished boots, in a complete state of *respectability* ; they may invent machines to produce six thousand pairs of stockings in one minute, and even discover new countries wherein to dispose of their stockings ; but they will never succeed in making a bonnet that a French grisette would put upon her head. If taste could be bought, they would give any money for it ; happily, GOD ALMIGHTY has reserved two or three little things in his distribution of the goods of this world, which the gold of the mighty of the earth cannot purchase ; namely, genius, beauty, and happiness.' . . . 'Immense fortunes are accounted for by frightful miseries. No where is this disproportion more observable than in England. To have gold is so visibly the greatest merit, that the poor despise themselves, and humbly bow beneath the arrogance of the rich. The English would do well to remember that the golden calf is the most abominable of all idols, and that which demands the most sacrifices.'

'*The Soldier's Song in Peace*' is well written, and shall appear in our next. But we cannot say that we altogether admire its inculcations. We desire to consider war as one of the 'things that were :'

'Too long a clash of arms amid her towers,
And pools of blood, the earth hath stood aghast.'

We have just risen from the perusal of ALLISON's History of Europe. What a narrative of bloodshed ! There is one scene, where the French army 'showed their long flank to their English enemy, who opened upon them a fire so terrible that the head of the 'invincible *colonne serrée*,' constantly pushed on by the mass in the rear, never advanced, but *melted away* as it came into the scene of carnage !' A single paragraph describes this, 'in history ;' but what a world of suffering, of agony, of domestic sorrow, does it not embrace ! See too the annexed picture, by 'the Guardsman' of a scene of slaughter in the retreat of the French army, in one of NAPOLEON's battles in Spain :

'FREQUENTLY the baggage-guard interchanged shots and sabre-cuts with the infuriated soldiers, who only thought of escape ; and the ladies, who but yesterday were the objects of every care and solicitude, were hurried along amid that rude multitude ; some on foot, others glad to be allowed to take a place in the ambulance, among the wounded — their dresses blood-stained and torn, adding to the horror and misery of the scene. Such was the prospect before us. Behind, a dark mass hovered, as if even yet withstanding the attack of the enemy, whose guns, thundering clearer and clearer every moment, poured down on the terrified masses, raining balls and howitzer-shells on every side. Still the long line of wounded came on ; some in wide open carts, others stretched upon gun carriages. Torn and mangled they lay, an indiscriminate heap ; their faces blackened with powder, their bodies shattered with wounds. High above the other sounds their piercing cries rent the air, with mingled blasphemies and insane ravings.' . . . My attention was drawn to one whose head having fallen over the edge of the cart, was endangered by every roll of the heavy wheel that grazed his very skull. There was a halt, and I seized the moment to assist the poor fellow as he lay thus in peril. His helmet had fallen back, and was merely retained by the brass chain beneath his chin ; his temples were actually cleft open by a sabre-cut, and I could see that he had also received some shot-wounds in the side, where he pressed his hand, the blood welling up between the fingers. As I lifted the head to place it within the cart, the eyes opened and turned fully upon me. A faint smile of gratitude curled his lip ; I bent over him, and to my horror recognized in the mangled and shattered form before me, a gallant fellow with whom the very night before I had formed almost a friendship.'

OUR friend and correspondent, ALFRED B. STREET, Esq., has become the principal editor of the 'Northern Light,' a monthly work of good repute published at Albany. It has numerous and distinguished contributors, who impart to its ample columns both spirit and variety. We observe the fine taste and facile pen of Mr. STREET already in this excellent journal ; and we shall confidently look for its general diffusion, under his editorial guidance. . . . We know the 'hand-write' of 'C.' He is the

same gentleman who sent us many months since the article on '*Property*,' which we declined. His 'assumptions' are wrong — his 'complaints' unmanly. Let him consider every misery that we miss a new mercy, and he will cease to regard the gifts of Providence as unequally awarded. 'Let me tell you,' says good old ISAAC WALTON, 'that I have a rich neighbor who is always so busy that he has no leisure to laugh. The whole business of his life is to get money, and more money, that he may still get more and more money; he is still drudging on, and says that Solomon says 'The diligent hand maketh rich,' and it is true indeed. But he considers not that it is not in the power of riches to make a man happy; for it was wisely said by a man of great observation, that 'There be as many miseries beyond riches as on this side them.' And yet, God deliver us from pinching poverty; and grant that, having a competency, we may be content and thankful! Let us not repine, or so much as think the gifts of God unequally dealt, if we see another abound with riches; when, as God knows, the cares, which are the keys that keep those riches, hang often so heavily at the rich man's girdles that they clog him with weary days and restless nights, even when others sleep quietly. We see but the outside of the rich man's happiness; few consider him like the silk-worm, that, when she seems to play, is at the very time spinning her own bowels, and consuming herself; and this many rich men do, loading themselves with corroding cares to keep what they have probably unconscionably got. Let us therefore be thankful for health and competence, and above all, for a quiet conscience.' An excellent philosopher was the gentle WALTON. . . . Did it ever happen to you, reader, to make one of a great multitude assembled to see a man take a leap into the abyss of death? And did you remark among that reeking mass, the compost of humanity, the hue of *blood-thirstiness* that overspread the sea of upturned faces? Did you hear the revolting aspiration for a nearer view of the agonies of the sufferer, or the curses, poured through clenched teeth and bloodless lips, of men whom you would not meet alone in the dark, and in whose faces God had written *villain* in a most legible hand? Pass with us through such a crowd, swaying with the 'tumult of the people,' and stand with us in one of the long corridors of a prison appropriately denominated 'THE TOMBS.' It is a clear bright day, and the sun lights up with painful distinctness the white walls and black iron doors of the gloomy cells. Oh! how infinitely solemn, how awful is the scene! From the long corridor below you comes up the subdued voices of the keeper and his assistants, giving in the cold tones of business orders that shut 'liberty and the cheerful day' from poor creatures who have been abandoned to temptation. From a distant cell swells on the ear the faint wail of a poor female, deceived, betrayed; imprisoned for endeavoring to hide her shame from every human eye; and awaiting death at the hands of that JUSTICE which leaves her betrayer unmolested in a society which he disgraces. That horrid shriek and cry of 'Murder! help! help! for God's sake!' is from a poor inebriate, devoured by the imaginary terrors conjured up by *Delirium Tremens*. Wet and trembling with cold, he is led from his cell, subdued to silence by that little show of kindness to which his desolate heart 'leaps back.' Such are some of the accessories of the picture. Glance now at the middle group. One in the spring-time of life, in the very flush of manhood, is about to 'take his farewell of the sun.' Only once before had we ever beheld that face, but oh! how changed! The sluggish life-blood has retreated to its citadel, save when recalled in purple suffusion to cheek and brow and eye wildly-wandering at the thought of that 'irrevocable hour' which is soon to open to frail mortality the dread mysteries of the grave. Tears stream from the eyes of the Doomed, as he grasps the hand of a brother, whose agony is even greater than his own; a brother who has exhausted every effort that devoted affection could prompt or unwearied assiduity execute, to avert or mitigate his fate. And a weeping maiden stands by, just admitted to the shadowy rights of a wife to one who is but a 'spectre-bridegroom;' who stands at the portal of that outward gate which swings wide into eternity — with whom even now 'time is no more!' The last farewell is said — the last look of an eye that 'turns even from the threshold of existence' is given, and the Doomed is left alone, to await the inevitable and awful moment that shall consign him to the pale realms of shade. Inevitable surely it was! The public, it is true, were divided in opinion; but his fate was sealed. A WEBSTER had denounced his doom as 'legal murder;' an EDWARDS, for thirty years an honored judge of the court that sentenced him, had asked, 'as a matter of justice,' for a commutation of his sentence; an ANTHON, at whose feet the Chief Magistrate had sat in the days of his legal noviciate, had solicited the exercise, *not* of the pardoning power, but of that 'meek-eyed spirit' which, while it should in no wise subvert the great ends of public justice, should yet spare a *life* not justly forfeited, 'a holy human life which God gave,' that it might be passed in sorrow and contrition for the deeds of the past. Vain alike all these; vain the humane suggestions of prosecuting counsel; of the jury that tried the Condemned; of the medical faculty, whose unanimous testimony changed the character of the deed of blood; vain the existence of *doubt*, the last prerogative of the law's victim — vain and fruitless all! The long-contemplated fiat had gone forth. Technical JUSTICE, trebly armed by consultation and coalition with its predetermined ministers, asking no

counsel of MERCY, marched unrelenting and resistless on to a 'foregone conclusion.' But the drama has closed—let the curtain fall. . . . We are obliged to 'L.' for his 'Sketch.' It shall presently appear. The lone region of the West which it describes so vividly, reminds us of an impression which we once received of the character of a North-Carolina coast from the 'experience' of three persons who were wrecked on the wild and stormy Cape of Hatteras. Worn out with fatigue, they were reaching the evening of their second day's wandering through an unbroken forest, and in almost unbroken silence, when one of the trio suddenly exclaimed: 'I wish to gracious I could hear it thunder!' 'Why so?' asked his curious fellow-sufferers. 'Cause they say thunder,' he replied, 'is God's voice; and if it would thunder I should know I was on God's aith, but I'm no ways sartin of it now—'od rot the luck!' . . . We must ask the attention of our readers to the series of '*Sketches of South Carolina*,' commenced in preceding pages. When we assure them that these articles proceed from the pen of a New-England gentleman, for many months a resident at the South, they will acquit him of any sectional bias or warped opinions. Let us hope that the tribute which is here paid to the domestic arrangements of the Southern planter, and the manner in which his colored servants are treated, may have the effect to counteract some of the thousand and one stories of domestic cruelty, which are circulated at the North by pseudo philanthropists and benevolent intermeddlers in other people's affairs. . . . The French deny to the English any remarkable gift of humor or wit, pictorial or literary. But CRUIKSHANK and HOOD give a very forcible refutation of this slander, as often at least as once a year, in their '*Comic Almanac*.' The one for 1843 is especially rich. 'All Owin', no Payin,' is the title of a picturesque row at Mr. OWEN's 'New-Harmony,' which might stand for a transcript of Donnybrook Fair. The composition is rather 'crowded,' but as a whole it is a singularly *striking* sketch. 'Show of Hands for a Liberal Candidate' at an election, tells an admirable tale of practical demagoguism; and 'The Set of China,' a *dancing-set* of Celestials in a ball-room, is capital. So too are 'The Water Cure' and 'Morals for the Million;' but the gems of 'The Comic's' pictures are 'Science under *Diters*' Forms,' and 'Air-um Scare-um Travelling.' The first represents a *sub-marine steamer* 'in the green chambers of the middle sea' in the shape of a huge bulbous, sharp-nosed sea-monster, with a very bright light from its bow and from a row of windows in its sides, streaming toward the surface of the ocean. The vast fish-craft has a couple of anchors out at its ear-holes, and the stroke from the engine by which its fires are navigated ascends from a small Vesuvius on its back. It is sailing very deep down, just escaping the wrecks of vessels and 'all slimy, creeping things,' not forgetting whales, mermaids, and the like, which seem half frightened out of their element, by the nondescript animal that 'comes in such a questionable shape' to invade their ancient domain. A letter from a passenger gives a brief account of the voyage. 'Here we are,' he writes, 'at the bottom of the Bay of Biscay, where we intend to sleep one night, for the purpose of testing the qualities of the bed of the ocean, which consists as you are aware of several sheets of water and plenty of wet blankets, with billows on the top of it. We met on our way with some very odd-fish, who stared rather rudely in at our cabin windows; and a party of lobsters looked exceedingly black as we passed very near to them. You are aware that a company is forming for the purpose of turning the tide of emigration toward the bottom of the sea; and if people *can* live under water, they ought not, from mere motives of pride, to be above it. There will of course be some difficulty in dealing with the natives; but we have taken the precaution to treat with an influential oyster, who however keeps extremely close; and if he will not manifest a little more openness, it is feared that 'war to the knife' must be resorted to.' The passengers followed the plan of all judicious navigators, and endeavored to propitiate the various fish by trifling but appropriate presents; such as 'distributing copies of CRABBE and SHELLEY to the crustaceous residents,' etc. The writer closes in a hurry, as he is about to join in an 'excursion to the extensive locker of DAVY JONES, Esquire.' 'Air-um Scare-um Travelling' represents the air-station of the '*Original Fly-Balloon*' at the top of the London Monument. Balloon-steamers are 'up' for Pekin and Canton, Paris and Mont Blanc, ('to eat ice-cream, returning the same day;') and a man with a carpet-bag and a PAUL PRY umbrella is hailing vociferously from his dizzy station a balloon-boat whose 'sail-broad vans' have just begun to propel it toward its distant port. Some of the suburban steeples rise far below, with large tradesmen's hand-bills suspended at their sides, to arrest the attention of the aerial passengers. We should be well pleased to advert more particularly to the literary contents of this amusing 'annual;' but must content ourselves with the following laughable satire upon the frequent reports of committees of learned societies in England upon matters of no moment whatever. The writer is a member of a committee from the Meteorological Society, appointed to 'watch the nature of the March winds, and their various phenomena,' from one of the London bridges. He 'respectfully

reports' that 'having waited the coming of a gust from the north, he was presently in a position to relate the following particulars:'

¹ The first sensation was that of a severe blow in the face, which drove particles from both his eyes, and sent out his hair into a number of various horizontal lines, some of them forming right angles with his forehead. On turning his head for the purpose of further experiments, his hair underwent such rapid ramifications, that becoming considerably lighter than the air, it was carried in a slanting direction a few inches from his head, when the expansive power of the atmosphere being ceased, to take full effect, it fell by its own specific gravity to the earth, and recovered in its own state as far as the full-gate.

² A most extraordinary experiment was conducted with an ordinary umbrella, upon which, in a closed state, the March wind was found to have no particular power, though it was asserted that there was an equal atmospheric pressure on every part of the globe. On pulling the umbrella up, and presenting it to the wind, the holder of the umbrella was carried gently backwards, and on his standing out to the right, became very awkwardly by accident. The umbrella was completely forced inside out, and at length the whole concern collapsed with a frightful crash, the points to which the gingham was attached, being compressed together in a reverse position to that which it was intended to occupy. The rain was attached to the whole, and immediately fell into angular figures, and it was a long while before it proceeded further with the experiment.

³ It was proved beyond the possibility of doubt, that if the human eye be kept wide open in a March wind, the dust will be carried upward until it reaches the organ of vision. This was experienced in two or three cases, and an enthusiast in the cause repeated the experiment several times, when it was found to fall in no single instance.

MR. STEPHENS'S new work upon Central America will speedily be published by the Brothers HARPER. It will excel, in all respects, any similar work ever issued in this country. There are some two hundred and fifty engravings, from the admirable drawings of Mr. CARRERWOOD; and the letter-press is excellent. Mr. STEPHENS'S part, a very essential one by the way, has been performed with even more than his accustomed spirit and ability. . . . The following articles are either filed for present insertion, or under very 'hopeful' consideration: 'The Girl of the Azores;' 'Tom Van Diddlecum: a Tale of Tinnecum;' Number Two of the 'Mysterious Correspondent;' 'Aristomones the Messenian;' 'A Visit to Florence;' 'Catharine Blennerhassett: a Tale;' 'Boz at Idleberg;' 'Extracts from the Journal of an Aerial Voyage to the North Pole;' 'A Peep at Death;' 'Greenwood Cemetery;' 'The Goldfinch: from the Italian;' 'The Boy's Mountain Song;' 'Louis de Camdens;' 'Mountain-Pond, a Sketch;' 'The Soldier's Song in Peace;' 'To my Cousin;' 'Notes of Life in Hayti;' Number Ten; 'Early Days;' 'Life's Wanderings;' 'My Sister: by E. E. C.;' 'Portraits. ASSENTINE; ELLEN, etc., etc. There are excellent thoughts in 'Cogitations on Matters and Things in General,' but the manner of the article is not so satisfactory to the Editor's taste. The same remark will apply to the 'Lament on the Death of the Duke of Orleans,' and 'Moonlight Musings.' These await the order of the writers.

VALUABLE AND BEAUTIFUL WORKS FROM THE PRESS OF THE MESSRS. APPLETON. — We had qualified ourselves by a perusal of the following works from the press of the Messrs. APPLETON to speak of their merits in terms of elaborate commendation, but a Chinese edict from the printer having advised us that our notices were received too late for insertion, we are compelled to ask the reader to take the brief verdicts rendered below as indicating a few only of the excellent characteristics of the volumes to which they refer: 'The Complete Works of Burns,' a very handsome volume, of a convenient size, is the result of a judicious collation of the various editions of his works, into one more complete and less expensive than any hitherto published; the whole carefully revised and edited by the most gifted living author of Scottish song, accompanied by a glossary and copious notes, and a life of the poet by the late Dr. CURRIE, of Liverpool. It is the first complete American edition of BURNS, and cannot fail to secure a wide sale. 'The Young Islanders' is a tale of the last century, after the manner of 'Robinson Crusoe,' and from the pen of JEFFREY TAYLOR. We read it through at two sittings; so that its resistless attractions may be inferred. It is full of effective and well-executed engravings, and is handsomely printed on fine white paper. We have also two entertaining and instructive little volumes from the 'Library for my Young Countryman;' one, the 'Adventures of Capt. JOHN SMITH, the Founder of the Colony of Virginia, with a Portrait,' by the author of 'Uncle PHILIP'S Conversations;' and the other, 'Drawings of Genius, or the early Lives of some Eminent Persons of the last Century,' by ANN PRATT. 'Work and Wages, or Life in Service,' is one of the series of 'Tales for the People and their Children,' by MARY HOWITT, and is a continuation of 'Little Coin much Care,' heretofore noticed in the KNICKERBOCKER. It is an exciting and excellent moral story, in a pretty form, and illustrated by two fine engravings. Of the beautiful 'Miniature Library,' two more volumes are issued: ' Gems from American Poets,' containing some hundred and fifty pieces, lyrics and other, selected from many of the best of our native bards; and THOMPSON'S 'Seasons'—both with engravings. All these publications are well adapted for useful presents in view of the coming holidays.

L I T E R A R Y R E C O R D .

'THE FOREST RANGERS.'—This is a poetical tale of the Western wilderness in 1794, 'connected with and comprising the march and battle of General WAYNE's army, and abounding with interesting incidents of fact and fiction,' from the pen of Mr. ANDREW COFFINBERRY. The writer has unquestionably great rhyming facility, and sometimes he sketches with the eye of an artist. It must be admitted too that his manner is very natural and unconstrained. In preserving the language of his characters, he sometimes adopts an orthography which savors of the YELLOWPLUSH method of spelling. The annexed brief story of a hunter is in this kind:

'His friend replied, in his crude way,
'I understands not all you say,
For, stranger, I'm no bookish scollard,
Caze all my life the woods I follered;
But yit a heap of things I larns,
'Bout Ingins and backwoods concerns.
That painter what up yander howls,
And bears, and deers, and wolves and owls,
And snakes, and Ingins, is the books
Where I for larnin always looks.
But you are wantin' to find out
How long I hunted here about:
It is about three year ago
Sence I lost left my home below.
I used to live on the Kenawas,
'Till burnt out by the devilish 'Tawas:
They killed my wife, the poor dear critter,
I never, never can forgit her I'
And here the hunter's voice, suppressed,
Evinced the struggle of his breast,
And from his eye the tear that stole
Betrayed his agony of soul.

'In vengeful thoughts he found relief,
And soon suppressed his transient grief;
His usual firmness now renewed,
His tale of woe he thus pursued:
'Yes, friend: about three years ago,
I went to kill a deer or so;
We thought there was no Ingins near—
My wife, she wanted some fresh deer;
I wounded one, he run so far
Night come afore I was aware;
Well, jist at dark, I overtuck

And stuck and skinned my wounded buck,
And hung it up all slick and nice,
And then cut out a tender slice,
To toat home for my wife to eat
Before I fetch the other meat;
And thought the next day I would come,
And fetch a boss to lug it home.

'By then it had got mighty dark,
So that I could n't see the bark
Upon the trees, to find my way,
So in the woods I had to lay.
I wakened very late at night,
And then I seen a dreadful light:
So I put out and leaned for that,
For stranger I can tell you what,
My blood was in a turble motion,
Acaze I had a hankerin notion
That it must be my cabin's light,
And so I sloped with all my might:
And then, jist think of my surprise,
My house laid burnt before my eyes,
And 'mong the embers and hearth-stones,
As white as chalk, laid my wife's bones I
Then in my sorrow and distress,
I come right to this wilderness,
And here I mean to spend my life,
In gittin vengeance for my wife.
Sence then, about these woods I've bin,
A killin Ingins when I kin.'
The hunter's cheeks were all bedewed;
He silently indulged his mood,
And the attentive stranger's face
Betrayed a sympathetic trace.'

This strikes us as a rude but forcible picture of one of the sanguinary sights so often seen in those dark and perilous days. The 'Forest Rangers' is published by WRIGHT AND LEGG, of Columbus, Ohio. We are not aware that the work is for sale in this city.

'CLAIMS OF THE MISSIONARY ENTERPRISE ON THE MEDICAL PROFESSION.'—This is the title of an Address recently delivered before the Temperance Society of the College of Physicians and Surgeons of the University of the State of New-York, by DANIEL J. MACGOWAN, M. D. It assumes the ground that pagan lands present a wide field for scientific research; that not only their peculiar diseases, which must be studied abroad to be studied successfully, but also their botany, zoölogy, mineralogy, and kindred themes, will prove interesting and profitable subjects to the missionary physician. Professional inducements to foster the work of the missionary are also argued from its connection with grave problems in physiology, to say nothing of the spiritual influence which may be exerted in a sphere of extended usefulness. It is a gratifying fact, and one which speaks well for the tendencies of the medical profession, that many of the physicians and surgeons of England, and those of our own country who have shed lustre upon the science of healing, have generally been Christians. We commend this Address to the reader, assured that he will find it neither uninteresting nor uninformative. Messrs. SAXTON AND MILES, Broadway, are the publishers.

'DREAM OF HEAVEN.'—Mr. C. C. P. MOODY, at the office of Mr. S. N. DICKINSON, Boston, has published in an exceedingly neat and tasteful pocket-volume, 'The Dream of Heaven, or the Sister's Tale,' with an Introduction by Rev. H. WINSLOW; a 'Premonition of Eternity,' 'The Impassable Bridge,' and the 'Remarkable Trance of Rev. WILLIAM TENNENT, who for three days was apparently lifeless.' This miniature-book possesses decided interest, and will find many readers.

'ENGLAND AND THE ENGLISH.'—Mr. C. EDWARDS LESTER, author of *'The Glory and Shame of England,'* has just put forth, through the tasteful care of the Messrs. LANGLEY, two handsome volumes, which he entitles *'The Condition and Fate of England.'* The volumes are subdivided into eleven parts, or 'books,' into which are huddled 'extracts from every where and every thing,' all tending to set forth and present a view of the power and magnificence of the British empire, with illustrations of the spirit of the feudal and of the modern age; the general condition of the mass of the British people in past ages; their burdens and sufferings during centuries of unrelieved oppression; the wrongs and oppression under which a majority of the British people are *now* suffering; a reply to the author of *'The Fame and Glory of England Vindicated;'* the sufferings and crime caused by oppressing the people; glances at the woes and struggles of Ireland under the tyrannical power of England; the feelings of the people in view of their oppression, and their determination to resist it; the opposition of the aristocracy to the liberties of the people, and their determination still to keep them in subjection; the progress of the democratic principle throughout the world, and especially in Great Britain; and the final issue of the conflict—Reform or Revolution. Such is a synopsis of the contents of a work to which we may hereafter find space and occasion more particularly to advert. The engraved title-pages to the two volumes are from admirable drawings by CHAPMAN, representing a noble British man-of-war in full sail, and the same proud ship on a lee-shore, amidst the 'trampling surf' of a rock-bound coast.

'ÆGRI SOMNIA: RECREATIONS OF A SICK ROOM.'—Thus is entitled a modest and meritorious little collection of brief pieces, in prose and poetry, recently sent forth from the press of Mr. R. NORTHWAY, of Utica, in this State. The writer, evidently a scholar and a gentleman of great sensibility, in a tasteful dedication to the Hon. JOSEPH STORY, pronounces them 'humble illustrations of Life as it is, in some of its infinitely varying phases.' They are printed, he says, but not *published*, being intended only for the inspection of a few friends. They were not written, he adds, 'in the soft obscurity of pleasant and tranquil retirement, nor under the shade of academic bowers; but amidst inconvenience and distraction, in sickness and sorrow.' We have perused several of the poems in this collection with pleasure. 'The Rose of Sharon,' and 'The Garden of Spices,' Hebrew eclogues, are something more than mere paraphrases; while the 'records of affection,' as the 'Lines to the Memory of a Deceased Son,' 'Berkshire Vale,' and kindred effusions, are imbued with deep feeling.

'JOURNAL AND LETTERS OF SAMUEL CURWEN.'—This work is very similar in character to the Journal and Letters of PETER VAN SCHAAK, published not long since, and noticed at the time in these pages. Mr. CURWEN was an American refugee in England from seventeen hundred and seventy-five to seventeen hundred and eighty-four, and his papers comprise remarks on the prominent men and measures of that interesting period. We have derived satisfaction from a perusal of this book, which beside the clear picture that it affords of the high spirit of the writer, throws also incidental light upon the character of his brethren in exile. A supplement to the work contains a brief account of every prominent loyalist, as well as of other persons of note mentioned in the volume. The compiler and editor is Mr. GEORGE ATKINSON WARD, and Messrs. C. S. FRANCIS AND COMPANY are the publishers.

'THE BRIGAND: A POEM, BY EMERSON BENNETT.'—Facing the copy-right record of this little 'poeticle pamphlick,' as Mr. YELLOWPLUSH would term it, we find the following sentence: 'In presenting this little poem to the public, the author would simply state, that at the time of its commencement, nothing was more foreign to him than the idea of publishing it, which would never have been done except at the solicitation of many friends.' Ah! the old story about the 'solicitations of friends.' Well; we are sorry the writer paid any attention to his 'solicitors;' for they treated him very unhandsomely. Why could n't they permit him to remain guiltless of ink-shed?

MR. COLMAN'S BOOKS FOR CHILDREN.—The little people will have good cause for gratitude to Mr. SAMUEL COLMAN, for the beautiful and cheap little books which he has put forth for their amusement and instruction. 'Aunt MARY'S Library for Young Children' will come to be a very renowned collection in certain quarters, if such capital little books as 'Useful Short Stories,' the 'Child's Book of Songs,' and 'The Little Gift,' comprising selections from 'The Child's Gem,' are to be followed by others of a like description. These contain very entertaining and pleasant reading, are admirably printed, and embellished with numerous engravings.

'JULIA OF BALBE.' — This story of the martyrs in the days of Nero was doubtless suggested by the 'Palmyra Letters.' Aside from the narrative, which although simple possesses the interest of a romance, the work affords a faithful and condensed view of the history and spirit of the remote time in which the scene is laid. 'I may perhaps be accused,' says the author in his preface, 'of assigning too prominent a position to Christianity in the times embraced within the period of this narrative. That this is not the case is clear, I think, from the circumstances connected with the persecutions which arose immediately after the burning of Rome, to which I have alluded in another place. The records of the New Testament will serve to convince us that some of the first triumphs of the Cross were gained among the Roman soldiery.' Messrs. SAXTON AND MILES, Broadway, are the publishers.

BOOK OF CAGE-BIRDS. — With the taste for cage-birds which abounds in our cities, and which is increasing we believe every where among us, this volume will be considered as supplying an important desideratum. The work is written by an eminent practical ornithologist, and contains a complete and practical treatise on the various birds which are to be found, singly and collectively, in an American aviary. The portion devoted to the Canary-bird embraces a faithful description of its character and habits; while in the close of the volume will be found a catalogue of the various articles adapted to the rearing and keeping of Canary and other song-birds, which the publisher, Mr. BERNARD DUKE, of Philadelphia, always keeps on hand, of the best quality and in the largest variety. The volume is admirably printed upon a large clear type and excellent paper.

LADIES' ANNUAL REGISTER. — Messrs. OTIS, BROADERS AND COMPANY, Boston, have published a very useful and interesting work, in 'The Lady's Annual Register and Housewife's Almanac' for 1843. We should 'very much like to know,' as the song goes, what 'there is not in this compact little volume; certainly nothing that a housewife can require, in the way of information on all domestic subjects; from the cooking in every way of fish, flesh and fowl, down to the simplest soup and most general gravy; all pleasantly interspersed, moreover, with records of the months; advice and lessons social and matrimonial; and matters historical, literary, romantic, humorous, and in one word, *entertaining*. We will not speak of the wood-cuts, save to ask the reader to look at the picture of January, and see if its faithfulness does not make him shake as with an ague.

ATTRACTIONS OF LANGUAGE. — We are favorably impressed, on a very cursory perusal certainly, with a work from the press of Messrs. Atwood, at Hamilton, (N. Y.) entitled: 'Attractions of Language, or a popular view of Natural Language, in all its varied displays in the animate and inanimate world; and as corresponding with Instinct, Intelligence, and Reason; a physiological description of the organs of voice; an account of the origin of artificial, spoken language; and a brief analysis of alphabetical sounds. By BENJAMIN F. TAYLOR, A. M. With an Introduction by ASAHEL C. KENDRICK, A. M., of Hamilton College.' The volume is illustrated by several clear engravings. It deserves, however, a better typographical garb and whiter and finer paper.

POISONED SMOKED BEEF. — Document Number Fourteen from the Board of Aldermen of this city contains a 'Report upon the Effects of Poisonous Smoked Beef,' by Doctors MINTURN, POST, HOSACK, and CHILTON, printed under the direction of the Committee on Arts, Sciences, and Schools. It embraces a detailed description of the experiments which were made to detect the poisonous material which produced such alarming effects, and the results to which they tended. The document, in itself very interesting, is yet more worthy of wide dissemination on the ground of its importance to the health and life of our citizens. It will doubtless be reprinted in other cities.

NOTES ON THE HISTORY OF THE CITY OF PHILADELPHIA. — The following publications were received at too late an hour for adequate notice in the preceding issue: 'William and William, or the Story of a Ship,' a Tale by J. FENIMORE COOPER, Esquire; produced from the author's best production, and issued in a neat form by Messrs. LEA AND ELLENBUSH, Philadelphia; for fifty cents; and 'The Story of an Asylum,' an Asylum by GEORGE W. BURNAP, Esq.; and the 'Sixth Annual Report of the Asylum for the Insane.'





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